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A MODEL ELM.

Arbor Day Manual.

AN AID IN

Preparing Programs

FOR

Arbor Day Exercises.

CONTAINING

Choice Selections on Trees, Forests, Flowers, and
Kindred Subjects; Arbor Day Music,
Specimen Programs, etc.

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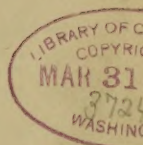
CHARLES R. SKINNER, A. M.,

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Introduction.

THIS book had its inspiration in an acknowledged reverence for Nature, an admiration for trees and forests, an interest in the establishment and development of Arbor Day and its purposes, and a desire to furnish teachers and others with suitable material, carefully selected, in convenient form for the preparation of programs for Arbor Day exercises. Such exercises very properly accompany the planting of trees.

One cannot engage in the preparation of such a work without constantly growing more and more in touch with Nature and the great lessons which she teaches. Interest and reverence go together. One is also deeply impressed through it all with the earnestness and tenderness of the beautiful thoughts which authors in all ages, and especially American authors, have given our literature in their studies of Nature as revealed in trees, forests, flowers, birds and children.

We are carried back in memory by studies like these, to the careless days of youth, to enjoy again the unselfish companionship of the trees, the silent sentinels about the old home, in whose leaves we have tried to read our fortunes. We recall the handsome butternuts which clasped hands across the roadway near the homestead, the graceful maples in the grove, the orchards and the forests, associated with all of which are so many of the truest joys of life. The stately elm too, which still stands on the hill, a guide for miles around, the pride of the community, is remembered with all the associations which are inseparable from it.

Arbor Day is rapidly becoming one of the most interesting and one of the most extensively observed of school holidays. Originating in Nebraska in 1872, it is now observed with more or less enthusiasm in nearly every State of the Union, and many millions of trees have been planted. It cannot be expected that all that can be done on Arbor Day in this direction will counteract in a great degree the waste constantly going on in our forests, but it is hoped that the observance of the day will do something to excite a reverence for Nature in the study of her great works. Wanton destruction of trees may be prevented, or stayed, and children may learn, by simple exercises, some of the uses and beauties of trees, and of the value of

the study of tree-planting, in its economic phases, and something can at least be done, through such influences, to beautify the school grounds of our country.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

If it were possible, it would be a pleasure to make acknowledgment by name of all friends who have aided in the preparation of this volume. To those who have contributed original productions to its pages, and to those who have kindly permitted the use of carefully-arranged programs, special acknowledgment is made.

Mention is particularly made of the following publishers, from whose publications numerous beautiful and appropriate selections have been taken: Harper & Brothers, New York; D. Appleton & Co., New York; A. S. Barnes & Co., New York; Ivison, Blakeman & Co., New York; Sheldon & Co., New York; Taintor Brothers & Co., New York; E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia; The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia; Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia; Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., Cincinnati; Ginn & Co., Boston.

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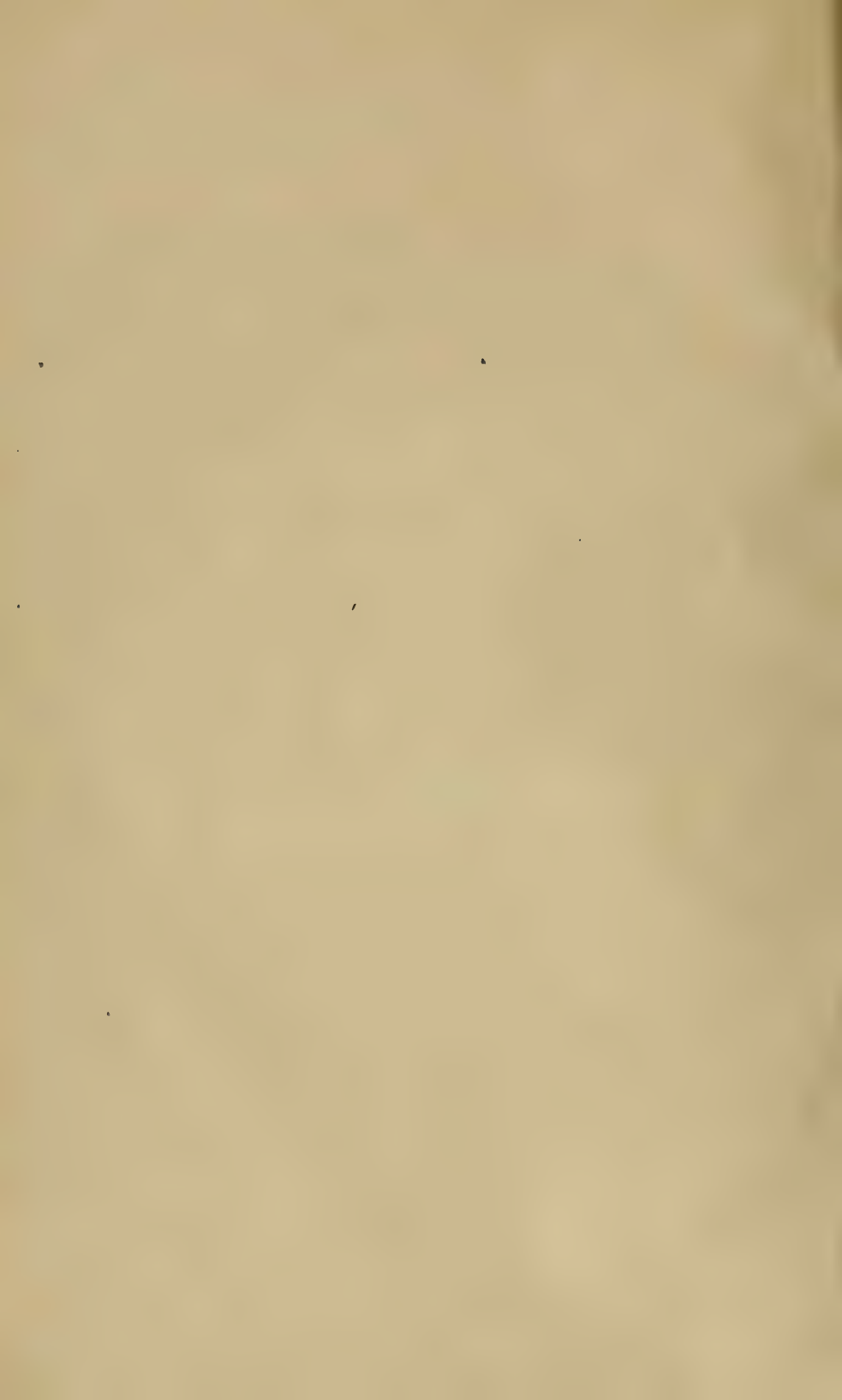
For the use of the music given, special acknowledgment is made to Harper & Brothers, New York, publishers of the Franklin Square Song Collection; D. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers of the "Song Wave"; Ivison, Blakeman & Co., New York, publishers of the "Progressive Glee and Chorus Book"; Biglow & Main, New York; Ginn & Co., Boston, publishers of "The Coda"; The W. W. Whitney Co., Toledo, publishers of the "Song Prize."

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Arbor Day Manual.

THE SECRET.

WE have a secret, just we three,
The robin, and I, and the sweet cherry tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me,
And nobody knows it but just us three.

But of course the robin knows it best,
Because he built the — I shan't tell the rest;
And laid the four little — somethings in it —
I am afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
Though I know when the little birds fly about,
Then the whole secret will be out.

THE KIND OLD OAK.

IT was almost time for winter to come. The little birds had all gone far away, for they were afraid of the cold. There was no green grass in the fields, and there were no pretty flowers in the gardens. Many of the trees had dropped all their leaves. Cold winter, with its snow and ice, was coming.

At the foot of an old oak tree some sweet little violets were still in blossom. "Dear old oak," said they, "winter is coming; we are afraid that we shall die of the cold."

"Do not be afraid, little ones," said the oak, "close your yellow eyes in sleep, and trust to me. You have made me glad many a time with your sweetness. Now I will take care that the winter shall do you no harm."

So the violets closed their pretty eyes and went to sleep; they knew that they could trust the kind old oak. And the great tree softly dropped red leaf after red leaf upon them, until they were all covered over.

The cold winter came, with its snow and ice, but it could not harm the little violets. Safe under the friendly leaves of the old oak they slept and dreamed happy dreams until the warm rains of spring came and waked them again.

THE OAK TREE.

LONG ago, in changeful autumn,
When the leaves were turning brown,
From the tall oak's topmost branches
Fell a little acorn down.

And it tumbled by the pathway,
And a chance foot trod it deep
In the ground, where all the winter
In its shell it lay asleep.

With the white snow lying over,
And the frost to hold it fast,
Till there came the mild spring weather,
When it burst its shell at last.

First shot up a sapling tender,
Scarcely seen above the ground;
Then a mimic little oak tree
Spread its tiny arms around.

Now it standeth like a giant,
Casting shadows broad and high,
With huge trunk and leafy branches
Spreading up into the sky.

Child, when happily thou art resting
'Neath the great oak's monster shade,
Think how little was the acorn
Whence that mighty tree was made.

Think how simple things and lowly,
Have a part in nature's plan,
How the great hath small beginnings,
And the child will be a man.

Little efforts work great actions,
Lessons in our childhood taught,
Mold the spirit to that temper
Whereby noblest deeds are wrought.

Cherish then the gifts of childhood,
Use them gently, guard them well;
For their future growth and greatness
Who can measure, who can tell?

THE FOREST TREES.

UP with your heads, ye sylvan lords,
Wave proudly in the breeze,
For our cradle bands and coffin boards
Must come from the forest trees.

We bless ye for your summer shade,
When our weak limbs fail and tire;
Our thanks are due for your winter aid,
When we pile the bright log fire.

Oh! where would be our rule on the sea,
And the fame of the sailor band,
Were it not for the oak and cloud-crowned pine,
That spring on the quiet land?

When the ribs and masts of the good ship live,
And weather the gale with ease,
Take his glass from the tar who will not give
A health to the forest trees.

Ye lend to life its earliest joy,
And wait on its latest page;
In the circling hoop for the rosy boy,
And the easy chair for age.

The old man totters on his way,
With footsteps short and slow;
But without the stick for his help and stay
Not a yard's length could he go.

The hazel twig in the stripling's hand
Hath magic power to please;
And the trusty staff and slender wand
Are plucked from the forest trees.

Ye are seen in the shape of the old hand loom
And the merry ringing flail;
Ye shine in the dome of the monarch's home
And the sacred altar rail.

In the rustic porch, the wainscoted wall,
In the gay triumphal car;
In the rude built hut or the banquet hall,
No matter! there ye are!

Then up with your heads, ye sylvan lords!
Wave proudly in the breeze;
From our cradle bands to our coffin boards
We're in debt to the forest trees.

ELIZA COOK.

A FOREST HYMN.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them — ere he framed
 The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
 The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
 Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplication. For his simple heart
 Might not resist the sacred influences
 Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
 And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
 Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
 Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
 All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
 His spirit with the thought of boundless power
 And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
 God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd, and under roofs
 That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
 Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
 Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find
 Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
 Hath reared these venerable columns. Thou
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
 Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
 All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
 Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
 And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow
 Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
 Among their branches, till, at last they stood,
 As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
 Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
 Communion with his Maker. * * *

These dim vaults,
 These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
 Report not. No fantastic carvings show
 The boast of our vain race to change the form
 Of thy fair works. But thou art here — thou fill'st
 The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
 That run along the summit of these trees
 In music; thou art in the cooler breath,
 That from the inmost darkness of the place
 Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
 The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.



Published by courtesy of Messrs. L. H. Butter & Co., Philadelphia.

"THE GROVES WERE GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES."

Here is continual worship — Nature, here,
 In the tranquility that thou dost love,
 Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
 From perch to perch, the solitary bird
 Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
 Wells softly forth and wandering steep the roots
 Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
 Of all the good it does.

Thou hast not left

Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
 Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
 Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak —
 By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
 Almost annihilated — not a prince,
 In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
 E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
 Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
 Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
 Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
 Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
 With scented breath and look so like a smile,
 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,
 A visible token of the upholding Love,
 That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
 Of the great miracle that still goes on,
 In silence, round me — the perpetual work
 Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
 Forever. Written on thy works I read
 The lesson of thy own eternity.
 Lo! all grow old and die — but see, again,
 How on the faltering footsteps of decay
 Youth presses — ever gay and beautiful youth
 In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
 Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
 Moulder beneath them. * * *

There have been holy men who hid themselves
 Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
 Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
 The generation born with them, nor seemed
 Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
 Around them; — and there have been holy men
 Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.

But let me often to these solitudes
 Retire, and in thy presence reassure
 My feeble virtue. * * *

Be it ours to meditate,
 In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of thy works
 Learn to conform the order of our lives.

W. C. BRYANT.

GRASS.

THE rose is praised for its beaming face,
 The lily for saintly whiteness;
 We love this bloom for its languid grace,
 And that for its airy lightness.

We say of the oak, "How grand of girth!"
 Of the willow we say "How slender!"
 And yet to the soft grass, clothing earth,
 How slight is the praise we render!

But the grass knows well, in her secret heart,
 How we love her cool, green raiment!
 So she plays in silence her lovely part,
 And cares not at all for payment.

Each year her buttercups nod and drowse,
 With sun and dew brimming over;
 Each year she pleases the greedy cows
 With oceans of honeyed clover.

Each year on the earth's wide breast she waves
 From Spring until bleak November;
 And then she remembers so many graves
 That no one else will remember.

And while she serves us with goodness mute,
 In return for such sweet dealings
 We tread her carelessly underfoot,—
 Yet we never wound her feelings.

Here's a lesson that he who runs may read:
 Though I fear but few have won it,—
 The best reward of a kindly deed
 Is the knowledge of having done it.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

THE FLOWER MISSION.

CHILDREN, a flower seems a little thing, but little things often have a mighty influence for good or bad. We are little, but we have an influence, we have a mission in this world. Have you heard the story of the mission and the influence for good, that a simple little flower had, once on a time? Listen, and it shall be told to you, and from it you can learn the lesson that nothing was made to live and die in vain, and that nothing is so poor that it has no influence of some kind, and that the use of that influence for good makes others happy and brings to us a blessing.

There was once a little flower growing where weeds were tall ;
The blue sky bending over, it could see, and that was all.
" I know I was meant for something, else I would not be here ! "
It kept saying over and over to a briar growing near.

" I think you must be mistaken," was ever the briar's reply,
" Such a poor little thing as you are, will live for a day and die."
But the faith of the flower was steadfast as it turned its face to God,
Believing it had a mission above the green earth's sod.

Now the weeds that hedged in the flower grew close by a sick girl's room ;
And the breeze brought in through the window a breath of the flowers' perfume.
" And oh," cried the girl in gladness, " I can smell the old home flowers ;
Bring in one of the blossoms to cheer these lonely hours."

They brought in one and laid it in the sick girl's wasted hand ;
She kissed it over and over, but they could not understand
What it was she said to the flower of the old home far away,
Or the words that were sweet with comfort that the flower had to say.

Each morning they brought a blossom to brighten the sick girl's room ;
And the heart of the humble flower was glad in the tall weed's gloom.
" I knew I was meant for something ; " it said to its friend the sky,
" I was sure of a nobler mission than just to live and die."

One morning they told the flower that the homesick girl was dead ;
And it gave them its last sweet blossom as they told it what she said :
" It has been such a comfort to me, sick in a stranger land ;
That is the message I send it ; it will know and understand."

Then the flower looked up and whispered to its steadfast friend, the sky :
" I thank God for the mission he gave me ; with a happy heart I die."
Be sure we were meant for something ; keep faith in the God above ;
And our lives may make others happy with the flowers of human love.

THE OAK.

A GLORIOUS tree is the old gray oak ;
 He has stood for a thousand years —
 Has stood and frowned
 On the trees around,
 Like a king among his peers ;
 As around their king they stand, so now,
 When the flowers their pale leaves fold
 The tall trees round him stand, arrayed
 In their robes of purple and gold.
 He has stood like a tower
 Through sun and shower,
 And dared the winds to battle ;
 He has heard the hail,
 As from plates of mail,
 From his own limbs shaken, rattle ;
 He has tossed them about, and shorn the tops
 (When the storm has roused his might)
 Of the forest trees, as a strong man doth
 The heads of his foes in fight.

GEORGE HILL. *Fall of the Oak.*

THE young oak grew, and proudly grew,
 For its roots were deep and strong ;
 And a shadow broad on the earth it threw,
 And the sunlight lingered long
 On its glossy leaf where the flickering light
 Was flung to the evening sky ;
 And the wild bird sought to its airy height
 And taught her young to fly.

MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

WITH his gnarled old arms and his iron form,
 Majestic in the wood,
 From age to age, in sun and storm,
 The live-oak long has stood ;
 And generations come and go,
 And still he stands upright,
 And he sternly looks on the world below,
 As conscious of his might.

THE oak, for grandeur, strength, and noble size,
 Excels all trees that in the forest grow ;
 From acorn small, that trunk, those branches rise,
 To which such signal benefits we owe.

Behold, what shelter in its ample shade,
 From noontide sun, or from the drenching rain.
 And of its timber stanch, vast ships are made,
 To sweep rich cargoes o'er the watery main.

SOLILOQUY OF DOUGLAS—SOLEMNITY.

THIS place,—the centre of the grove :—
 Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood !
 How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene !
 The silver moon unclouded holds her way
 Through skies where I could count each little star ;
 The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves ;
 The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
 Imposes silence with a stilly sound.
 In such a place as this, at such an hour —
 If ancestry may be in aught believed —
 Descending spirits have conversed with man,
 And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Home,

ARBUTUS.

HAIL the flower whose early bridal makes the festival of Spring !
 Deeper far than outward meaning lies the comfort she doth bring ;
 From the heights of happy winning,
 Gaze we back on hope's beginning
 Feel the vital strength and beauty hidden from our eyes before ;
 And we know, with hearts grown stronger,
 Tho' our waiting seemeth longer,
 Yet with Love's divine assurance, we should covet nothing more.

ELAINE GOODALE.

How fair is the rose ! what a beautiful flower,
 The glory of April and May !
 But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
 And they wither and die in a day.
 Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
 Above all the flowers of the field ;
 When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colors lost,
 Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

ISAAC WATTS.

THOUGHTS ON THE FOREST.

WELCOME, pure thoughts! welcome, ye silent groves!
 These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves;
 Now the winged people of the sky shall sing
 My cheerful anthems to the gladsome Spring;
 And if contentment be a stranger,— then
 I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven again.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

OH! come to the woodlands, 't is joy to behold,
 The new waken'd buds in our pathway unfold;
 For Spring has come forth, and the bland southern breeze
 Is telling the tale to the shrub and the trees,
 Which, anxious to show her
 The duty they owe her,
 Have decked themselves gayly in emerald and gold.

I LOVE thee in the Spring,
 Earth-crowning forest! when amid the shades
 The gentlè South first waves her odorous wing,
 And joy fills all the glades.

In the hot Summer time,
 With deep delight, the somber aisles I roam,
 Or, soothed by some cool brook's melodious chime
 Rest on thy verdant loam.

But O, when Autumn's hand
 Hath marked thy beauteous foliage for the grave,
 How doth thy splendor, as entranced I stand,
 My willing heart enslave!

WM. JEWETT PABODIE.

HAIL, old patrician trees so great and good!
 Hail, ye plebeian under-wood!
 Where the poetic birds rejoice,
 And for their quiet nests and plenteous food
 Pay with their grateful voice:

Hail, the poor Muses' richest manor-seat!
 Ye country houses and retreat,
 Which all the happy gods so love,
 That for you oft they quit their bright and great
 Metropolis above.

'Tis beautiful to see a forest stand,
 Brave with its moss-grown monarchs and the pride
 Of foliage dense, to which the south wind bland
 Comes with a kiss as lover to his bride;
 To watch the light grow fainter, as it streams
 Through arching aisles, where branches interlace,
 Where somber pines rise o'er the shadowy gleams
 Of silver birch, trembling with modest grace.

A. B. NEAL.

THE heave, the wave, and bend
 Of everlasting trees; whose busy leaves
 Rustle their songs of praise, while ruin weaves
 A robe of verdure for their yielding bark,
 While mossy garlands, full and rich and dark,
 Creep slowly round them ! Monarch of the wood,
 Whose mighty scepters sway the mountain brood,
 Shelter the winged idolators of Day —
 And grapple with the storm-god, hand to hand,
 Then drop like weary pyramids away,
 Stupendous monuments of calm decay.

JOHN NEAL.

THERE oft the muse, what most delights her, sees
 Long living galleries of aged trees,
 Bold sons of earth, that lift their arms so high,
 As if once they would invade the sky.
 In such green palaces the first kings reigned,
 Slept in their shade, and angels entertained;
 With such old councillors they did advise,
 And, by frequenting sacred groves, grew wise.

OH ! bear me then to vast embowering shades;
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
 To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms !
 Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk
 Tremendous, sweep, or seem to sweep, along;
 And voices, more than human, through the void,
 Deep-sounding, seize the enthusiastic ear.

THOMSON. *Autumn.*

We bring daisies, little starry daisies,
 The angels have planted to remind us of the sky,
 When the stars have vanished they twinkle their mute praises,
 Telling, in the dewy grass, of brighter fields on high.

READ.

THE DREAMER AND REAPER.

[Extract from a poem read by Rev. Dr. James H. Ecob, of Albany, before the Society of the Alumni of Hamilton College on the 26th of June, 1889. The theme of the poem was suggested by the visit of Dr. Ecob to the home of his childhood, after an absence of many years.]

MY father loved a tree as men
 Are wont to love their kind; so, when
 He left the hot and hated life
 Of city streets and city strife,
 As flies the nesting bird, he flew,
 On eager wing, by instinct true,
 To build and rear his little brood,
 Deep in the wood's green solitude.
 A young bird in the nest first lifts
 His wondering eyes thro' sunny rifts
 Of happy leaves; about his nest
 The russet arms are strongly pressed,
 The springing arches, high and dim,
 Are haunted by the whispered hymn
 Of summer winds, while far below
 The voices of the great world flow.
 So nested all my early years
 Among the trees. The wood enspheres
 My first, my fairest memories.
 And deep as life in Druid trees,
 Lie hidden founts of tears and love,
 That answer to the hymn above,
 Of softly stirring boughs and leaves.
 Bethesda-like, my soul receives
 New life and healing, quickening moods,
 When troubled by the angel of the woods.

So slipped those lovely, shadowy years,
 As slips a wandering wind one hears
 Among the trees; a sudden stir
 Of startled leaves; upon the floor
 Of moss and flowers, a tangled sheen
 Of light and shade, and then, between
 Your breaths, 'tis gone. You hear its feet
 Retreating airily and fleet,
 And wonder if it e'er had been,
 Or if a gust of dreams broke in
 Upon the soul.

I turned again,
 When I had been with time and men,

Till heart and brain were faint and sore,
And sought with eager thirst once more
To bathe my spirit in the shade
Of those beloved woods, which made
Forever more my childhood seem
A glory, an unending dream.
I scarce could keep my longing feet
From racing, boy-like, to compete
With all my hurrying soul, which ran
So like a child, adown the hill,
Ahead of the slow-pacing man,
To where the path across the rill
Turned sharp and left you in the wood.
And there with beating heart I stood
But lo ! my woods, beloved woods, were gone.
Not one of all their hosts, not one,
Remained. As flies upon the wind
The autumn leaves, no trace behind
Of all their fiery pomp, so fled
My mighty woods before the years.
I stood as one above the dead,
Stricken with loss, in uncontrolled tears.

The wide, unsympathetic sky
Looked down with blurred and sultry eye.
And where my childhood's feet had strayed
O'er moss and gnarled root and shade,
All wrought with shifting green and gold,
More rare than lace on armor old ;
Where stood the solemn ranks of trees ;
Where rolled such organ harmonies
As ne'er were heard in minster pile ;
Where mysteries haunted crypt and aisle ;
Where harping spirits of the air
Were here and there and everywhere ;
Behold, there flowed a field of wheat,
Rustling and yellowing in the heat.
Beyond the knoll where feed the sheep,
The farmers' plain white gables peep,
New sheaves a lumbering wagon brings,
The driver flips his whip and sings.

With heavy heart I slowly turned ;
The golden wheat that flared and burned
Beneath the sun, how small, how cheap !
Come quickly, sickle, quickly reap !
Come rough, strong bands and quickly bind !

And turn, O roaring mill, to grind.
 To stop the hungry mouths that wait !
 Oh, sordid world, what vulgar rate
 Is this, to give thy woods for wheat ?
 Thy hidden thought and deep retreat
 Of mysteries ; thy solemn hymn,
 Thy noonday twilight cool and dim,
 For this dull round of use and care,
 Of need and toil and sultry glare !

But, as I walked, a better mind
 Began the parable to find.
 For men must live, and good is wheat ;
 We all may dream, but all must eat.
 I wonder if the gods ordain,
 That, just as a rainbow and the rain,
 The beauty and the use combine,
 So dreams and strength shall entwine.
 The visions that our boyhood led,
 Dissolve upon the hills of youth,
 To feed some secret fountain head,
 That bursts in man to strength and truth,
 Here, age on age, the mighty wood
 Drank deep the sun's exhaustless flood ;
 Then dropped its million flaming leaves.
 The dull, cold earth below receives
 The kindling bath of lambent fire,
 Aerial gold and warm desire,
 And stores the generous wealth and heat,
 To burst at last in golden wheat.

* * * *

KIND WORDS.

KIND hearts are the gardens,
 Kind thoughts are the roots,
 Kind words are the blossoms,
 Kind deeds are the fruits.

Little moments make an hour ;
 Little thoughts, a book ;
 Little seeds, a tree or flower ;
 Water drops, a brook ;
 Little deeds of faith and love ;
 Make a home for you above.

THE PEBBLE AND THE ACORN.

“ I AM a pebble ! and yield to none ! ”
Were the swelling words of a tiny stone ;
“ Nor time nor seasons can alter me ;
I am abiding, while ages flee.
The pelting hail, and the drizzling rain,
Have tried to soften me, long, in vain ;
And the tender dew has sought to melt
Or touch my heart, but it was not felt.
There’s none that can tell about my birth,
For I am as old as the big, round earth.
The children of men arise, and pass
Out of the world, like the blades of grass ;
And many a foot on me has trod,
That’s gone from sight and under the sod,
I am a pebble ! but what art thou,
Rattling along from the restless bough ? ”

The acorn was shocked at this rude salute,
And lay for a moment abashed and mute ;
She never before had been so near
His gravelly ball, the mundane sphere ;
And she felt for a time at a loss to know
How to answer a thing so coarse and low.
But to give reproof of a nobler sort
Than the angry look, or the keen retort.
At length she said, in a gentle tone,
“ Since it has happened that I am thrown
From the lighter element where I grew,
Down to another so hard and new,
And beside a personage so august,
Abased, I will cover my head with dust,
And quickly retire from the sight of one
Whom time, nor season, nor storm, nor sun,
Nor the gentle dew, nor the grinding heel
Has ever subdued, or made to feel ! ”
And soon in the earth she sunk away,
From the comfortless spot where the pebble lay.

But it was not long ere the soil was broke
By the tiny head of an infant oak !
And, as it arose, and its branches spread,
The pebble looked up, and wondering, said,
“ A modest acorn,— never to tell
What was inclosed in its simple shell !

That the pride of the forest was folded up
 In the narrow space of its little cup !
 And meekly to sink in the darksome earth,
 Which proves that nothing could hide her worth !
 And, oh, how many will tread on me,
 To come and admire the beautiful tree,
 Whose head is towering toward the sky,
 Above such a worthless thing as I !
 Useless and vain, a cumberer here,
 I have been idling from year to year.
 But never, from this, shall a vaunting word
 From the humble pebble again be heard,
 Till something without me or within,
 Shall show the purpose for which I've been !"
 The pebble its vow could not forget,
 And it lies there wrapped in silence yet.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

AUTUMN VOICES.

WHEN I was in the wood to-day
 The golden leaves were falling round me,
 And I thought I heard soft voices say
 Words that with sad enchantment bound me.

"O, dying year ! O, flying year !
 O, days of dimness, nights of sorrow !
 O, lessening night ! O, lengthening night !
 O, morn forlorn and hopeless morrow !"

No bodies visible had these
 Whose voice I heard so sadly calling ;
 They were the spirits of the trees
 Lamenting for the bright leaves falling.

Prisoners in naked trunks they lie,
 In leafless boughs have lodging slender ;
 But soon as Spring is in the sky
 They deck again the woods with splendor.

The light leaves rustled on the ground,
 Wind-stirred, and when again I hearkened,
 Hushed were those voices. Wide around
 Night fell, and all the ways were darkened.

F. W. B., in *Spectator*.

THE MEETING OF THE DRYADS.

IT was not many centuries since,
 When, seated on the moonlit green,
 Beneath the tree of liberty
 A ring of weeping sprites was seen.

* * * *

They met not as they once had met,
 To laugh over many a jocund tale;
 But every pulse was beating low,
 And every cheek was cold and pale.

There rose a fair but faded one,
 Who oft had cheered them with her song;
 She waved a mutilated arm,
 And silence held the listening throng.

"Sweet friends," the gentle nymph began,
 * * * *

"When often by our feet has passed
 Some biped, Nature's walking whim,
 Say, have we trimmed one awkward shape
 Or lopped away one crooked limb?"

"Go on, fair Science; soon to thee
 Shall Nature yield her idle boast;
 Her vulgar fingers formed a tree,
 But thou hast trained it to a post.

"Go paint the birch's silver rind,
 And quilt the peach with softer down;
 Up with the willow's trailing threads,
 Off with the sunflower's radiant crown!

* * * *

"I cannot smile,—

* * * *

"Again in every quivering leaf
 That moment's agony I feel,
 When limbs, that spurned the northern blast,
 Shrunk from the sacrilegious steel.

"A curse upon the wretch that dared
 To coop up with his felon saw!

* * * *

"May nightshade cluster round his path,
 And thistles shoot, and brambles cling;
 May blistering ivy scorch his veins,
 And dogwood burn, and nettles sting.

"On him may never shadow fall,
When fever racks his throbbing brow,
And his last shilling buy a rope
To hang him on my highest bough!"

She spoke;—the morning's herald beam
Sprang from the bosom of the sea,
And every mangled sprite returned
In sadness to her wounded tree.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WAITING FOR THE MAY.

FROM out his hive there came a bee;
"Has spring-time come or not?" said he.
Alone within a garden bed
A small, pale snowdrop raised its head.

"'Tis March, this tells me," said the bee;
"The hive is still the place for me;
The day is chill, although 'tis sunny,
And icy cold this snowdrop's honey."

Again came humming forth the bee,
"What month is with us now?" said he.
Gay crocus-blossoms, blue and white
And yellow, opened to the light.

"It must be April," said the bee,
"And April's scarce the month for me.
I'll taste these flowers (the day is sunny),
And wait before I gather honey."

Once more came out the waiting bee.
"'Tis come; I smell the spring!" said he.
The violets were all in bloom;
The lilac tossed a purple plume.

The daffodil wore a yellow crown;
The cherry tree a snow-white gown;
And by the brookside, wet with dew;
The early wild wake-robins grew.

"It is the May-time," said the bee;
"The queen of all the months for me;
The flowers are here, the sky is sunny,
'Tis now the time to gather honey."

PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE.

COME, let us plant the apple tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly —
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle-sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs
To load the May wind's restless wings,
When from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl's silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

And when, above this apple tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
And winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes o'erflow with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,

And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's vine
And golden orange of the line,
The fruit of the apple tree.

The fruitage of this apple tree
Winds and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie afar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew ;
And sojourners beyond the sea
Shall think of childhood's careless day,
And long, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple tree.

Each year shall give this apple tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.

The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple tree.

And time shall waste this apple tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still ?

What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this little apple tree ?

"Who planted this old apple tree ?"
The children of that distant day
Thus to some aged man shall say ;
And, gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them :

"A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times :
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple tree."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

PLANT A TREE.

HE who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?
He who plants a tree
Plants a joy;
Plants a comfort that will never cloy.
Every day a fresh reality.
Beautiful and strong,
To whose shelter throng
Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shalt inhabit thee.
He who plants a tree
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease,
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.
He who plants a tree
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear,
New shoots every year
On old growths appear.
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.
He who plants a tree
He plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant; life does the rest?
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

SPRING AND SUMMER.

SPRING is growing up,
 Is it not a pity?
 She was such a little thing,
 And so very pretty.
 Summer is extremely grand,
 We must pay her duty;
 But it is to little Spring
 That she owes her beauty!

From the glowing sky
 Summer shines above us;
 Spring was such a little dear,
 But will Summer love us?
 She is very beautiful,
 With her grown up blisses,
 Summer we must bow before;
 Spring we coax with kisses!

Spring is growing up,
 Leaving us so lonely;
 In the place of little Spring
 We have Summer only!
 Summer with her lofty airs,
 And her stately paces;
 In the place of little Spring,
 With her childish graces.

ALL YELLOW.

A DANDELION sprang on the lawn,
 All gayly dressed in yellow;
 He nodded in the springing grass,
 A jolly little fellow.

A yellow bird flew from the tree;
 He, too, was dressed in yellow,
 "The saucy thing to steal my coat!
 The thief, the wicked fellow!"

A golden sunbeam came that way,
 And eyes each little fellow;
 "Dear me when one the fashion leads,
 How common grows my yellow."

A SONG TO MOTHER EARTH.

I N the merry month of May
Comes our gladsome Arbor Day,
And with cheerful voice we raise
Hearty notes of grateful praise.

To our loving mother earth,
To her kindness and her worth,
She who makes the world so gay,
On this happy Arbor Day.

She it is who makes the field
Plant and flower and fragrance yield,
And the graceful leafy tree,
Planted now along the lea.

Beautiful the meadow bright,
In the sunbeam's golden light —
Buttercup and daisy fair
Mother earth has scattered there.

Clover, too, and lily white
Blossom in the morning light,—
All are tended by her hand,
As they deck the pleasant land.

See the waving blades of grass
As along our way we pass!
Mother earth has planted these
And the flowers, our sight to please.

Mother earth, thy name we sing,
While our cheery voices ring!
Loud our shouts of joy we raise
As we chant thy worthy praise!

God has given mother earth
Children fair, of wondrous birth—
His great goodness we adore,
We will bless Him evermore!

THE MAIDEN SPRING.

DIALOGUE.

MAY :

ALL the buds and bees are singing;
 All the lily bells are ringing;
 All the brooks run full of laughter,
 And the wind comes whispering after.
 What is this they sing and say?
 "It is May!"

Look, dear children, look! the meadows,
 Where the sunshine chases shadows,
 Are alive with fairy faces,
 Peeping from their grassy places.
 What is this the flowers say?
 "It is May!"

See! the fair blue sky is brighter,
 And our hearts with hope are lighter.
 All the bells of joy are ringing;
 All are grateful voices singing;
 All the storms have passed away.
 "It is May!"

ROSES :

We are blushing roses,
 Bending with our fullness,
 'Midst our close capped sister buds,
 Warming the green coolness.

Hold one of us lightly —
 See from what a slender
 Stalk we bower in heavy blooms,
 And roundness rich and tender.

LEIGH HUNT.

LILIES :

We are lilies fair,
 The flower of virgin light;
 Nature held us forth, and said,
 "Lo! my thought of white."

Ever since then, angels
 Hold us in their hands;
 You may see them when they take
 In pictures their sweet stands.

Like the garden's angels
 Also do we seem,
 And not the less for being crowned
 With a golden dream.

LEIGH HUNT.

VIOLETS :

We are the sweet flowers,
 Born of sunny showers,
 (Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith),
 Utterance mute and bright,
 Of some unknown delight;
 We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath,
 All who see us love us —
 We benefit all places;
 Unto sorrow we give smiles and unto graces — races.

LEIGH HUNT.

PINK :

And, dearer I, the pink, must be,
 And me thou sure dost choose,
 Or else the gard'ner ne'er for me
 Such watchful care would use;
 A crowd of leaves enriching bloom!
 And mine through life the sweet perfume,
 And all the thousand hues.

GOETHE.

DAISY :

The flower that's bright with the sun's own light,
 And hearty and true and bold,
 Is the daisy sweet that nods at your feet,
 And sprinkles the fields with gold.

DAFFODIL :

The dainty lady daffodil
 Hath donned her amber gown,
 And on her fair and sunny head
 Sparkles her golden crown.
 Her tall green leaves, like sentinels,
 Surround my lady's throne,
 And graciously in happy state,
 She reigns a queen alone.

MARY E. SHARPE.

ARBUTUS :

If spring has maids of honor,
 And why should not the spring,
 With all her dainty service,
 Have thought of some such thing?
 If spring has maids of honor,
 Arbutus leads the train;
 A lovelier, a fairer,
 The spring would seek in vain.

H. H.

WORDS FROM THE TREE.

IT is a great pleasure to think of the young people assembling to celebrate the planting of trees, and connecting them with the names of authors whose works are the farther and higher products of our dear old Mother Nature. An Oriental poet says of his hero :

Sunshine was he in a Wintry place,
And in midsummer coolness and shade.

Such are all true thinkers, and no truer monuments of them can exist than beautiful trees. Our word book is from the beech tablets on which men used to write. Our word Bible is from the Greek for bark of a tree. Our word paper is from the tree papyrus — the tree which Emerson found the most interesting thing he saw in Sicily. Our word library is from the Latin *liber*, bark of a tree. Thus literature is traceable in the growth of trees, and was originally written on leaves and wooden tablets. The West responds to the East in associating great writers with groups of trees, and a grateful posterity will appreciate the poetry of this idea as well while it enjoys the shade and beauty which the schools are securing for it.

MONCURE D. CONWAY, *Extract from Letter.*

Under the reign of the Moorish caliphs the Iberian peninsula resembled a vast garden, yielding grain and fruit of every known variety, in the most perfect quality, and in endless abundance. But then the Sierras and the mountain slopes were covered with a luxuriant growth of timber, which was afterward wantonly destroyed under the rule of kings. Now nearly all the plateau lands of Spain are desert-like and unfit for agriculture, because of the scarcity of rain and the want of water. The once delicious climate has become changeable and rough. The average depth of the rivers is greatly diminished. The political decadence of Spain has even been attributed to the destruction of the forests.

Of the infinite variety of fruits which spring from the bosom of the earth, the trees of the wood are greatest in dignity. Of all the works of the creation which know the changes of life and death, the trees of the forest have the longest existence. Of all the objects which crown the gray earth, the woods preserve unchanged, throughout the greatest reach of time, their native character. (The works of man are ever varying their aspect; his towns and his fields alike reflect the unstable opinions, the fickle wills and fancies of each passing generation; but the forests on his borders remain to-day the same as they were ages of years since. Old as the everlasting hills, during thousands of seasons they have put forth and laid down their verdure in calm obedience to the decree which first bade them cover the ruins of the Deluge.

SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER. *Rural Hours.*

ARBOR DAY POEM.

Written and recited at the planting of the Buffalo "Normal Class tree,"
April 26, 1889, by Mrs. Anna R. Pride.

COME thou, my oft-times sadly labored muse,
Infuse my pen with fire to meetly sing
A strain befitting this empiric rite,
A song that voices all the zeal we bring.
Thou knowest the theme and needst not warrior shield,
No song of valor nor of love I ween
Shall be the task for which thine aid to yield,—
Just clothe my song with bright and classic green.

Thou little tree with sturdy northern face,
From Borealis' fir-clad, ice-crowned zone,
Knowest thou the honor that we relegate
In planting thee thus for our very own?
We hollow out thy resting place with care;
Thy rootlets coil beneath thy shining head;
While sixty pairs of hands the task divide,
To make thy vernal and historic bed.

Class tree, classical and classed art thou
Now, with the evergreen and ancient yew
That time has planted for a horologue,
To watch these Normal classes come and go.
Take heart of all that here with thee we plant
Bright dreams, hopes as Parnassus' crown,
Wealth of devotion, deep as Stygian stream,
O'er which brave souls pass on to high renown.

Drink rootlets of the Ambrosial wine we pour
Till youth immortal permeates thy heart;
Be thou milestone on path of life,
That points the march of those that choose the better part.
The migratory flocks that seek thy shade,
Whether to build a tome or build a nest,
Shall find a potent, soothing, magic charm
That woos them all invitingly to rest.

We place the turf around thy form, and go
Not as sad mourners leaving buried dust;
But hopeful, waiting for a crowning day,
Perfection cometh aye for those that trust.
We plant thee in the century's jubilee,
Trusting thy-years may not have reached their prime,
When other bards shall swell the glorious lay
The nation's natal day in nineteen eighty-nine.

Blow strong west wind with hopeful vigor fraught,
 But spare our pillars grand, our turrets high,
 And send thy vivifying aid to live, and grow,
 Down where our class tree's buried life-germs lie.
 And sunny skies smile after showers have kissed
 Dust from the leaflets' trembling form away,
 And keep our tree from blight and death, to greet
 The dawn of each returning Arbor Day.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree !
 Touch not a single ~~bough~~ ! *bough!*
 In youth it sheltered me,

And I'll protect it now.

'T was my forefather's hand

That placed it near his cot

There, woodman, let it stand ;

Thy ax shall harm it not !

That old familiar tree,

Whose glory and renown

Are spread o'er land and sea,—

And wouldst thou hack it down ?

Woodman, forbear thy stroke !

Cut not its earth-bound ties ;

O, spare that aged oak,

Now towering to the skies !

When but an idle boy

I sought its grateful shade ;

In all their gushing joy,

Here, too, my sisters played.

My mother kissed me here ;

My father pressed my hand—

Forgive the foolish tear ;

But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,

Close as thy bark, old friend ;

Here shall the wild-bird sing,

And still thy branches bend.

Old tree ! the storm still brave !

And, woodman, leave the spot ;

While I've a hand to save,

Thy ax shall harm it not.

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

“WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.”

HISTORY OF THE POEM.

TEACHERS may give pupils the following account of the way in which Mr. Morris came to write the poem, “Woodman, Spare that Tree.” The poem may then be memorized by all the pupils, and recited or sung on “Arbor Day.” Mr. Morris, in a letter to a friend, dated New York, February 1, 1837, gave in substance the following account:

Riding out of town a few days since, in company with a friend, an old gentleman, he invited me to turn down a little, romantic woodland pass, not far from Bloomingdale. “Your object?” inquired I. “Merely to look once more at an old tree planted by my grandfather long before I was born, under which I used to play when a boy, and where my sisters played with me. There I often listened to the good advice of my parents. Father, mother, sisters—all are gone; nothing but the old tree remains.” And a paleness overspread his fine countenance, and tears came to his eyes. After a moment’s pause, he added: “Don’t think me foolish. I don’t know how it is: I never ride out but I turn down this lane to look at that old tree. I have a thousand recollections about it, and I always greet it as a familiar and well-remembered friend.” These words were scarcely uttered when the old gentleman cried out, “There it is.” Near the tree stood a man with his coat off, sharpening an ax. “You’re not going to cut that tree down, surely?” Yes, but I am, though,” said the woodman. “What for?” inquired the old gentleman, with choked emotion. “What for? I like that! Well, I will tell you, I want the tree for fire wood.” “What is the tree worth to you for fire wood?” “Why, when down, about ten dollars.” “Suppose I should give you that sum,” said the old gentleman, “would you let it stand?” “Yes.” “You are sure of that?” “Positive!” “Then give me a bond to that effect.” We went into the little cottage in which my companion was born, but which is now occupied by the woodman. I drew up the bond. It was signed, and the money paid over. As we left, the young girl, the daughter of the woodman, assured us that while she lived the tree should not be cut. These circumstances made a strong impression on my mind, and furnished me with the materials for the song I send you.

The objects of the restoration of the forests are as multifarious as the motives which have led to their destruction, and as the evils which that destruction has occasioned. The planting of the mountains will diminish the frequency and violence of river inundations; prevent the formation of torrents; mitigate the extremes of atmospheric temperature, humidity and precipitation; restore dried-up springs, rivulets and sources of irrigation; shelter the fields from chilling and from parching winds; prevent the spread of miasmatic effluvia; and, finally, furnish an inexhaustible and self-renewing supply of material indispensable to so many purposes of domestic comfort, to the successful exercise of every act of peace, every destructive energy of war.

GEORGE P. MARSH, “*Man and Nature.*”

PUSSY AND THE POPPIES.

POPPIES red, and pink, and white,
 In my grandma's garden beds,
 'Gainst the green you look so bright;
 How you dance and nod your heads!

Little kittie, ball of fuzz,
 (Brightest eyes I ever saw!)
 If you try to make him buzz,
 That old bee will sting your paw.

You're a lazy pussy cat,
 Watching poppies bow and sway;
 Breezes make them bend like that,
 They don't do it for your play.

Only see how fast I sew!
 Grandma said to piece this square;
 It's no time to play, you know,
 Till you've done your work all fair.

You should go and catch the mice
 In my grandpa's corn and meal.
 If you take my good advice,
 Only think how proud you'll feel.

There's my grandma calling me!
 Oh, what ever shall I do?
 For my seam's not done, you see,
 Here I've sat and scolded you.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

THE WILLOW TREE.

TREE of the gloom, o'erhanging the tomb,
 Thou seem'st to love the churchyard sod;
 Thou art ever found on the charnel ground,
 Where the laughing and happy have rarely trod.
 When thy branches trail to the wintry gale,
 Thy wailing is sad to the hearts of men,
 When the world is bright in a summer's light,
 'Tis only the wretched that love thee then.
 The golden moth and the shining bee
 Will seldom rest on the willow tree.

ELIZA COOK.

THE ORCHARD.

ITS seeds were in the clearing sown,
It felt the vigorous soil;
Long since to massive grandeur grown,
It paid the settler's toil.
There blossoms by the breeze released,
Fall in a sweet May shower,
There autumn brings its dainty feast,
To grace Pomona's bower.

The earliest whispers of the spring,
Its branches linger through;
There ever did the bluebird bring
The sweetest notes it knew.
The robin seeks its lusty arms
Outstretched in kindest way;
The bobolink amidst its charms
Sings through the long June day.

But not to song bird all alone,
An Eden it appears;
What place has childhood ever known
That memory more endears.
Perhaps affection's early gleam
Imparts more vivid glow
But there the blossoms whitest seem,
The apples fairest grow.

There boyhood climbed the topmost bough,
To pluck the finest fruit;
While girlhood, flushed on cheek and brow,
Came eager in pursuit;
But he, allured by witching eyes,
To her the prize has thrown—
Blame not, for never yet more wise
Has manhood ever grown.

In later years, when bending low
With fruit of green and gold,
Did not the listening branches know
The tale of love they told?
Did not the trees in murmuring speech
Recall some moonlight stroll,
Where joyful eyes flashed back to each
The lovelight of the soul?

With artist thought, fair autumn blends
 The sunbeam and the dew ;
 And to the weighted orchard lends
 Fresh lustre, deeper hue ;
 Till in the golden mist of fall,
 Or sunset's richer glow,
 No rural picture of them all
 More beautiful we know.

ALBANY JOURNAL.

THE FOUR SISTERS.

THERE will come a maiden soon, I ween,
 Dressed in a cloak of palest green ;
 The robins follow her gentle call,
 And wild-flowers bloom where her footsteps fall.

There will come another with stately tread,
 In lilies and roses garlanded ;
 Her breath is the essence of all things sweet,
 And she carries a sheaf of golden wheat.

A third will come dressed in a nut-brown suit,
 Her lap all filled with yellow fruit ;
 Around her brow are autumn leaves,
 And she makes her way 'mid vines and sheaves.

Lastly a snow-white maiden fair
 Will come bedecked with diamonds rare ;
 She will put the others to rest complete,
 And wrap them all in a winding-sheet.

MAY MORNING.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail bounteous May ! that dost inspire
 Mirth and youth, and warm desire ;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.

Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee and wish thee long.

MILTON.

OUR ALMANAC.

ROBINS in the tree-tops,
Blossoms in the grass;
Green things a-growing
Everywhere you pass;
Sudden little breezes;
Showers of silver dew;
Black bough and bent twig
Budding out anew!
Pine-tree and willow-tree,
Fringed elm and larch,
Don't you think that May-time's
Pleasanter than March?

Apples in the orchard,
Mellowing one by one;
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun;
Roses, faint with sweetness;
Lilies, fair of face;
Drowsy scents and murmurs
Haunting every place.
Lengths of golden sunshine;
Moonlight bright as day—
Don't you think that Summer's
Pleasanter than May?

Roger in the corn-patch,
Whistling negro songs;
Pussy by the hearth-side,
Romping with the tongs;
Chestnuts in the ashes,
Bursting through the rind;
Red-leaf and gold-leaf,
Rustling down the wind;
Mother doing peaches
All the afternoon—
Don't you think that Autumn's
Pleasanter than June?

Little fairy snow-flakes,
Dancing in the flue;
Old Mr. Santa Claus,
What is keeping you?
Twilight and firelight;
Shadows come and go;

Merry chime of sleigh-bells,
 Tinkling through the snow;
 Mother knitting stockings,
 (Pussy has the ball !)
 Don't you think that Winter's
 Pleasanter than all ?

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP.

“YOU think I am dead,”
 The apple-tree said,
 “Because I have never a leaf to show —
 Because I stoop,
 And my branches droop,
 And the dull gray mosses over me grow !
 But I'm all alive in trunk and shoot;
 The buds of next May
 I fold away —
 But I pity the withered grass at my root.”

“You think I am dead,”
 The quick grass said,
 “Because I have started with stem and blade !
 But under the ground
 I am safe and sound
 With the snow's thick blanket over me laid.
 I'm all alive, and ready to shoot,
 Should the spring of the year
 Come dancing here —
 But I pity the flower without branch or root.”

“You think I am dead,”
 A soft voice said,
 “Because not a branch or root I own !
 I never have died,
 But close I hide,
 In a plummy seed that the wind has sown,
 Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
 You will see me again —
 I shall laugh at you then,
 Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers.”

EDITH M. THOMAS, in *St. Nicholas*.

“All the trees have torches lit.”

LUCY LARCOM'S “*Indian Summer*.”

THE POPULAR POPLAR TREE.

WHEN the great wind sets things whirling,
 And rattles the window-panes,
 And blows the dust in giants
 And dragons tossing their manes;
 When the willows have waves like water,
 And children are shouting with glee;
 When the pines are alive and the larches,—
 Then hurrah for you and me,
 In the tip o' the top o' the top o' the tip of the popular poplar tree!

Don't talk about Jack and the Beanstalk —
 He did not climb half so high!
 And Alice in all her travels
 Was never so near the sky!
 Only the swallow, a-skimming
 The storm-cloud over the lea,
 Knows how it feels to be flying —
 When the gusts come strong and free —
 In the tip o' the top o' the top o' the tip of the popular poplar tree!
 BLANCH WILLIS HOWARD.

FALL SONG.

THE ash-berry clusters are darkly red;
 The leaves of the chestnut are almost shed;
 The wild grape hangs out her purple fruit;
 The maple puts on her brightest suit.

The boys chase the squirrel from tree to tree:
 "There are nuts," says the squirrel, "for you and for me;"
 The boys hear the chatter — the squirrel is gone;
 They shout and they peer, but he's seen by none.

After a silence, the wind complains,
 Like a creature longing to burst its chains;
 The swallows are gone, I saw them gather,
 I heard them murmuring of the weather.

The clouds move fast, the south is blowing,
 The sun is slanting, the year is going;
 Oh, I love to walk where the leaves lie dead,
 And hear them rustle beneath my tread!

THE RETURN OF MAY.

HAIL! fair queen, adorned with flow
 Attended by the smiling hours!
 'Tis thine to dress the rosy bowers,
 In colors gay.
 We love to wander in thy train,
 To meet thee on the fertile plain,
 To bless thy soft propitious reign,
 O lovely May!

'Tis thine to dress the vale anew
 In fairest verdure bright with dew;
 And harebells of the mildest blue
 Smile on thy way.
 Then let us welcome pleasant spring,
 And still the flowery tribute bring,
 And still to thee our carol sing,
 O lovely May.

Now, by the genial zephyr fanned,
 The blossoms of the rose expand;
 And, reared by thee with gentle hand,
 Their charms display.
 The air is balmy and serene,
 And all the sweet, luxuriant scene.
 By thee is clad in tender green,
 O lovely May!

MRS. HEMANS.

ROBIN AND CHICKEN.

A PLUMP little robin flew down from the tree,
 To hunt for a worm which he happened to see.
 A frisky young chicken came scampering by
 And gazed at the robin with wondering eye.

Said the chicken: "What a queer-looking chicken is that;
 Its wings are so long and its body so fat!"
 While the robin remarked loud enough to be heard:
 "Dear me! an exceedingly strange-looking bird!"

"Can you sing?" robin asked, and the chicken said "No,"
 But asked in its turn if the robin could crow.
 So the bird sought a tree and the chicken a wall,
 And each thought the other knew nothing at all.

LESSON OF THE LEAVES.

HOW do the leaves grow
In spring upon their stem?
The sap swells up with a drop for all,
And that is life to them.

What do the leaves do
Through the long summer hours?
They make a home for the singing birds,
A shelter for the flowers.

How do the leaves fade
Beneath the autumn blast?
Oh, fairer they grow before they die,
Their brightest is their last.

How are we like leaves?
O children weak and small,
God knows each leaf of the forest shade,
He knows you each and all.

Never a leaf falls
Until its part is done.
God gives us grace like sap and dew,
Some work to every one.

You must grow old too,
Beneath the autumn sky;
But lovelier and brighter your lives may glow,
Like leaves before they die.

Brighter with kind deeds,
With hope and gladness given;
Till the leaf falls down from the withered tree,
And the spirit is in heaven!

UNDER the yaller pines I house,
When sunshine makes them all sweet scented,
An hear among their furry boughs
The baskin' west wind purr contented.

LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*.

THE VOICE OF THE GRASS.

HERE I come, creeping, creeping everywhere.
By the dusty road-side,
On the sunny hill-side,
Close by the noisy brook,
In every shady nook,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere.
All around the open door,
Where sit the aged poor,
Here where the children play
In the bright and merry May,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere.
In the noisy city street,
My pleasant face you'll meet,
Cheering the sick at heart,
Toiling his busy part —
Silently creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere.
You cannot see me coming,
Nor hear my low sweet humming;
For in the starry night,
And the glad morning light,
I come quietly creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere.
More welcome than the flowers,
In summer's pleasant hours.
The gentle cow is glad,
And the merry bird not sad,
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere:
When you're numbered with the dead,
In your still and narrow bed,
In the happy spring I'll come
And deck your silent home —
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come, creeping, creeping everywhere.
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I'll raise
To Him at whose command
I beautify the land —
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

SARAH ROBERTS.

ROBIN 'S COME.

FROM the elm-tree's topmost bough,
 Hark ! the robin's early song !
 Telling one and all that now
 Merry spring-time hastes along.
 Welcome tidings dost thou bring,
 Little harbinger of Spring :
 Robin 's come.

Of the Winter we are weary,
 Weary of the frost and snow ;
 Longing for the sunshine cheery,
 And the brooklet's gurgling flow.
 Gladly then we hear thee sing
 The joyful reveille of Spring :
 Robin 's come.

Ring it out o'er hill and plain,
 Through the garden's lonely bowers,
 Till the green leaves dance again,
 Till the air is sweet with flowers !
 Wake the cowslips by the rill ;
 Wake the yellow daffodil :
 Robin 's come.

Singing still in yonder lane,
 Robin answers merrily ;
 Ravished by the sweet refrain,
 Alice clasps her hands in glee,
 Calling from the open door,
 With her soft voice, o'er and o'er,
 " Robin 's come."

* * * The hills,
 Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun ; the vales,
 Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
 The venerable woods ; rivers that move
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
 That make the meadows green ; and poured round all,
 Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
 Are but the solemn decorations all
 Of the great tomb of man. * *

BRYANT'S *Thanatopsis*.

FOREIGN LANDS.

UP into the cherry-tree
 Who should climb but little me?
 I held the trunk with both my hands,
 And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next-door garden lie,
 Adorned with flowers, before my eye,
 And many pleasant places more
 That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
 And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
 And dusty roads go up and down,
 And people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree,
 Farther and farther I could see,
 To where the grown-up river slips
 Into the sea among the ships —

To where the roads on either hand
 Lead onward into fairy-land,
 Where all the children dine at five,
 And all the playthings are alive.

GOD PROVIDETH FOR THE MORROW.

LO! the lilies of the field,
 How their leaves instruction yield;
 Hark to nature's lesson, given
 By the blessed birds of heaven!
 Every bush and tufted tree
 Warbles sweet philosophy:

“Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow;
 God provideth for the morrow.

“Say, with richer crimson glows
 The kingly mantle or the rose?
 Say, have kings more wholesome fare
 Than we poor citizens of air?
 Barns nor hoarded grain have we,
 Yet we carol merrily:
 Mortal, flee from doubt and sorrow;
 God provideth for the morrow.’

FOREST SONG.

A SONG for the beautiful trees !
A song for the forest grand,
The garden of God's own land,
The pride of His centuries.
Hurrah ! for the kingly oak,
For the maple, the sylvan queen,
For the lords of the emerald cloak,
For the ladies in living green.

For the beautiful trees a song,
The peers of a glorious realm,
The linden, the ash, and the elm,
The poplar stately and strong.
Hurrah ! for the beech-tree trim,
For the hickory stanch at core,
For the locust thorny and grim,
For the silvery sycamore.

A song for the palm,— the pine,
And for every tree that grows
From the desolate zone of snows
To the zone of the burning line.
Hurrah ! for the warders proud
Of the mountain-side and vale,
That challenge the thunder-cloud,
And buffet the stormy gale.

A song for the forest aisled,
With its gothic roof sublime,
The solemn temple of time,
Where man becometh a child,
As he lists to the anthem-roll
Of the wind in the solitude,
The hymn which telleth his soul
That God is the voice of the wood.

So long as the rivers flow,
So long as the mountains rise,
May the forest sing to the skies,
And shelter the earth below.
Hurrah ! for the beautiful trees,
Hurrah ! for the forest grand,
The pride of His centuries,
The garden of God's own land.

W. H. VENABLE.

PLANTED.

I HELD my baby on my knee,
My blue-eyed Bessie, three years old;
She laid her dimpled cheek on mine,
And in my ear her trouble told.

"Papa; pease may me go to school,
Like sister Nell and Tatie Snow?"
Then as I smiled she begged again,
With kisses sweet, "Pease may me go?"

"When Bessie grows as large as Nell,
Then she may go to school," I said.
' But mother's words and father's rules
Are quite enough for this small head."

She said no more, but sat awhile
"Thinking her think," then ran away;
And as I turned to work again,
I heard her in the yard at play.

Then mother called, "Come, Bessie, come;
'Tis time to go to sleep, you know."—
"O dear mamma, pease let me stay!
I've panted, 'tause I want to grow."

'Twas true! for there our baby stood,
With feet fast planted in the ground,
While water-pot and garden tool,
Ready for use, lay scattered round.

On mother's second call she came,
With rumpled dress and muddy shoe,
And looking up quite grieved, she said,
"Why tan't me grow, as flowers do?"

When April winds
Grew soft, the maple burst into a flush
Of scarlet flowers. The tulip tree, high up,
Opened, in airs of June, her multitude
Of golden chalices to humming birds
And silken wing'd insects of the sky.

BRYANT, *The Fountain.*

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,
 Its hues from heaven so freshly born?
 With burning star and flaming band
 It kindles all the sunset land :
 O tell us what its name may be,—
 Is this the flower of liberty?
 It is the banner of the free,
 The starry flower of liberty !

In savage nature's far abode
 Its tender seeds our fathers sowed ;
 The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,
 Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
 Till lo ! earth's tyrants shook to see
 The full-blown flower of liberty !
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry flower of liberty !

Behold its streaming rays unite,
 One mingling flood of braided light,—
 The red that fires the southern rose,
 With spotless white from northern rose,
 And, spangled o'er its azure, see
 The sister stars of liberty !
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry flower of liberty !

The blades of heroes fence it round,
 Where'er it springs is holy ground ;
 From tower and dome its glories spread ;
 It waves where lonely sentries tread ;
 It makes the land as ocean free,
 And plants an empire on the sea !
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry flower of liberty !

Thy sacred leaves, fair freedom's flower,
 Shall ever float on dome and tower,
 To all their heavenly colors true,
 In blackening frost or crimson dew,—
 And God love us as we love thee,
 Thrice holy flower of liberty !
 Then hail the banner of the free,
 The starry flower of liberty !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

MIDSUMMER.

THROUGH all the long midsummer day
The meadow-sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat
Just where the field and forest meet,
Where grow the pine-trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row;
With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring;
Behind, the nimble youngsters run
And toss the thick swaths in the sun;
The cattle graze; while, warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, when summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and humble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
The chickens skulk behind the rail,
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the wood-pecker pecks and flits.

Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum,
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house,
The oriole flashes by; and, look!
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain blue-bird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The dawn of peace descends on me.
Oh, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read:
A dear Companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;
The holy silence is His voice:
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

THE AWAKENING YEAR.

THE bluebirds and the violets
Are with us once again,
And promises of summer spot
The hillside and the plain.

The clouds around the mountain tops
Are riding on the breeze,
Their trailing azure trains of mist
Are tangled in the trees.

The snow-drifts, which have lain so long
Haunting the hidden nooks,
Like guilty ghosts have slipped away
Unseen, into the brooks.

The streams are fed with generous rains,
They drink the wayside springs,
And flutter down from crag to crag,
Upon their foamy wings.

Through all the long, wet nights they brawl,
By mountain homes remote,
Till woodmen in their sleep behold
Their ample rafts afloat.

The lazy wheel that hung so dry
Above the idle stream,
Whirls wildly in the misty dark,
And through the miller's dream.

Loud torrent unto torrent calls,
Till at the mountain's feet,
Flashing afar their spectral light,
The noisy waters meet.

They meet, and through the lowlands sweep
Toward briny bay and lake,
Proclaiming to the distant towns,
"The country is awake."

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

THE moon shines bright:— In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise.

MERCHANT OF VENICE, Act V, Sc. 1.

THE VINE AND THE OAK.

A VINE was growing beside a thrifty oak, and had just reached that height at which it requires support. "Oak," said the vine, "bend your trunk so that you may be a support to me."

"My support," replied the oak, "is naturally yours, and you may rely on my strength to bear you up; but I am too large and too solid to bend. Put your arms around me, my pretty vine, and I will manfully support and cherish you, if you have an ambition to climb as high as the clouds."

"While I thus hold you up, you will ornament my rough trunk with your pretty green leaves and shining scarlet berries. We were made by the Master of Life to grow together, that by our union the weak may be made strong, and the strong render aid to the weak."

"But I wish to grow independently," said the vine; "why cannot you twine around me, and let me grow up straight, and not be a mere dependent on you?"

"Nature," answered the oak, "did not so design it. It is impossible that you should grow to any height alone; and if you try it, the winds and the rain, if not your own weight, will bring you to the ground."

"Neither is it proper for you to run your arms hither and thither among the trees. They will say, 'It is not my vine—it is a stranger—get thee gone; I will not cherish thee!' By this time thou wilt be so entangled among the different branches that thou canst not get back to the oak, and nobody will then admire thee or pity thee."

"Ah, me," said the vine, "let me escape from such a destiny;" and she twined herself around the oak, and they grew and flourished happily together.

THE UNFADING EVERGREEN.

HOW bright the unfading evergreen,
Amid the forest trees!
In Summer and Winter there 'tis seen
To wave to the passing breeze.
And may I be so like to thee,
O never fading tree!
That all may feel, in woe or weal,
I shall unchanging be.
How bright the unfading evergreen,
Amid the forest trees!
In Summer and Winter there 'tis seen,
To wave to the passing breeze.
Ever, ever may I be seen
Like to the beauteous evergreen.

RACE OF THE FLOWERS.

THE trees and the flowers seem running a race,
But none treads down the other;
And neither thinks it his disgrace
To be later than his brother.

Yet the pear tree shouts to the lilac tree,
"Make haste, for the Spring is late!
And the lilac tree whispers to the chestnut tree,
Because he is so great,
"Pray you, great sir, be quick, be quick,
Far down below we are blossoming thick!"
Then the chestnut hears and comes out in bloom —
White, or pink, to the tip-top boughs —
Oh why not grow higher, there's plenty of room,
You beautiful tree, with the sky for your house?

Then like music they seem to burst out together,
The little and the big, with a beautiful burst;
They sweeten the wind, they paint the weather,
And no one remembers which was first;
White rose, red rose,
Bud rose, shed rose,
Larkspur, and lilac, and the rest,
North, south, east, west,
June, July, August, September! —

Ever so late in the year will come,
Many a red geranium,
And sunflowers up to November!
Then the Winter has overtaken them all,
The fogs and the rains begin to fall,
And the flowers after running their races,
Are weary, and shut up their little faces,
And under the ground they go to sleep.
Is it very far down? Yes ever so deep.

GOLDEN ROD.

WAY down in the meadow, and close by the brook,
If ever you take the trouble to look,
A plant you will see that shows in the light
With its green and gold so gay and bright,
Nodding and tossing its head in pride,
As if it were queen of the meadow wide.
That beautiful blossom, so tall and odd,
Is the bloom of the plant called golden rod.

THE OLD TREE.

OLD tree, how low you seem to stoop,
How much your trunk is bent;
Why don't you make a rise and grow
Up straight, as you were meant?

And has the old tree found a voice?
And does it speak and sigh?
No! 'twas the soft sweet wind that came
To stir its leaves on high.

But still the young boy thought he heard
The old tree sigh, "Too late!
When I was young it was the time
To come and bend me straight.

"They should have bound me to a prop,
And made me straight and fast;
A child like you could bend me then,
But now my time is past!

"No use for men to waste their strength,
And pull with ropes at me;
They could not move my stem an inch,
For bent I still must be."

And then the soft wind came once more,
And set the leaves at play,
So that the young boy thought he heard
The old tree sigh and say:

"O child! be wise while you are young,
Nor bend nor stoop to sin!
Drive out the bad thoughts from your heart,
And keep the good ones in!

"Don't think you may be bad in youth,
And one day change your plan;
Just what you grow up from a child,
You will be as a man.

"No use to try, when you are old,
To mend and grow up straight;
For all good men that pass you then
Will sigh and say, 'Too late!'

“Take for your prop the book of God,
And by its rules be bound;
And let the wise words of your friends
Be stakes to fence you round.

“So straight and strong you shall be found,
A joy and praise to see;
And one day, in the courts of God,
You'll stand a fair young tree.”

MY ELM TREE.

IT stands alone, on the brow of a little hill, not far from my door. The sight of it gives me so much pleasure, that I have learned to love it as if it were a human friend. I go often to visit it.

It is a magnificent tree. The trunk rises high in a single stem, then divides into three principal branches. These three great branches grow gradually farther and farther apart, then bend rapidly outward with an easy sweep, and finally divide into a number of smaller branches.

Of these smaller branches, the lower or under ones bend down toward the ground in graceful curves, and, dividing into many branchlets and twigs, form the drooping boughs of the tree. The upper ones grow erect, and their branchlets and twigs, spreading out and bending in all directions, make the airy top of the tree.

In the summer-time this lovely tree is covered with dark green leaves. It rests the eye to look at it, and it is a delight to sit under it. But it is not in summer only that it is beautiful. In the autumn its leaves turn to a sober brown, touched here and there with bright golden-yellow; and, when the sun shines on it, it is glorious to behold.

When the rude autumn winds have stripped it of its leaves it is still pleasant to watch the graceful branches swaying in the wind; and then, too, I can see the birds' nests, which the leaves have hidden during the summer. Almost always there are one or two orioles' nests, swinging like little bags from the ends of the long slender branches.

The earliest spring flowers blossom under my elm tree. But the dear old tree is not to be outdone by the little plants at its foot, for it puts forth its blossoms as soon as they. Its flowers always come before its leaves. They are very tiny flowers, of a yellowish hue, and grow in small clusters on the sides of the twigs.

The flowers are soon followed by the seeds, which ripen and fall just as the leaves come out. The leaves are rather small and dark green, and grow on short stems called foot-stalks. They are, almost all of them, oval in shape, and have a slender point at the apex. The under side of the leaf is whitish and hairy, and the ribs show very plainly.

All elm trees are not shaped just as mine is; but any boy or girl can always tell an elm tree by its graceful, curving branches, and slender drooping twigs.

REBECCA D. RICKOFF.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT
Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees
Just over the way.
Squirrel and song-sparrow,
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells
Ringing to church.

Come, hear what his reverence,
Rises to say,
In his low, painted pulpit,
This calm Sabbath day.
Fair is the canopy
Over him seen,
Penciled, by nature's hand,
Black, brown and green ;
Green is his surplice,
Green are his bands ;
In his queer little pulpit
The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet,
So gorgeous to see,
Comes with his bass voice,
The chorister bee.
Green fingers playing
Unseen on wind-lyres ;
Low, singing-bird voices ;
These are his choirs.

The violets are deacons ;
I know by the sign
That the cups which they carry
Are purple with wine.
And the columbines bravely
As sentinels stand
On the lookout, with all their
Red trumpets in hand.

Meek-faced anemones,
Drooping and sad ;
Great yellow violets,
Smiling out glad ;

Buttercups' faces,
 Beaming and bright;
 Clovers, with bonnets—
 Some red and some white;
 Daisies, their white fingers
 Half clasped in prayer;
 Dandelions, proud of
 The gold of their hair;

Innocents, children
 Guileless and frail,
 Meek little faces
 Upturned and pale;
 Wild-wood geraniums,
 All in their best,
 Languidly leaning
 In purple gauze dressed;
 All are assembled,
 This sweet Sabbath day,
 To hear what the priest
 In his pulpit will say.

WHITTIER.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

ALL hail the lovely golden rod,
 The dusty roadside fringing!
 Midst grasses tall its gray crests nod,
 The world with glory tingeing.

Its fluffy blossoms manifold,
 The swampy meadows flecking,
 Weave tapestry of cloth of gold,
 The fields with splendor decking.

Along the dark old forest's edge
 The yellow plumes are streaming,
 And through the thick and tangled hedge,
 The golden wands are gleaming.

The lakeside slope is all aglow,
 Where golden rod is drooping,
 Bright mirrored in the depths below
 In many a graceful grouping.

EVA J. BEEDE.

THE ANXIOUS LEAF.

ONCE upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, "What is the matter, little leaf?"

And the leaf said, "The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off and throw me down to die on the ground!"

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to."

And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the little twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long till October.

And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant? And the tree said, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy."

Then the little leaf began to want to go too, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no bright color in them, and so the leaf said, "O branches! why are you lead color and we golden?"

"We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over," said the branches.

Just then, a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go, without thinking of it, and the wind took it up, and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it dropped gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.

"Nature never did betray

The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is; nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessing."

MAY MORNING.

FOR SIX GIRLS.

GREETED me at early day,
Groups of girls the fields adorning;
Wreathing for their queen of May,
Blossoms of the morning.

Cease, I cried, o'er hill and heath,
Wasting thus the fragrant hours;
I can make a fairer wreath—
You shall be the flowers.

Who will be a violet?—
Little Alice, take thy station;
Lo! thine eyes are dewy yet
With some thought's creation.

Dainty words and bashful smiles
Wreath thy fresh lips ever newly;
Conquering with thy timid wiles,
Harsher souls unruly.

Margaret, with pure cold eyes,
Thou shalt be a scornful lily
Bending in a proud surprise;
Smiling proud and chilly.

Loose adown thy snowy veil,
Till those eyes, like stars of even,
Through the silver cloud burn pale,
Lighting still the heaven.

Now a rose! Now a rose!
Look at Julia, richly blushing,
Where the sun his kisses throws,
Hair and forehead flushing.

Floating o'er the crimson cheek,
Mossy ringlets fall parted;
Darling rose, so mild, so meek,
True and fragrant-hearted.

Where shall we a daisy see?—
Yonder sits my romping Lizzie,
With her hand upon her knee,
In some mischief busy.

She has morning's golden beam
 Prisoned in her flying tresses;
 And the evening's rosy gleam
 Still her cheek expresses.

Now the dimpled arms aloft,
 Shouting to the birds above her;
 Chanting now in carols soft,
 Of the hearts that love her.

Geraldine, with lips of flame,
 Thou shalt be a fuchsia, bending
 Graceful near the ivy frame;
 Strength and frailness blending.

Autumn dropped thee from his sheaves,
 Through his harvest lately roaming:
 Spring returns for what he leaves;—
 Bow we to her coming.

ELIZA L. SPROAT.

ROSES.

OH, the queen of all the roses it cannot be denied
 Is the heavy crimson rose of velvet leaf;
 There is such a gracious loyalty about her vivid bloom,
 That among all charming kindred she is chief.

Then the fainter-shaded roses, in their balmy damask pride,
 Group like satellites about one central star,—
 Royal princesses, of whom we can discover at a glance,
 What aristocrats the dainty creatures are.

Then those tender, gauzy roses, clustered closely on their views,
 They are gentle maids of honor I am told;
 But the pompous yellow roses, they are sneered at, it is said,
 For so showing off the color of their gold.

And the roses that are powerless to boast of any tint,
 Unsullied as the snow itself in hue,
 These are pious nuns, I fancy, who perhaps may murmur prayers
 Very softly upon rosaries of dew.

But the delicate pink roses that one meets in quiet lanes,
 Gleaming pale upon a back-ground of clear green,
 Why, these are only peasant girls who never go to court,
 But are royal little subjects to the queen.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

FORWARD, MARCH!

SPRING gives the order, "Forward, march!"
'Tis borne along the eager line;
Breathes through the boughs of rustling larch,
And murmurs in the pine.

"March!" At the sound, impatient, springs
The mountain rill, with rippling glee,
And rolling through the valley, brings
Its tribute to the sea.

"March!" and upon each sunny hill
Old winter's allies, ice and snow,
Start at the music of the rill,
And join its onward flow.

"March!" Down among the fibrous roots
Of oaks we hear the summons ring;
The long chilled life-blood upward shoots
To hail the coming spring.

"March!" and along each narrow neck,
Across the plain, and up the steep,
The spring-tide clears the winter's wreck
With its resistless sweep.

Advancing in unbroken lines,
New allies rush to join its band,
Till winter, in despair, resigns
The scepter to its hands.

On southern slopes, in quiet glades,
And when the brooklets murmuring run;
The grass unsheaths its tiny blades
To temper in the sun.

Flora unfolds her banner bright
Above the field of flashing green,
And crocus blooms, in lines of light,
Throw back the sunlight's sheen.

The birds in every budding tree
Take up anew the old refrain;
The spring has come; rejoice all ye
Who breathe its air again!

THE OAK TREE.

SING for the oak tree, the monarch of the wood !
Sing for the oak tree, that groweth green and good !
That groweth broad and branching within the forest shade ;
That groweth now, and still shall grow when we are lowly laid !

The oak tree was an acorn once, and fell upon the earth ;
And sun and shower nourished it, and gave the oak tree birth ;
The little sprouting oak tree ! two leaves it had at first,
Till sun and shower nourished it, then out the branches burst.

The winds came and the rain fell ; the gusty tempest blew ;
All, all, were friends to the oak tree, and stronger yet it grew.
The boy that saw the acorn fall, he feeble grew and gray ;
But the oak was still a thriving tree, and strengthened every day.

Four centuries grows the oak tree, nor does its verdure fail ;
Its heart is like the iron-wood, its bark like plaited mail.
Now cut us down the oak tree, the monarch of the wood ;
And of its timber stout and strong we'll build a vessel good.

The oak tree of the forest both east and west shall fly ;
And the blessings of a thousand lands upon our ship shall lie.
She shall not be a man-of-war, nor a pirate shall she be ;
But a noble Christian merchant ship, to sail upon the sea.

MARY HOWITT.

THE LIBERTY TREE.

I N a chariot of light, from the regions of day,
The Goddess of Liberty came ;
Ten thousand celestials directed her way,
And hither conducted the dame.
A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
Where millions with millions agree ;
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she named Liberty Tree.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,
Like a native it flourished and bore ;
The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,
To seek out this peaceable shore ;
Unmindful of names or distinctions they came,
For freemen like brothers agree ;
With one spirit endued, they our friendship pursued,
And their temple was Liberty Tree.

THOMAS PAINE, 1776.

MOTION SONG—DAISY FAIR.

HAVE you heard the song of the daisy fair?
 Oh, the daisy fair, she has not a care;
 A sweet little face has daisy fair,
 She's smiling all the day.
 Now see her buds peep, where the grasses wave,
 Where the grasses wave, the grasses wave,
 Now see her buds peep, where the grasses wave,
 This way above her head.

CHORUS.

Oh, the heads of nodding clover,
 Oh, the boughs that sway above her,
 Oh, the butterflies dancing over,
 Love the daisy fair.

Now her bright eyes open to the sun;
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, what fun!
 Now daisy's play time has begun;
 Gay little daisy fair.
 Our daisy always moves with grace
 While she bends this way, this way, this way.
 She looks the bright sun in the face;
 Brave little daisy fair.

CHORUS.

At morn she turns her head this way,
 For she loves the sun, the sun, they say,
 And watches for its first bright ray;
 Wise little daisy fair.
 At noon she smiles up at the sky,
 Tra la la la la la la la,
 While the sun smiles back from his place so high;
 Happy daisy fair.

CHORUS.

When the earth is dry beneath her feet,
 Lowly droops her head in the blinding heat.
 She clasps her fingers, hear how sweet
 Daisy breathes a prayer.
 Come, pretty white cloud, pray send the rain,
 Send rain, the rain, the rain, the rain,
 O pretty white cloud, I pray send rain
 That I may bloom again.

CHORUS.

Now the cooling drops come, sparkling down,
 Tra la la la la la la la la,
 Now daisy has a bran new crown,
 Proud little daisy fair.

At night when the dear sun goes to sleep,
 And all the dews around her weep,
 She turns this way, for one more peep.
 Good night, little daisy fair.

CHORUS.

Gymnastics for the School Room.

ANNIE CHASE.

THE IVY GREEN.

OH, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old !
 Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The walls must be crumbled, the stones decayed,
 To pleasure his dainty whim ;
 And the mold'ring dust that years have made
 Is a merry meal for him.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
 And a stanch old heart has he !
 How closely he twineth, how tightly he clings,
 To his friend, the huge oak tree !
 And slyly he traileth along the ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves,
 And he joyously twines and hugs around
 The rich mold of dead men's graves.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
 And nations scattered been ;
 But the stout old ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten upon the past ;
 For the stateliest building man can raise
 Is the ivy's food at last.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE AUTUMN LEAVES.

FIRST CHILD :

I AM a leaf from the tall elm tree
That stands high up on the hill-top there ;
Patiently my watch I keep
O'er all the hillsides and valleys fair.

SECOND CHILD :

I came from the maple tree
By the church with its huge iron bell.
Many a time I've heard it say
"A tale of hope and peace I'll tell."

THIRD CHILD :

I am a leaf from the old oak tree
Deep in the woods ; I know
All the secrets of fairy land,
And how the flowers grow.

FOURTH CHILD :

And I am a leaf from the aspen,
Do you know why I tremble so ?
I heard a child tell a lie one day,
'Tis an awful thing to know.

FIFTH CHILD :

Down where the dead lie sleeping,
In a calm and quiet spot,
I came from the willow, weeping,
O'er the blue forget-me-not.

SIXTH CHILD :

I grew on the big old apple tree,
Where the blue birds and robins nest,
The children love me, and the breeze —
O, you can guess the rest.

SEVENTH CHILD :

And now we will make a wreath,
Red and yellow and green ;
When you see you will all agree
'Tis the prettiest wreath that ever was seen.

All join hands and sing :

Away to the woods, away,
Away to the woods, away,

All nature is smiling,
Our young hearts beguiling,
O, we will be happy to-day.

CHORUS.

Away, away, away, away,
Away to the woods, away;
Away, away, away, away.
Away to the woods, away.

THE BROWN THRUSH.

THERE'S a merry brown thrush sitting up in a tree;
He's singing to me! he's singing to me!
And what does he say, little girl, little boy?
"Oh! the world's running over with joy!
Hush! look! in my tree
I'm as happy as happy can be."

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do you see,
And five eggs hid by me in the big cherry tree?
Don't meddle, don't touch, little girl, little boy,
Or the world will lose some of its joy!
Now I'm glad! now I'm free!
And I always shall be,
If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me—to you, and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy;
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be—
Don't you know? don't you see?
Unless we're as good as can be."

LUCY LARCOM.

I had a little yellow bird
Upon a summer's day,
He sat upon my finger
And he never flew away.
He fluttered and he fluttered
And he fluttered all the day,
But he never sang a song,
And he never flew away.

ST. NICHOLAS, 1888.

SPRING.

SPRING, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,—
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn.

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in nature's scorn,
The brown of autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored south
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
 In the sweet airs of morn ;
 One almost looks to see the very street
 Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
 And brings, you know not why,
 A feeling as when eager crowds await,
 Before a palace gate.

Some wondrous pageant ; and you scarce would start,
 If from a beech's heart
 A blue-eyed dryad, stepping forth, should say,
 " Behold me ! I am May ! "

* * * * *

HENRY TIMROD.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BEAUTIFUL ground on which we tread,
 Beautiful heavens above our head ;
 Beautiful flowers and beautiful trees,
 Beautiful land and beautiful seas.

Beautiful sun that shines so bright,
 Beautiful stars with glittering light ;
 Beautiful summer, beautiful spring,
 Beautiful birds that merrily sing.

Beautiful lambs that frisk and play,
 Beautiful night and beautiful day ;
 Beautiful lily, beautiful rose,
 Beautiful every flower that grows.

Beautiful drops of pearly dew,
 Beautiful hills and vales to view ;
 Beautiful herbs that scent the air,
 Beautiful things grow everywhere.

Beautiful every thing around,
 Beautiful grass to deck the ground,
 Beautiful fields and woods so green,
 Beautiful birds and blossoms seen.

Beautiful flower and beautiful leaf,
 Beautiful world, though full of grief ;
 Beautiful every tiny blade,
 Beautiful all that God hath made.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

GOD might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

He might have made enough, enough,
For every want of ours;
For luxury, medicine and toil
And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine,
Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
To make the river flow.

The clouds might give abundant rain,
The nightly dews might fall,
And the herb that keepeth life in man
Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light;
All fashioned with supremest grace,
Upspringing day and night.

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passes by?

Our outward life requires them not —
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man
To beautify the earth.

To comfort man — to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For who so careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for him!

MARY HOWITT.

Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream and so dream all night without a stir.

KEATS — *Hyperion*. Bk. I, line 73.

GREEN THINGS GROWING.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR A CLASS OF BOYS OR GIRLS, OR BOTH.

ALL:

O H! the green things growing! the green things growing!
The fresh, sweet smell of the green things growing!

FRANK:

I would like to live, whether I laugh or grieve,
To watch the happy life of the green things growing.

ALL:

Oh! the fluttering and pattering of the green things growing!
Talking each to each when no man's knowing;

CHARLES:

In the wonderful white of the weird moonlight,
Or the gray dreamy dawn when the cocks are crowing.

MARTHA:

I love, I love them so, the green things growing
And I think that they love me without false showing;
For by many a tender touch they comfort me so much,
With the mute, mute comfort of green things growing.

MABEL:

And in the full wealth of their blossoms' glowing,
Ten for one I take they're on me bestowing.

EMILY:

Ah! I should like to see, if God's will it might be,
Many, many a summer of my green things growing.

ADA:

But if I *must* be gathered for the angels' sowing —
Sleep out of sight awhile — like the green things growing;
Though earth to earth return, I think I shall not mourn,
If I may change into green things growing.

ALL:

Oh! the green things growing: the green things growing!
The fresh, sweet smell of the green things growing!
I would like to live, whether I laugh or grieve,
To watch the happy life of the green things growing.

Arranged by Principal CHAS. H. FULLER,

Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods."

BYRON'S "*Apostrophe to the Ocean.*"

THE STORY OF A LEAF.

I AM only a leaf. My home is one of the great trees that grow near the school-house. All winter I was wrapped up in a tiny warm blanket, tucked in a little brown cradle, and rocked by the winds as they blew. Do you not believe it, little reader? What I say is true.

Next fall just break off a branch of a tree, and see whether you cannot find a leaf-bud on it. It will look like a little brown knot.

Break it open, and inside you will see some soft, white down; that is the blanket. The brown shell that you break is the cradle.

Well, as I was telling you, I was rocked all winter in my cradle on the branch. When the warm days came, and the soft rains fell, then I grew very fast indeed. I soon pushed myself out of my cradle, dropped my blanket, and showed my pretty green dress to all who came by.

Oh, how glad every one was to see me! And here I am, so happy with my little brothers and sisters about me! Every morning the birds come and sing to us; the great sun shines upon us, and the winds fan us.

We dance with the winds, we smile back at the bright sun, and make a pleasant shade for the dear birds. Every day, happy, laughing school children pass under our tree.

We are always glad to see you, boys and girls—glad to see your bright eyes, and hear you say, "How beautiful the leaves are!"

REBECCA D. RICKOFF.

IN A FOREST.

STRANGER! whose steps have reached this solitude,
 S Know that this lonely spot was dear to one
 Devoted with no unrequited zeal
 To nature. Here, delighted, he has heard
 The rustling of these woods, that now perchance
 Melodious to the gale of summer move;
 And underneath their shade on yon smooth rock,
 With gray and yellow lichens overgrown,
 Often reclined, watching the silent flow
 Of this perspicuous rivulet, that steals
 Along its verdant course,—till all around
 Had filled his senses with tranquillity,
 And ever soothed in spirit he returned
 A happier, better man. Stranger! perchance,
 Therefore, the stream more lovely to thine eye
 Will glide along, and to the summer gale
 The woods wave more melodious. Cleanse thou, then,
 The weeds and mosses from this lettered stone.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, 1798.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.

POOR little daffy-down-dilly !
She slept with her head on a rose,
When a sly moth-miller kissed her,
And left some dust on her nose.

Poor little daffy-down-dilly !
She woke when the clock struck ten,
And hurried away to the fairy queen's ball,
Down in the shadowy glen.

Poor little daffy-down-dilly !
Right dainty was she, and fair,
In her bodice of yellow satin,
And petticoat green and rare.

But to look in her dew-drop mirror,
She quite forgot when she rose,
And into the queen's high presence
Tripped with a spot on her nose.

Then the little knight who loved her—
O, he wished that he were dead ;
And the queen's maid began to titter,
And tossed her saucy head.

And up from her throne so stately,
The wee queen rose in her power,
Just waved her light wand o'er her,
And she changed into a flower.

Poor little daffy-down-dilly !
Now in silver spring time hours,
She wakes in the sunny meadows,
And lives with other flowers.

Her beautiful yellow bodice,
With green skirts wears she still ;
And the children seek and love her,
But they call her daffodil.

“To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language.”

BRYANT'S *Thanatopsis*.

THE LITTLE BROWN SEED IN THE FURROW.

A LITTLE brown seed in the furrow
Lay still in its gloomy bed,
While violets blue and lilies white
Were whispering overhead.
They whispered of glories strange and rare,
Of glittering dew and floating air,
Of beauty and rapture everywhere,
And the seed heard all they said.

Poor little brown seed in the furrow;
So close to the lilies' feet,
So far away from the great glad day,
Where life seemed all complete !
In her heart she treasured every word,
And she longed for the blessings of which she heard;
For the light that shone and the air that stirred
In that land so wondrous sweet.

The little brown seed in the furrow
Was thrilled with a strange unrest;
A warm, new life beat tremblingly
In the tiny, heaving breast;
With her two small hands clasped close in prayer,
She lifted them up in the darkness there,
Up, up, through the dark, toward sun and air,
Her folded hands she pushed.

O, little brown seed in the furrow,
At last you have pierced the mold;
And quivering with a life intense,
Your beautiful leaves unfold
Like wings outspread for upward flight;
And slowly, slowly, in dew and light
A sweet bud opens — till, in God's sight,
You wear a crown of gold.

IDA W. BENHAM.

Welcome, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets hail !
Ye lofty Pines ! ye venerable Oaks !
Ye Ashes wild ! resounding o'er the steep !
Delicious is your shelter to the soul.

THOMSON, *The Seasons*.

TREES.

FIRST PUPIL: FOR A CLASS EXERCISE.

FOREST trees have always "haunted me like a passion." Let us summon a few of them, prime favorites, and familiar to the American forest.

SECOND PUPIL:

First the *Aspen*, what soft silver-gray tints on its leaves, how smooth its mottled bark, its whole shape how delicate and sensitive!

THIRD PUPIL:

Next the *Elm*, how noble the lift and droop of its branches; it has the shape of the Greek vase, such lavish foliage, running down the trunk to the very roots, as if a rich vine were wreathed around it!

FOURTH PUPIL:

Then the *Maple*, what a splendid cupola of leaves it builds up into the sky, and in autumn, its crimson is so rich, one might term it the blush of the woods!

FIFTH PUPIL:

And the *Beech*, how cheerful its snow-spotted trunk looks in the deep woods! The pattering of the beechnut upon the dead leaves in the hazy days of our Indian summer, makes a music like the dripping of a rill, in the mournful forest.

SIXTH PUPIL:

The *Birch* is a great favorite of mine. How like a shaft of ivory it gleams in the daylight woods! How the flame of moonlight kindles it into columned pearl!

SEVENTH PUPIL:

Now the *Oak*, what a tree it is. First a tiny needle rising grandly toward the sun, a wreath of green to endure for ages. The child gathers the violet at its foot; as a boy he pockets its acorns; as a man he looks at its heights towering up and makes it the emblem of his ambition.

EIGHTH PUPIL:

We now come to the *Pine*, of all, my greatest favorite. The oak may be king of the lowlands, but the pine is king of the hills. There he lifts his haughty front like the warrior he is, and when he is roused to meet the onslaught of the storm, the battle-cry he sends down the wind is heard above all the voices of the greenwood.

NINTH PUPIL:

We will merely touch, in passing, upon the *Hemlock*, with its masses of ever-green needles, and the *Cedar* with its misty blueberries; and the *Sumac* with its clusters of crimson, and the *Witch-hazel*, smiling at winter, with its curled, sharp cut flowers of golden velvet.

TENTH PUPIL:

Did you ever, while wandering in the forest about the first of June, have your eyes dazzled at a distance with what you supposed to be a tree laden with snow? It was the *Dog-wood*, glittering in its white blossoms. It brightens the last days of spring with its floral beauty.

ELEVENTH PUPIL:

While admiring the dog-wood, an odor of exquisite sweetness may salute you; and, if at all conversant in tree knowledge, you will know it is the *Bass-wood*, clustered with yellow blossoms, golden bells pouring out such strong, delicious fragrance, you must all realize the idea of Shelley.

ALL:

And the hyacinths, purple and white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew,
Of music so delicate, soft and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense.

LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.

* * * * *

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted came,
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame,

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storms they sang;
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
This was their welcome home!

* * * * *

MRS. HEMANS.

QUOTATIONS.

FOR A CLASS EXERCISE.

FIRST PUPIL:

I F ever I see
On bush or tree
Young birds in their pretty nest,
I must not in play
Steal the birds away,
To grieve their mother's breast.

SECOND PUPIL:

Apples in the orchard,
Mellowing one by one,
Strawberries upturning
Soft cheeks to the sun ;
Roses faint with sweetness,
Lilies fair of face,
Drowsy scents and murmurs,
Haunting every place ;
Beams of golden sunshine,
Moonlight bright as day,—
Don't you think the summer's
Pleasanter than May ?

THIRD PUPIL:

The ground was all covered with snow one day ;
And two little sisters were busy at play,
When a snow bird was sitting close by on a tree,
And merrily singing his chick-a-de-dee.

FOURTH PUPIL:

Buttercups and daisies,
Oh, the pretty flowers !
Coming, ere the spring time,
To tell of sunny hours.
While the trees are leafless,
While the fields are bare,
Buttercups and daisies
Spring up everywhere.

FIFTH PUPIL:

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree !
In the leafy tree so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall.

SIXTH PUPIL:

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good night, good night."

SEVENTH PUPIL:

Kind hearts are the gardens,
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the blossoms,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

EIGHTH PUPIL:

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,
To you and to me, to you and to me;
And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy:
"Oh, the world's running over with joy!
But long it won't be —
Don't you know? don't you see?
Unless we are as good as can be!"

THE BLUEBIRD'S SONG.

I KNOW the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow! the skies may be dreary —
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery!

Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple tree swinging and swaying.

"Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter I know;
Hark while I sing you a message of cheer!
Summer is coming! and spring time is here!"

"Little white snowdrop! I pray you arise;
Bright yellow crocus! come open your eyes;
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold;
Daffodils! daffodils! say do you hear?
Summer is coming! and spring time is here!"

"WHEN THE GREEN GITs BACK IN THE TREES."

IN the spring when the green gits back in the trees,
 And the sun comes out and stays,
 And your boots pull on with a good tight squeeze,
 And you think of your barefoot days;
 When you ort to work and you want to not,
 And you and yer wife agrees
 It's time to spade up the garden lot—
 When the green gits back on the trees—
 Well, work is the least of my idees
 When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.

When the green gits back in the trees, and bees
 Is a-buzzin' aroun' agin,
 In that kind of a lazy "go-as-you please"
 Old gait they hum roun' in;
 When the ground's all bald where the hayrick stood,
 And the crick's riz, and the breeze
 Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood,
 And the green gits back in the trees—
 I like, as I say, in sich scenes as these,
 The time when the green gits back in the trees.

When the whole tail-feathers o' winter-time
 Is all pulled out and gone,
 And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,
 And the sweat it starts out on
 A feller's forrerd, a-gittin' down
 At the old spring on his knees—
 I kind o' like, jes' a-loaferin' roun'
 When the green gits back in the trees—
 Jes' a-potterin' roun' as I—durn—please—
 When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

How dreary would the garden be,
 With all its flowery trees,
 Suppose there were no butterflies,
 And suppose there were no bees.

ALICE CAREY.

THE TWIG THAT BECAME A TREE.

THE tree of which I am about to tell you was once a little twig. There were many others like it, and the farmer came to look at them every day, to see if they were all doing well.

By-and-by he began to take away the older and stronger twigs, and one day he dug up this little tree and carried it away to an open field.

There its roots were again put into the soft warm ground, and it held its pretty head up as if looking into the blue sky. Just at sunset the farmer's wife came out to look at the new tree.

"I wonder if I shall ever see apples growing on these twigs," she said.

The little tree heard it, and said softly, "We shall see! Come gentle rain and warm sun, and let me be the first to give a fine red apple to the farmer's wife!"

And the rain and the sun did come, and the branches grew, and the roots dug deep into the soft ground, and at last, one bright spring day the farmer's wife cried,

"Just see! One of our little trees has some blossoms on it! I believe that, small as it is, it will give me an apple this autumn."

But the farmer laughed and said, "Oh, it is not old enough to bear apples yet."

The little tree said nothing, but all to itself it thought, "The good woman shall have an apple this very year."

And she did. When the cool days of autumn came, and the leaves began to fade and grow yellow, two red apples hung upon one of the branches of the tree.

THE SPICE TREE.

THE spice tree grows in the garden green,
Beside it the fountain flows,
And a fair bird sits the boughs between
And sings his melodious woes.

No greener garden e'er was known
Within the bounds of an earthly King;
No brighter skies have ever shone
Than those that illumine its constant spring.

That coil bound stem has branches three
On each a thousand blossoms grow,
And, old as aught of time can be,
The roots stand fast in the rocks below.

JOHN STERLING.

FALL FASHIONS.

THE maple owned that she was tired of always wearing green,
 She knew that she had grown, of late, too shabby to be seen !
 The oak and beech and chestnut then deplored their shabbiness,
 And all, except the hemlock sad, were wild to change their dress.
 "For fashion-plates we'll take the flowers," the rustling maple said.
 "And like the tulip I'll be clothed in splendid gold and red !"
 "The cheerful sunflower suits me best," the lightsome beech replied ;
 "The marigold my choice shall be," the chestnut spoke with pride.
 The sturdy old oak took time to think, "I hate such glaring hues ;
 The gillyflower, so dark and rich, I for my model choose."
 So every tree in all the grove, except the hemlock sad,
 According to its wish ere long in brilliant dress was clad.
 And here they stand through all the soft and bright October days ;
 They wished to be like flowers — indeed they look like huge bouquets.

COME TO THE FOREST.

COME to the forest, the bright sun is shining,
 And nature is decked in her proudest array ;
 The green leafy boughs with ivy entwining,
 Bend gracefully o'er the sweet flow'rs of May.

CHORUS.

O come to the forest. all nature is gay ;
 Come away ! Come away ! Come away, away !
 Come away ! Come away ! Come away ! Come away !
 Away, away, away, away.
 Away, away, away, away.

Come to the forest, the gay birds are singing,
 As upward they soar to the beautiful sky ;
 And through the fresh air bright insects are winging ;
 Then come to the forest while summer is nigh.

GOD'S LOVE.

THERE'S not a flower that decks the vale,
 There's not a tree that guards the mountain,
 There's not a shrub that scents the gale,
 There's not a wind that stirs the fountain,
 There's not a hue that paints the rose,
 There's not a leaf around us lying,
 But in its use or beauty shows
 God's love to us, and love undying.

TREE PLANTING.

A BOY strolled through a dusty road,
"What can I do?" said he,
"What little errand for the world?"
"I know—I'll plant a tree."

The nursling was taken by mother earth,
Who fed it with all things good:
Sparkling water from mountain springs,
And many a subtle food,

Drawn from her own wide-reaching veins;
From the treasures of the sky,
Far spread its branches in affluent grace;
So the steady years went by.

The boy who planted the little tree,
By a kindly purpose led,
One desolate, dreadful winter day
In the brother-war fell dead.

But the gentle thought at the great elm's root
Burst forth with the spring's warm breath,
And softly the fluttering foliage sang,
"Love cannot suffer death."

The elm's vast shadow far and cool
Fell o'er the dusty way,
Blessing the toilers at their rest,
The children at their play.

And panting horses felt the air
Grow sudden full of balm;
Great oxen with their weary loads
Caught there a sudden calm.

So little acts of kindness
Spread every branch and root,
And never guesses he who plants
The wonders of the fruit.

I often think if blessed eyes
The old home scenes can see,
That heaven's joy is heightened by
The planting of the tree.

M. F. BUTTS.

PLANT WORSHIP.

THE plant worship which holds so prominent a place in the history of the primitive races of mankind would appear to have sprung from a perception of the beauty and utility of trees. Survivals of this still linger on in many parts of Europe. The peasants in Bohemia will sally forth into their gardens before sunrise on Good Friday, and falling upon their knees before a tree will exclaim: "I pray O green tree, that God may make thee good." At night time they will run to and fro about their gardens crying: "Bud, O trees, bud, or I will flog you." In our own country the Devonshire farmers and their men will to this day go out into their orchards after supper on the evening of Twelfth Day, carrying with them a large milk pail of cider, with roasted apples pressed into it. All present hold in their hands an earthenware cup filled with liquor, and taking up their stand beneath those apple trees which have borne the most fruit, address them in these words:

"Health to thee, good apple tree,
Well to bear pocket fulls, hat fulls,
Peck fulls, bushel bag fulls!"

simultaneously dashing the contents of their cups over the trees. The observance of this ceremony, which is locally known as "wassailing," is enjoined by Thomas Tusser in his work entitled "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," wherein he bids the husbandman

"Wassail the trees, that they may bear
You many a plum and many a pear;
For more or less fruit they will bring,
As you do them wassailing."

In most countries certain plants are to be found associated with witches and their craft. Shakespeare causes one of his witches to discourse of root of "hemlock digg'd i' the dark;" likewise also of "slips of yew sliver'd in the moon's eclipse." Vervain was in olden times known as "the enchanter's plant;" rue, again, was regarded as an antidote against their spells and machinations. Their partiality for certain trees is well known. According to Grimm, the trysting place of the Neapolitan witches was a walnut tree near Benevento. In walnut and elder trees they are also said to be in the habit of lurking at nightfall. Witches, too, had their favorite flowers. Among these the foxglove was known as the "witches' bells;" the harebell as the "witches' thimbles." Tradition asserted that on moonlight nights they might be seen flying through the air, mounted on the stems of the ragwort, reeds, or bulrushes. Throughout Germany it is believed that witches career through the midnight skies on hay. Many plants were pressed into the service of charms and spells for the detection of witches and evil spirits when wandering about on their nefarious errands, particularly the St. John's wort, still largely worn by the German peasantry as a kind of amulet on St. John's eve. It was an old belief that all baptized persons whose eyes had been steeped in the green juice of the inner

bark of the elder tree would be enabled to detect witches anywhere. The same property, according to German folk lore, is possessed by the wild radish, ivy and saxifrage on Walpurgis Night. Among other plants which have had the reputation of averting the crafts and subtleties of witchcraft, the juniper, holly, mistletoe, little pimpernel, herb paris, cyclamen, angelica, herb betony, rowan tree, bracken, and twigs of the ash may be mentioned. In the Rhine district the water lily is regarded as antagonistic to sorcery. Lavender is believed in Tuscany to possess the power of averting the evil eye. Olive branches are said to keep the witches from the cottage doors in the rural districts of Italy, and the Russian peasantry will lay aspen upon the grave of a witch to prevent her spirit from walking abroad or exercising any evil influence over her neighbors.

THE GENTLEMEN'S MAGAZINE.

THE BLUEBIRD.

'TIS early spring; the distant hills
Are flecked with drifts of dingy snow,
And bird-notes from the lofty trees
Come down in warblings soft and low.

The bluebird seeks his home again,
He sings sweet love songs to his mate;
They choose the dear old apple tree
Whose branches shade our garden gate.

One door, one window in their cot —
All else is safe from wind and rain;
The ruffled nest of former years
Is soon made new and warm again.

And now I watch with keen delight
This shady home so near our door,
Till busy parents come to bring
Their dainties to the fledglings four.

How sweet to climb the bended trunk,
To gaze upon the tiny brood,
And see four little gaping mouths
Upraised imploringly for food.

Dear warblers of my early years!
A child again, once more I wait,
And watch you in the apple tree
Whose branches shade our garden gate.

C. F. GERRY.

TO A PINE TREE.

FAR up on Katahdin thou towerest,
 Purple-blue with the distance and vast ;
 Like a cloud o'er the lowlands thou lowerest,
 That hangs poised on a lull in the blast,
 To its fall leaning awful.

In the storm, like a prophet o'er maddened,
 Thou singest and tossest thy branches ;
 Thy heart with the terror is gladdened,
 Thou forebodest the dread avalanches,
 When whole mountains swoop valeward.

In the calm thou o'er stretchest the valleys
 With thine arms, as if blessings imploring,
 Like an old King led forth from his palace,
 When his people to battle are pouring
 From the city beneath him.

* * * * *

Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy green glory,
 Lusty father of Titans past number !
 The snow-flakes alone make thee hoary,
 Nestling close to thy branches in slumber,
 And the mantling with silence.

Thou alone know'st the splendor of winter,
 Mid thy snow-silvered, hushed precipices,
 Hearing crags of green ice groan and splinter,
 And then plunge down the muffled abysses
 In the quiet of midnight.

Thou alone know'st the glory of summer,
 Gazing down on thy broad seas of forest,
 On thy subjects that send a proud murmur
 Up to thee, to their sachem, who towerest
 From thy bleak throne to heaven.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The violet in her greenwood bower,
 Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
 May boast itself the fairest flower
 In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE BLUEBELL.

THERE is a story I have heard—
A poet learned it from a bird,
And kept its music, every word—

A story of a dim ravine,
O'er which the towering tree tops lean,
With one blue rift of sky between ;

And there, two thousand years ago,
A little flower, as white as snow,
Swayed in the silence to and fro.

Day after day with longing eye
The floweret watched the narrow sky
And fleecy clouds that floated by.

And through the darkness, night by night,
One gleaming star would climb the height,
And cheer the lonely floweret's sight.

Thus, watching the blue heavens afar,
And the rising of its favorite star,
A slow change came, but not to mar ;

For softly o'er its petals white
There crept a blueness like the light
Of skies upon a summer night ;

And in its chalice, I am told,
The bonny bell was found to hold
A tiny star that gleamed like gold.

And blue bells of the Scottish land
Are loved on every foreign strand
Where stirs a Scottish heart or hand.

Now little people, sweet and true,
I find a lesson here for you,
Writ in the floweret's bell of blue :

The patient child whose watchful eye
Strives after all things pure and high
Shall take their image by and by.

Written for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

ARBOR DAY POEM.

LISTEN ! the grand old forests,
Through which our fathers journeyed,
Wherein their hearth-fires glimmered,
Are crashing sadly down ;
The echoes of their falling
Are like the booming sea guns,
That tell of sore disaster
When tempests darkly frown.

Those trees of God's own planting,
Once standing with their branches
Close-locked, like loving children,
On many a mountain side ;
Now, where the shade lay thickest,
The sunshine darts and quivers,
And turns to gold the wheat fields,
Till all seems glorified.

We mourn the vanished grandeur
Of forests dark and stately,
Yet we have not been idle,
While ruthless axes swung ;
A new, a glorious planting,
Now gives a royal promise
Of shade for generations
Whose deeds are still unsung.

We plant the pine and fir tree,
And all that wear green branches,
To give us hope of spring-time,
Though snows are over all ;
The maple is for bird-songs,
The elm for stately branches,
Whose long, protecting shadows
Through summer noontides fall.

Listen ! a pleasant whisper
Goes softly through the branches
Of every lithe young sapling,
By earnest workers set ;
It says, " The time is coming
When we shall be the forests,
And give to all the nations,
The shade they now regret."

Sodus Centre, N. Y.

LILLIAN E. KNAPP.

Written for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

LITTLE ACORN.

FOR RECITATION.

" I'M nothing but a little acorn,
Not much bigger than a bee ;
But mama Oak-tree tells me that
I will grow as big as she,—

" I can't see how—but she says some way
I will pop out from my shell,
A little sprout will greet the sunshine,
Starting up, and down as well.

" I'll keep growing, bigger, higher,
Spreading out my branches wide ;
And will never stop to wonder
Till I stand up by her side.

Watertown, N. Y.

" Then I'll look down on my sisters,—
For there were a lot you see,—
Some who said they knew they couldn't
Ever sprout and be a tree.

" So they never made an effort,—
Did not ' try and try again ' ;
There was nothing that could make them,
Though nature taught their duty plain.

" But I am happy as I can be —
Keeping laws of God and man —
Now, can't you learn a lesson from me
Growing upward all you can ? "

MRS. M. H. HUNTINGTON.

THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way—?
It ran a hundred years to a day.

* * * * *

Now, in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always, *somewhere*, a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel or cross-bar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thorough-brace—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but does'nt *wear out*.

But the Deacon *swore*—(as Deacons do
With an "I dew vum" or an "I tell yeou")—
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it couldn't break daown:—
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'tis mighty plain,
That the weakes' place must stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
'T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."
So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke—
That was for spokes, and floor, and sills,
He sent for lancewood, to make the thills;
The cross-bars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs from logs from the "setler's ellum"—
Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em—
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thorough-brace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide,
Found in the pit where the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I COME, I come ! ye have called me long ;
 I come o'er the mountains, with light and song.
 Ye may trace my step o'er the waking earth
 By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
 By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut flowers
 By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
 And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes
 Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains :
 But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
 To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
 And the larch has hung all his tassels forth ;
 The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
 And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
 And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
 And the moss looks bright, where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
 And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
 From the night bird's lay through the starry time,
 In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
 To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
 When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain ;
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
 They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
 They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
 They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !

* * * * *

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
 The waters are sparkling in grove and glen !
 Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
 The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth !
 Their light stems thrill in the wildwood strains,
 And youth is abroad in my green domains.

* * * * *

MRS. HEMANS.

THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
 The Holly-tree?
 The eye that contemplates it will perceive
 Its glossy leaves
 Ordered by an intelligence so wise
 As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

 Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen,
 Wrinkled and keen;
 No grazing cattle through their prickly round
 Can reach to wound;
 But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
 Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

 I love to view these things with curious eyes,
 And moralize;
 And in this wisdom of the Holly-tree
 Can emblem see
 Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
 One which may profit in after-time.

 Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
 Harsh and austere
 To those who on my leisure would intrude
 Reserved and rude,
 Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
 Like the high leaves upon the Holly-tree

 And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
 Some harshness show,
 All vain asperities I day by day
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the Holly-tree.

 And as, when all the summer trees are seen
 So bright and green,
 The Holly-leaves a sober hue display
 Less bright than they,
 But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
 What then so cheerful as the Holly-tree?—

 So serious should my youth appear among
 The thoughtless throng;
 So would I seem, amid the young and gay,
 More grave than they,
 That in my age as cheerful I might be
 As the green winter of the Holly-tree.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, 1798.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

DARLINGS of the forest !
 Blossoming alone,
 When earth's grief is sorest
 For her jewels gone,
 Ere the last snow drift melts, your tender buds are blown.

Fringed with color faintly,
 Like the morning sky,
 Or, more pale and saintly,
 Wrapped in leaves ye lie,
 Even as children sleep in faith's simplicity.

There the wild-wood robin
 Hymns your solitude ;
 And the rain comes sobbing
 Through the budding wood,
 While the low south wind sighs, but dare not be more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned
 Out of air and dew,
 Starlight unimpassioned
 Dawn's most tender hue,
 And scented by the woods that gathered sweets for you ?

Fairest and most lonely,
 From the world apart ;
 Made for beauty only,
 Veiled from Nature's heart
 With such unconscious grace as wakes the dream of Art.

Were not mortal sorrow
 An immortal shade,
 Then would I to-morrow
 Such a flower be made,
 And live in the dear woods, where my lost childhood played.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"I am Storm — the King !
 My troops are the wind, and the hail, and the rain ;
 My foes are the woods and the feathery grain.
 The mail-clad oak
 He gnarls his front to my charge and stroke."

FRANCIS M. FINCH, *The Storm King*.

LIFE'S FOREST TREES.

THE day grows brief; the afternoon is slanting
 Down to the west; there is no time to waste.
 If you have any seed of good for planting,
 You must, you must make haste.

Not as of old do you enjoy earth's pleasures
 (The only joys that last are those we give).
 Across the grave you cannot take gains, treasures;
 But good and kind deeds live.

I would not wait for any great achievement;
 You may not live to reach that far off goal.
 Speak soothing words to some heart in bereavement—
 Aid some up-struggling soul.

Teach some weak life to strive for independence;
 Reach out a hand to some one in sore need.
 Though it seem idle, yet in their descendants
 May blossom this chance seed.

On each life path, like costly flowers faded
 And cast away, are pleasures that are dead;
 Good deeds, like trees, whereunder, fed and shaded,
 Souls yet unborn may tread.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

HOW TO MAKE A WHISTLE.

FIRST take a willow bough,
 Smooth, and round, and dark,
 And cut a little ring
 Just through the outside bark

Then tap and rap it gently
 With many a pat and pound
 To loosen up the bark,
 So it may turn around.

Slip the bark off carefully,
 So that it will not break,
 And cut away the inside part,
 And then a mouth-piece make.

Now put the bark all nicely back
 And in a single minute,
 Just put it to your lips
 And blow the whistle in it.

"Nature's sepulchre is breaking,
 And the earth, her gloom forsaking,
 Into life and light is waking."

PHOEBE CARY in "*Resurgam*."

THE STORY OF THE MORNING-GLORY SEED.

A LITTLE girl one day in the month of May dropped a morning-glory seed into a small hole in the ground and said: "Now, morning-glory seed, hurry and grow, grow, grow until you are a tall vine covered with pretty green leaves and lovely trumpet flowers." But the earth was very dry, for there had been no rain for a long time, and the poor wee seed could not grow at all. So, after lying patiently in the small hole for nine long days and nine long nights, it said to the ground around it: "O ground, please give me a few drops of water to soften my hard brown coat, so that it may burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves, and then I can begin to be a vine!" But the ground said: "That you must ask of the rain."

So the seed called to the rain: "O rain, please come down and wet the ground around me so that it may give me a few drops of water. Then will my hard brown coat grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine!" But the rain said: "I cannot unless the clouds hang lower."

So the seed said to the clouds: "O clouds, please hang lower and let the rain come down and wet the ground around me, so that it may give me a few drops of water. Then will my hard brown coat grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine!" But the clouds said: "The sun must hide, first."

So the seed called to the sun: "O sun, please hide for a little while so that the clouds may hang lower, and the rain come down and wet the ground around me. Then will the ground give me a few drops of water and my hard brown coat grow softer and softer until at last it can burst open and set free my two green seed-leaves and I can begin to be a vine!" "I will," said the sun, and he was gone in a flash.

Then the clouds began to hang lower and lower, and the rain began to fall faster and faster, and the ground began to get wetter and wetter, and the seed-coat began to grow softer and softer until at last open it burst!—and out came two bright green seed-leaves and the Morning-glory Seed began to be a Vine!

St. Nicholas, 1888.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

FOOLISH LITTLE ROBIN.

ONCE there was a robin lived outside the door,
Who wanted to go inside, and hop upon the floor.
"Oh, no!" said the mother, "you must stay with me;
Little birds are safest sitting in a tree."

"I don't care," said robin, and gave his tail a fling;
"I don't think the old folks know quite every thing."
Down he flew,—and kitty seized him, before he'd time to blink;
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry! but I didn't think."

THE PRETTY ROSE-TREE.

BEING weary of love, I flew to the grove,
 And chose me a tree of the fairest ;
 Saying, " Pretty rose-tree, thou my mistress shalt be,
 I'll worship each bud that thou bearest,
 For the hearts of this world are hollow,
 And fickle the smiles we follow ;
 And 'tis sweet, when all their witcheries pall,
 To have a pure love to fly to ;
 So, my pretty rose-tree, thou my mistress shalt be,
 And the only one now I shall sigh to."

When the beautiful hue of thy cheek through the dew
 Of morning is bashfully peeping,
 " Sweet tears," I shall say (as I brush them away),
 " At least there's no art in this weeping.
 Although thou shouldest die to-morrow,
 'Twill not be from pain or sorrow,
 And the thorns of thy stem are not like them
 With which hearts wound each other :
 So, my pretty rose-tree, thou my mistress shalt be,
 And I'll ne'er again sigh to another."

THOMAS MOORE.

ECHO.

I love the proud grandeur of the old forest trees,
 With their leaves whispering softly their thoughts to the breeze ;
 And I love the bright streamlet that flows at their feet,
 Whose low distant murmurs faint echoes repeat,
 They say that an echo dwells here in the dell,
 Who every fond wish of the young heart can tell.
 Hark, the echo ! hark, the echo !
 Who every fond wish of the young heart can tell.

I love the bright woodland, where the echoes are found,
 Where the rocks and the hills with sweet music resound,
 As the echoes awake to the shepherd's shrill horn,
 And the notes of the thrush on the breezes are borne.
 I love the green fields, and the fragrant wild flowers,
 That drink with the dew generous light from above.

Here's an echo, here's an echo,
 Here's an echo that wakes to the voice of my love.

L. V. HALL.

THE OLIVE TREES OF PALESTINE.

I am like a green olive tree in the house of God.—PSALM 52: 8.

AMONG the gray old rounded hills,
O'er regions broad of Holy Land,
A grateful scene the vision fills,
Where clustering groves of olive stand.

Rich in the vales, the slopes they trace,
And oft the rocky summits crown;
The thrifty saplings grow apace
Beside the trees of gnarled renown.

Slowly the grafted stems mature —
From olives wild no fruit appears —
But long the sturdy plants endure,
And measure oft a thousand years.

They love the hard and flinty soil,
Drive down their roots amid the rocks,
Draw out from thence their choicest oil,
And stand secure from stormy shocks.

Symmetric beauty, humble, calm,
Their pleasant features clearly mark,
Not like the tall and tufted palm,
Nor tapering cypress, slender, dark.

When vernal airs and skies appear,
Star-blooms of purest white are seen,
'Mid narrow leaves that all the year
Keep an unchanging evergreen.

While blossoms fade, or falling oft
From arching boughs they lately decked,
That dusky hue of foliage soft
With deeper emerald gems is flecked.

Through arid heats of summer time,
When fountains fail and leaves are brown,
That fadeless verdure holds its prime,
And rounding berries fill its crown.

As autumn days their exit make,
Ring all the groves in merry gale,
While stalwart hands the branches shake,
And purple fruit descends like hail.

Their sacks the gleeful maidens fill,
And bear them on their heads away;
On topmost boughs are berries still,
To cheer the poor who hither stray.

When sacred hills in mantling snow
Feel winter storms along them sweep,
And torrents cold through valleys flow,
Unwithered leaves the olives keep.

The richest wealth the people know,
The largest comforts that they see,
Each daily meal, the lamp's bright glow,
Attest the value of the tree.

Down to their life's remotest stage,
Though trunk decays and boughs are grim,
The reverend forms are green in age,
And berries hang from every limb.

Such are the grand old sacred trees
I saw in sweet Gethsemane,
And thought of Him whose holy knees
Bowed under burdens there for me.

Along the slope of that dear hill,
To where He vanished in the sky,
Infrequent stands the olive still,
To bring the days of Jesus nigh.

And o'er the ridge they cluster sweet,
Where Bethany, beloved for Him,
So oft received His weary feet,
When day declined to twilight dim.

Emblem of peace! I would like thee
In living faithfulness abound;
Oh! let me, like the olive tree,
Within the house of God be found.

MAY.

CAN it be that it is snowing,
On this clear and sunny day?
Are the snow-flakes thickly falling
In the pleasant month of May?

No, it is the apple blossoms
Falling, falling from the trees,
Dancing in a whirl of rapture
To the music of the breeze.

Till the orchard grass is covered
With a carpet pure and white;
Like the crystal snow of winter
Dipped in rosy sunset light.

May, the month of song and story,
Singing birds and fairest flowers;
May, the month of nature's glory,
Sunshine bright and gentle showers.

Listen to the robins singing
'Mid the branches of the trees;
Listen to the blue-birds' carol
And the drowsy hum of bees.

All the land is filled with sunshine,
Every heart is light and gay,
Nature smiles upon her children
For it is the month of May.

May, the month of song and story,
Singing birds and fairest flowers;
May, the month of nature's glory,
Sunshine bright and gentle showers.

WM. G. PARK.

A BUTTERCUP.

A LITTLE yellow buttercup
Stood laughing in the sun;
The grass all green around it,
The summer just begun!
Its saucy little head abrim
With happiness and fun.

Near by — grown old and gone to seed,
A dandelion grew,
To right and left with every breeze
His snowy tissues flew.
He shook his saucy head and said:
"I've some advice for you.

"Don't think because you're yellow now,
That golden days will last;
I was as gay as you are, once;
But now my youth is past.
This day will be my last to bloom;
The hours are going fast.

"Perhaps your fun may last a week,
But then you'll have to die."
The dandelion ceased to speak,—
A breeze that capered by
Snatched all the white hairs from his head;
And wafted them on high.

His yellow neighbor first looked sad,
Then, cheering up, he said:
"If one's to live in fear of death,
One might as well be dead."
The little buttercup laughed on,
And waved his golden head.

K. C.

Written for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

RESURGAM.

WHEN the Great Architect conceived the plan
To build a habitation fit for man,
Earth was not counted perfect from His hand,
Till streams and forests gladdened all the land.

Great forests, like huge temples builded high,
With frondent columns reaching toward the sky,
Firm founded in the rich and nurturing ground,
Their roofs with nature's glorious verdure crowned.

Almighty Builder ! with what wise design
Didst rear the mighty oak, the giant pine !
How did Thy grand beneficence unfold
In beech and maple with their wealth untold !

Rivers and forests with their scenery grand,
Made glad the earth fresh from the Maker's hand ;
The orb of day looked down on man's abode,
And with the stars sang praise to nature's God.

So time passed on, till earth was peopled o'er ;
Human abodes were built on every shore ;
While in the forests depths, in the soft shade,
Four-footed beauties with their offspring played.

High in their branches feathered warblers sang,
Till the dark woods with glad hosannas rang ;
And all was life and beauty. But God's plan
Too soon was marred by greedy, wanton man.

Stroke upon stroke the cruel axeman plied,
Nor rested he till nature's choicest pride,
"The grand old woods," were ruthlessly laid low,
Entailing dark disaster and dire woe !

But now, thank God ! a noble band of men
Come to the front. The woods shall rise again !
An army of tree planters, bearing trees,
Fling out their glorious banner to the breeze !

Come, old and young and join the noble throng
Who celebrate this day with speech and song ;
And millions yet unborn shall own your sway,
And rise to bless our glorious Arbor Day !

SUNSET.

THE evening shadows lengthen on the lawn:
 Westward, our immemorial chestnuts stand,
 A mount of shade; but o'er the cedars drawn,
 Between the hedge-row trees, in many a band
 Of brightening gold, the sunshine lingers on,
 And soon will touch our oaks with parting hand:
 And down the distant valley all is still,
 And flushed with purple smiles the beckoning hill.

Come, leave the flowery terrace, leave the beds
 Where Southern children wake to Northern air:
 Let yon mimosas droop their tufted heads,
 These myrtle-trees their nuptial beauty wear,
 And while the dying day reluctant treads
 From trec-top unto tree-top, with me share
 The scene's idyllic peace, the evening's close,
 The balm of twilight, and the land's repose.

* * * * *

BAYARD TAYLOR.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE.

UNDER the greenwood tree,	Who doth ambition shun,
Who loves to lie with me,	And loves to live in the sun,
And tune his merry note	Seeking the food he eats,
Unto the sweet bird's throat?	And pleased with what he gets?
Come hither, come hither, come hither;	Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall we see	Here shall we see
No enemy	No enemy
But winter and rough weather.	But winter and rough weather.

SHAKSPEARE.

TREES OF CORN.

THE child looked out upon the field	The mother from the window looked
And said with a little cry:	Out in the rosy morn,
"Mamma, what is it makes the grass	"What makes the grass grow up so high?
Grow up so big and high?"	Why, those are trees of corn."

"What, trees of corn?" said the happy child,
 Within the nursery walls,
 "Are those the kind of trees that bear
 The great big pop-corn balls?"

Good Cheer.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PINE.

* * * * *

ALL outward wisdom yields to that within,
 Whereof nor creed nor canon holds the key ;
 We only feel that we have ever been,
 And evermore shall be.

And thus I know, by memories unfurled
 In rarer moods, and many a nameless sign,
 That once in Time, and somewhere in the world,
 I was a towering Pine,

Rooted upon a cape that overhung
 The entrance to a mountain gorge ; whereon
 The wintry shade of a peak was flung,
 Long after rise of sun.

* * * * *

There did I clutch the granite with firm feet,
 There shake my boughs above the roaring gulf,
 When mountain whirlwinds through the passes beat,
 And howled the mountain wolf.

There did I louder sing than all the floods
 Whirled in white foam adown the precipice,
 And the sharp sleet that stung the naked woods
 Answer with sullen hiss :

But when the peaceful clouds rose white and high
 On blandest airs that April skies could bring,
 Through all my fibres thrilled the tender sigh,
 The sweet unrest of spring.

She with warm fingers laced in mine, did melt
 In fragrant balsam my reluctant blood ;
 And with a smart of keen delight I felt
 The sap in every bud,

And tingled through my rough old bark, and fast
 Pushed out the younger green, that smoothed my tones,
 When last year's needles to the wind I cast,
 And shed my scaly cones.

I held the eagle till the mountain mist
 Rolled from the azure paths he came to soar,
 And like a hunter, on my gnarled wrist
 The dappled falcon bore.

Poised o'er the blue abyss, the morning lark
 Sang, wheeling near in rapturous carouse;
 And hart and hind, soft pacing through the dark,
 Slept underneath my boughs.

* * * * *

I felt the mountain walls below me shake,
 Vibrant with sound, and through my branches poured
 The glorious gust: my song thereto did make
 Magnificent accord.

Some blind harmonic instinct pierced the rind
 Of that slow life which made me straight and high;
 And I became a harp for every wind,
 A voice for every sky;

When fierce autumnal gales began to blow,
 Roaring all day in concert, hoarse and deep;
 And then made silent with my weight of snow—
 A spectre on the steep;

* * * * *

And thus for centuries my rhythmic chant
 Rolled down the gorge, or surged about the hill:
 Gentle, or stern, or sad, or jubilant,
 At every season's will.

No longer memory whispers whence arose
 The doom that tore me from my place of pride:
 Whether the storms that load the peak with snows
 And start the mountain slide,

Let fall a fiery bolt to smite my top,
 Upwrenched my roots, and o'er the precipice
 Hurl'd me, a dangling wreck, ere long to drop
 Into the wild abyss;

Or whether hands of men, with scornful strength
 And force from Nature's rugged armory lent,
 Sawed through my heart and rolled my tumbling length,
 Sheer down the deep descent.

All sense departed with the boughs I wore;
 And though I moved with mighty gales at strife,
 A mast upon the seas, I sang no more,
 And music was my life.

Yet still that life awakens, brings again
 Its airy anthems, resonant and long,
 Till Earth and Sky, transfigured, fill my brain
 With rhythmic sweeps of song.

Thence am I made a poet: thence are sprung
 Those motions of the soul, that sometimes reach
 Beyond the grasp of Art,—for which the tongue
 Is ignorant of speech.

And if some wild, full-gathered harmony
 Roll its unbroken music through my line,
 There lives and murmurs, faintly though it be,
 The Spirit of the Pine.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

MONTH OF MAY.

H ERE I am, and how do you do?	I've a store of treasures rare
I've come afar to visit you.	Laid away with greatest care—
Little children, glad and free,	Days of sunshine, song and flowers,
Are you ready now for me?—	Earth made into fairy bowers!
I'm the month of May!	I'm the month of May!

In my loaded trunk I bring
 Bees to buzz and birds to sing;
 Flowers to fill the balmy air,
 Violets are hiding there!—
 I'm the month of May!

Youth's Companion.

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

T HE mountain and the squirrel	And I think it no disgrace
Had a little quarrel;	To occupy my place.
And the former called the latter "Little	You are not as small as I,
Prig."	And not half so spry.
Bun replied:	I'll not deny
"You are doubtless very big;	You make a very pretty squirrel trap.
But all sorts of things and weather	Talents differ; all is well and wisely
Must be taken in together,	put;
To make up a year,	If I cannot carry forests on my back,
And a sphere.	Neither can you crack a nut."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE OAK OF OUR FATHERS.

ALAS for the Oak of our Fathers, that stood,
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood !

It grew and it flourished for many an age,
And many a tempest wreaked on it its rage ;
But, when its strong branches were bent with the blast,
It struck its root deeper, and flourished more fast.

Its head towered on high, and its branches spread round ;
For its roots had struck deep, and its heart was sound ;
The bees o'er its honey-dewed foliage played,
And the beasts of the forest fed under its shade.

The Oak of our Fathers to Freedom was dear ;
Its leaves were her crown, and its wood was her spear.
Alas for the Oak of our Fathers, that stood,
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood !

There crept up an ivy, and clung round the trunk ;
It struck in its mouths, and its juices it drunk ;
The branches grew sickly, deprived of their food,
And the Oak was no longer the pride of the wood.

The foresters saw, and they gathered around ;
The roots still were fast, and the heart still was sound ;
They lopt off the boughs that so beautiful spread,
But the ivy they spared on its vitals that fed.

No longer the bees o'er its honey-dews played,
Nor the beasts of the forest fed under its shade ;
Lopt and mangled, the trunk in its ruin is seen,
A monument now what its beauty has been.

The Oak has received its incurable wound ;
They have loosened the roots, though the heart may be sound ;
What the travelers at distance green-flourishing see,
Are the leaves of the ivy that poisoned the tree.

Alas for the Oak of our Fathers, that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood !

ROBERT SOUTHEY, 1798.

"First, in green apparel dancing,
The young spring smiled with angel grace."

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE BOBOLINK.

ONCE, on a golden afternoon,
 With radiant faces and hearts in tune,
 Two fond lovers in dreaming mood,
 Threaded a rural solitude.
 Wholly happy, they only knew
 That the earth was bright and the sky was blue,
 That light and beauty and joy and song
 Charmed the way as they passed along ;
 The air was fragrant with woodland scents ;
 The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence ;
 And hovering near them, "chee, chee, chink ?"
 Queried the curious bobolink,
 Pausing and peering with sidelong head,
 As saucily questioning all they said ;
 While the ox-eye danced on its slender stem,
 And all glad nature rejoiced with them.

Over the odorous fields were strewn
 Wilting winrows of grass new mown,
 And rosy billows of clover bloom
 Surged in the sunshine and breathed perfume.
 Swinging low on a slender limb,
 The sparrow warbled his wedding hymn,
 And balancing on a blackberry briar,
 The bobolink sang with his heart on fire :—
 "Chink ! If you wish to kiss her, do !
 Do it ! do it ! You coward, you !
 Kiss her ! kiss her ! Who will see ?
 Only we three ! we three ! we three !"

Tender garlands of drooping vines,
 Through dim vistas of sweet-breathed pines,
 Past wide meadow fields, lately mowed,
 Wandering the indolent country road,
 The lovers followed it, listening still,
 And loitering slowly, as lovers will,
 Entered a gray-roofed bridge that lay
 Dusk and cool in their pleasant way.
 Under its arch a smooth, brown stream,
 Silently glided with glint and gleam,
 Shaded by graceful elms, which spread
 Their verdurous canopy overhead,—
 The stream so narrow, the bough so wide,
 They met and mingled across the tide.

Alders loved it, and seemed to keep
 Patient watch as it lay asleep,
 Mirroring clearly the trees and sky,
 And the flitting form of the dragon fly,
 Save where the swift-winged swallow played
 In and out in the sun and shade,
 And darting and circling in merry chase,
 Dipped and dimpled its clear, dark face.

Fluttering lightly from brink to brink,
 Followed the garrulous bobolink,
 Rallying loudly with mirthful din,
 The pair who lingered unseen within.
 And when from the friendly bridge at last
 Into the road beyond they passed,
 Again beside them the tempter went,
 Keeping the thread of his argument—
 “Kiss her! kiss her! chink-a-chee-chee!
 I'll not mention it! Don't mind me!
 I'll be sentinel—I can see
 All around from this tall birch tree!”
 But ah! they noted—nor deemed it strange—
 In his rollicking chorus a trifling change:
 “Do it! do it!”—with might and main
 Warbled the tell-tale—“kiss her again!”

The Aldine.

TWO LITTLE ROSES.

ONE merry summer day
 Two roses were at play;
 All at once they took a notion
 They would like to run away!
 Queer little roses;
 Funny little roses,
 To want to run away!
St. Nicholas, 1888.

They stole along my fence;
 They clambered up my wall;
 They climbed into my window
 To make a morning call!
 Queer little roses;
 Funny little roses,
 To make a morning call!

JULIA P. BALLARD.

“Our ships were British oak,
 And hearts of oak our men.”

S. J. ARNOLD'S *Death of Nelson.*

THE PALM AND THE PINE.

WHEN Peter led the first Crusade,
A Norseman wooed an Arab maid.

The planning Reason's sober gaze,
And Fancy's meteoric blaze.

He loved her lithe and palmy grace,
And the dark beauty of her face.

And stronger as he grew to man,
The contradicting natures ran,—

She loved his cheeks, so ruddy fair,
His sunny eyes and yellow hair.

As mingled streams from Etna flow,
One born of fire, and one of snow.

He called; she left her father's tent;
She followed whereso'er he went.

And one impelled, and one withheld,
And one obeyed, and one rebelled.

She left the palms of Palestine
To sit beneath the Norland pine.

One gave him force, the other fire;
This self-control, and that desire.

She sang the musky Orient strains
Where winter swept the snowy plains.

One filled his heart with fierce unrest;
With peace serene the other blessed.

Their natures met like Night and Morn
What time the morning star is born.

He knew the depth and knew the height,
The bounds of darkness and of light;

The child that from their meeting grew
Hung like a star between the two.

And who these far extremes has seen
Must needs know all that lies between.

The glossy night his mother shed
From her long hair was on his head:

So, with untaught, instinctive art
He read the myriad-natured heart.

But in its shade they saw arise
The morning of his father's eyes.

He met the men of many a land;
They gave their souls into his hand;

Beneath the Orient's tawny stain
Wandered the Norseman's crimson vein.

And none of them was long unknown;
The hardest lesson was his own.

Beneath the Northern force was seen
The Arab sense, alert and keen.

But how he lived, and where, and when,
It matters not to other men;

His were the Viking's sinewy hands,
The arching foot of Eastern lands.

For, as a fountain disappears,
To gush again in later years,

And in his soul conflicting strove
Northern indifference, Southern love;

So hidden blood may find the day,
When centuries have rolled away:

The chastity of temperate blood,
Impetuous passion's fiery flood;

And fresher lives betray at last
The lineage of a far-off Past.

The settled faith that nothing shakes,
The jealousy a breath awakes;

That nature, mixed of sun and snow,
Repeats its ancient ebb and flow:

The children of the Palm and Pine
Renew their blended lives — in mine.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE PATRIOT'S PASSWORD.

* * * * *

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!—
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seemed to its kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear

A wood,— like that enchanted grove
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possessed
A spirit imprisoned in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Might startle into hideous life:

So still, so dense the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
Impregnable their front appears,
All-horrend with projected spears,
Whose polished points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows to the sun.

* * * * *

"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Then ran with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp:
"Make way for liberty!" he cried,
Their keen points crossed from side to side
He bowed amidst them, like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

YOUNG TIMOTHY AND THE FORGET-ME-NOTS.

YOUNG Timothy crept to the old meadow bars,
And between the brown rails peeping through,
Saw,— what do you think,— on the opposite side?
Two eyes of the prettiest blue.

Two eyes of the prettiest, bluest of blue,
For-get-me-nots hid in the grass;
But he couldn't climb over, and couldn't crawl through,
And he's peeping, still peeping, alas!

St. Nicholas, 1888.

ESTELLE THOMSON.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

HOW pleasant the life of a bird must be,
 Flitting about in each leafy tree,—
 In the leafy trees, so broad and tall,
 Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
 With its airy chambers, light and boon,
 That open to sun and stars and moon!
 That open unto the bright blue sky,
 And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!

They have left their nests in the forest bough,
 Those homes of delight they need not now;
 And the young and the old they wander out,
 And traverse their green world round about;
 And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
 How one to the other they lovingly call:
 "Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
 "When the topmost twigs in the breezes sway."

"Come up, come up! for the world is fair
 When the merry leaves dance in the summer air."
 And the birds below give back the cry,
 "We come, we come to the branches high!"
 How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
 Flitting about in a leafy tree!
 And away through the air what joy to go,
 And to look on the bright green earth below!

* * * * *

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
 To flutter about 'mid the flowering trees;
 Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
 The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
 And the yellow furze, like fields of gold
 That gladdened some fairy region old!
 On the mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
 On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
 How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

MRS. HEMANS.

"Give me again my hollow tree
 A crust of bread, and liberty!"

POPE, *Imitations of Horace.*

IN THE SWING.

HERE we go to the branches high !
 Here we come to the branches low !
 For the spiders and flowers and birds and I
 Love to swing when the breezes blow.
 Swing, little bird, on the topmost bough ;
 Swing, little spider, with rope so fine ;
 Swing, little flower, for the wind blows now ;
 But none of you have such a swing as mine.

Dear little bird, come sit on my toes ;
 I'm just as careful as I can be ;
 And oh, I tell you, nobody knows
 What fun we'd have if you'd play with me !
 Come and swing with me, birdie dear,
 Bright little flower, come swing in my hair ;
 But you, little spider, creepy and queer,—
 You'd better stay and swing over there !

The sweet little bird, he sings and sings,
 But he doesn't even look in my face ;
 The bright little blossom swings and swings,
 But still it swings in the self-same place.
 Let them stay where they like it best ;
 Let them do what they'd rather do ;
 My swing is nicer than all the rest,
 But may be it's rather small for two.

Here we go to the branches high !
 Here we come to the grasses low !
 For the spiders and flowers and birds and I
 Love to swing when the breezes blow.
 Swing, little bird, on the topmost bough ;
 Swing, little spider, with rope so fine ;
 Swing, little flower, for the wind blows now ;
 But none of you have such a swing as mine.

St. Nicholas, 1888.

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

"Music hath charms to sooth a savage breast,
 To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak."

CONGREVE'S *The Mourning Bride*.

"The sweet Elcaya and that courteous tree
 Which bows to all who seek its canopy."

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh*.

SOMEBODY'S KNOCKING.

THERE'S somebody knocking. Hark ! who can it be ?
 It's not at the door ! no, it's in the elm tree.
 I hear it again ; it goes *rat-a-tat-tat* !
 Now, what in the world is the meaning of that ?

I think I can tell you. Ah, yes ! it is he :
 It's young Master Woodpecker, gallant and free.
 He's dressed very handsomely (*rat-a-tat-tat*),
 Just like a young dandy, so comely and fat.

He's making his visits this morning, you see :
 Some friends of his live in that elm tree ;
 And, as trees have no door-bells (*rat-a-tat-tat*),
 Of course he must knock : what is plainer than that ?

Now old Madam Bug hears him rap at her door :
 Why doesn't she come ? Does she think him a bore ?
 She stays in her chamber, and keeps very still.
 I guess she's afraid that he's bringing a bill.

"I've seen you before, my good master," says she :
 "Although I'm a bug, sir, you can't humbug me.
 Rap on, if you please ! at your rapping I laugh,
 I'm too old a bug to be caught with your chaff."

The Nursery.

MY TREE.

WHICH is the best of all the trees ?
 Answer me, children all, if you please.
 Is it the oak, the king of the wood,
 That for a hundred years has stood ?
 The graceful elm, or the stately ash,
 Or the aspen, whose leaflets shimmer and flash ?

Is it the solemn and gloomy pine,
 With its million needles so sharp and fine ?
 Ah, no ! The tree that I love best,
 It buds and blossoms not with the rest ;
 No summer sun on its fruit has smiled,
 But the ice and snow are around it piled ;
 But still it will bloom and bear fruit for me,
 My winter bloomer ! my Christmas tree !

* * * * *

Youth's Companion.

PEACH BLOSSOMS.

FOR RECITATION.

COME here ! come here ! cousin Mary and see
 What fair, ripe peaches there are on the tree —
 On the very same bough that was given to me

By father, one day last spring.
 When it looked so beautiful, all in the blow,
 And I wanted to pluck it, he told me, you know,
 I might, but that waiting a few months would show
 The fruit that patience might bring.

And as I perceived by the sound of his voice,
 And the look of his eye, it was clearly his choice
 That it should not be touched, I have now to rejoice

That I told him we'd let it remain ;
 For, had it been gathered when full in the flower,
 Its blossoms had withered, perhaps in an hour,
 And nothing on earth could have given the power
 That would make them flourish again.

But now, of a fruit so delicious and sweet
 I've enough for myself and my playmates a treat ;
 They tell me besides, that the kernels secrete
 What, if planted, will make other trees :
 For the shell will come open to let down the root ;
 A sprout will spring up, whence the branches will shoot ;
 There'll be buds, leaves, and blossoms ; and then comes the fruit—
 Such beautiful peaches as these !

And Nature, they say, like a mighty machine,
 Has a wheel in a wheel, which, if aught comes between,
 It ruins her work, as it might have been seen,

Had it not given patience this trial.
 From this, I'll be careful to keep it in mind,
 When the blossoms I love, that there lingers behind
 A better reward, that the trusting shall find
 For a trifling self-denial.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

"Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees,
 Rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze."

COWPER. *Tirocinium*, Line 43.

The church was beautifully decorated with sweet spring flowers and the air was heavy with their fragrance. As the service was about to begin, small Kitty pulled her mother's sleeve : "Oh, mamma, don't it smell solemn ?"

THE STORM IN THE FOREST.

THE storm in the forest is rending and sweeping ;
 While tree after tree bows its stately green head ;
 The flowerets beneath them are bending and weeping ;
 And leaves, torn and trembling, all round them are spread.

The bird that had roamed, till she thinks her benighted,
 Dismayed, hastens back to her home in the wood ;
 And flags not a wing, till her bosom, affrighted,
 Has laid its warm down o'er her own little brood.

And they, since that fond one so quickly has found them,
 To shelter their heads from the rain and the blast,
 Shall fearless repose, while the bolts burst around them ;
 And lie calm and safe, till the darkness is past.

Hast thou, too, not felt, when the tempest was drearest,
 And rending thy covert, or shaking thy rest,
 Thine own blessed angel that moment the nearest —
 Thy screen in his pinion — thy shield in his breast ?

When clouds frowned the darkest, and perils beset thee,
 Till each prop of earth seemed to bend, or to break,
 Did e'er thy good angel turn off, and forget thee ?
 The mother her little ones, then, may forsake !

Ah, no ! thou shalt feel thy protector the surer —
 The sun, in returning, more cheering and warm ;
 And all things around thee, seem fresher and purer,
 And touched with new glory, because of the storm !

HANNAH F. GOULD.

GOD'S WISDOM AND POWER.

<p>THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose, Or decks the lily fair, Or streaks the humblest flower that blows, But God has placed it there.</p>	<p>There's not of grass a single blade Or tree of loveliest green, Where Heavenly skill is not displayed, And Heavenly wisdom seen.</p>
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* * * * *

There's not a place in earth's vast round
 In ocean's deep or air,
 Where skill and wisdom are not found,
 For God is everywhere.

MAY DAY.

O H, 'tis bland, and oh, 'tis blooming, for it's May ;
 Could there be a more delightful season, pray ?
 How the sunbeams skip and scatter,
 And the sparrows chirp and chatter,
 And the sweetly scented breezes softly stray !
 And we're gladsome, and we're gleeful, and we're gay,
 And we're highly happy-hearted,
 For we're blithely briskly started
 For a joyful, jocund, jolly holiday.

And oh, 'tis glum and gloomy, though 'tis May !
 Could there be a more distracting season, say ?
 We must hustle, we must hurry,
 In a flutter and a flurry,
 For the sky is direly dark and grimly gray,
 And we'll have to hasten home the shortest way ;
 And we scuttle and we scamper !
 What a doleful, dismal damper !
 What a dreary, drizzly, dreadful holiday !

St. Nicholas, 1888.

EMMA A. OPPER.

EVE'S LAMENTATION.

MUST I thus leave thee Paradise ! thus leave
 Thee, native soil ! these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of Gods ! where I had hoped to spend,
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both ! O flow'rs,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At e'en, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names,
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from th' ambrosial fount ?
 The lastly, nuptial bower ! by me adorn'd
 With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild ? How shall we breathe in other air,
 Less pure, accusom'd to immortal fruits ?

MILTON'S "*Paradise Lost*."

Written for the ARBOR DAY MANUAL.

LIFE IN ITS SPRING-TIME.

FOR A BOY'S RECITATION.

'TIS the time to be cheerful, when nature is gay,
 And others are bearing our burdens of care,
 The bright morning-glories of life's coming day,
 All vie with the beauties and blossoms of May,
 'Tis life in its spring-time all beauty and fair.

'Tis the time to be thankful, with guardians blest,
 Whose loves are as deep as the depths of the sea,
 When earth is new-robing and clad in her best ;
 In the anthem's loud swell we will join with the rest
 With ever the chorus :— " the land of the free."

'Tis the seed-time whose harvest the autumn shall bring,
 When treasures most precious we give to the soil,
 And trust to the nurture and vigor of spring
 While firm to the promise we joyfully cling,—
 That the sower shall reap the rich fruit of his toil.

With nature's great soul 'tis the time to commune,
 From the harmony outward, our thoughts turn within,
 To know if the voices of each are in tune ;
 That the sweet buds of May bear the roses of June,
 And joy crown the harvest of sheaves gathered in.

'Tis the spring-time of youth, with the birds and the bowers ;
 The seeding and budding, the fruit we must reap.
 Not all of our life will be sunshine and flowers ;
 But through summer and autumn the best will be ours,
 If to nature we're true, and her harmony keep.

Watertown, N. Y.

E. A. HOLBROOK.

CHERRY RIPE.

(ADAPTED.)

MAY time ! May time !
 Hear the robins sing
 All through the cherry boughs
 Flits the restless wing.

Bobolink ! come and drink
 Wine from goblets red,
 Such a chatter ; what's the matter
 In the boughs o'erhead ?

"Cherry ripe ! cherry ripe !"
 Happy children shout,
 Under the sunny skies :—
 What a jolly rout !

Take your fill ;— pay no bill,
 Cherries ripe are free ;—
 Bob and robin have a party
 In the cherry tree.

KATE L. BROWN.

DEAR DANDELION.

(ADAPTED.)

WINTER is over! summer is coming!
 May time is with us, so balmy and sweet!
 All creatures feel it, all things reveal it,
 Soft skies above us, green grass at our feet.
 * * * * *

Winter is ended, summer is coming!
 May day and robin and crocus are here!
 Green grows the clover! still I roam over
 Garden and meadow for something more dear.

Must I confess it? Surely you guess it,
 Dearest of flowers to the heart of a child;
 If I confide it, do not deride it,
 Call it not *weed*, dear, because it is *wild*!
 * * * * *

Foliage ragged—ever invading
 Terrace and lawn in spite of your care;
 When you're least thinking, up they come winking,
 Laugh in your face with the jolliest air.

Duly at sunset droop the soft fringes,
 Only some little green tassels remain;
 But with the dawning, bright as the morning,
 Golden and saucy they bloom out again,
 * * * * *

Crocus, arbutus, violet, snow-drop,
 Others may praise them, and love them the best,
 Give me my olden favorite golden!
 Dear Dandelion! You're worth all the rest!

Wide Awake, August, 1886.

LAURA D. NICHOLS.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

* * * * *
 A SPIRIT of beauty walks the hills,
 A spirit of love the plain;
 The shadows are bright, and the sunshine fills
 The air with a diamond rain!

Before my vision the glories swim,
 To the dance of a tune unheard:
 Is an angel singing where woods are dim,
 Or is it an amorous bird?

Is it a spike of azure flowers,
 Deep in the meadows seen,
 Or is it the peacock's neck that towers
 Out of the spangled green?

Is a white dove glancing across the blue,
 Or an opal taking wing?
 For my soul is dazzled through and through,
 With the splendor of the Spring.

* * * * *

BAYARD TAYLOR.

UNDER THE APPLE-TREE.

IN a home-nest of peace and joy,
Bright and pleasant as a home can be,
Lives a merry and sweet-faced boy
Under a broad old apple-tree.
Searching wide, you will seldom meet
Child so blithesome and fair as he,—
How can he help being pretty and sweet,
Dwelling under an apple-tree?

In the spring when the child goes out,
Glad as a bird that winter's past,
Making his flower-beds all about,
Liking best what he finished last;
Then the tree from each blossomy limb
Heaps its petals about its feet,
And like a benison above him
Scatters its fragrances, sweet to sweet.

In the summer the dear old tree
Spreads above him its cooling shade,
Keeping the heat from his cheek, while he,
Playing at toil with rake and spade,
Chasing the humming-bird's gleam and dart,
Watching the honey-bees drink and doze,
Gathers in body and soul and heart,
Beauty and health like an opening rose.

In the autumn, before the leaves
Lose their greenness, the apples fall,
Roll on the roof, and bounce from the eaves,
Pile on the porch, and rest on the wall;
Then he heaps on the grassy ground
Rosy pyramids brave to see;
How can he help being ruddy and sound,
Dwelling under an apple-tree?

In the winter, when winds are wild,
Then, still faithful, the sturdy tree
Keeps its watch o'er the darling child,
Telling him tales of the May to be;
Teaching him faith under stormy skies,
Bidding him trust when he cannot see;
How can he help being happy and wise,
Dwelling under an apple-tree?

MARY AND HER PET SQUIRREL.

DO you think my pet squirrel will go quite away,
If I let him be free just for one short day?
So bland is the sun, and so genial the air,
It is cruel in me to imprison him there.

"If I let him go once to the old chestnut-tree,
Don't you think, by to-night, he'll come back to me?"
So said little Mary, as I chanced to go by,
And the inquiry glanced from her lip and her eye.

It did seem quite hard, such a beautiful day,
To keep the pet squirrel in a cage-house to play;
So I told her the squirrel would come back again,
When the shadows of evening fell over the glen;
He would tire of the oak and the murmuring rill,
And think his snug prison-house pleasanter still.

So she lifted the latch of the prison-house door,
When a doubt flitted over her features once more.
"I don't know," Mary said, "I feel half afraid,
He remembers too keenly the forest-tree's shade;
On the gray mountain's brow, when the night-shadows fall,
Perhaps he won't come at my evening call."

"No matter,—I'll try,—and I hope he loves me
Far more than the nuts on the old chestnut-tree."
So she opened the door, and the squirrel popped out,
And whisked his long tail as he capered about.

He bobbed his pert head, and looked out of his eye
With a mischievous wink, which said plainly, "Good-by;"
And his swift, little feet, as they pattering ran,
Sent back a defiance, "Now catch if you can!"

Now dear little Mary looked ruefully on,
When she saw that the squirrel had really gone.
Till her bright eye was weary with tracing his track,
And she said to herself, "I hope he'll come back."

Well, she hoped, and she watched, and the evening came,
And she listened to hear him respond to his name;
With her locks all flung back, and her animate eye
Rambling o'er the brown hillocks, her squirrel to spy;
But he came not with night, and night came so fast,
That her hope all forsaken, she resigned it, at last.

But whether in wild-wood, or shadowy glen,
The squirrel had found him a shelter again ;
Or whether, as some of our neighbors still say,
He fell to the hunter's sure rifle a prey,
Most certain it is that he never returned
To the hand which caressed him, the home which he spurned ;
And Mary, as she looks on his tenantless pen,
Says, "I never will trust a tame squirrel again !"

THE SUNBEAM.

THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall :
A joy thou art and a wealth to all ;
A bearer of hope unto land and sea :
Sunbeam, what gift hath the world like thee ?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles ;
Thou hast touched with glory his thousand isles ;
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam ;
And gladdened the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades,
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fireflies glance to the pool below.

I looked on the mountains : a vapor lay
Folding their heights in its dark array ;
Thou breakest, and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot :
Something of sadness had wrapped the spot ;
But a gleam of thee on its casement fell,
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

Sunbeam of summer, O, what is like thee,
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea ?
One thing is like thee, to mortals given —
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven.

MRS. HEMANS.

"The trees were gazing up into the sky,
Their bare arms stretched in prayer for the snows."

ALEX. SMITH. — "*A Life Drama.*"

A LITTLE PLANTER.

DOWN by the wall where the lilacs grow,
 Digging away with the garden hoe,
 Toiling as busily as he can —
 Eager and earnest, dear little man!
 Spoon and shingle are lying by.
 With a bit of evergreen, long since dry.

“What are you doing, dear?” I ask.
 Ted for an instant stops his task,
 Glances up with a sunny smile
 Dimpling his rosy cheeks, the while:
 “Why, it is Arbor Day, you see,
 And I’m planting a next year’s Christmas-tree.

“For last year, auntie, Johnny Dunn
 Didn’t have even the smallest one;
 And I almost cried, he felt so bad,
 When I told ’bout the splendid one we had;
 And I thought if I planted this one here,
 And watered it every day this year,
 It would grow real fast—I think it might;
 (His blue eyes fill with an eager light),
 And I’m sure ’twill be, though very small,
 A great deal better than nothing at all.”

Then something suddenly comes between
 My eyes and the bit of withered green,
 As I kiss the face of our Teddy boy
 Bright and glowing with giving’s joy.
 And Johnny Dunn, it is plain to see,
 Will have his next year’s Christmas-tree.

Youth’s Companion.

“Now Nature hangs her mantle green
 On every blooming tree.”

BURNS, *Lament of Mary, Queen of Scots.*

“Now the sun once more is glancing,
 And the oak trees roar with joy.”

HEINE, *Miscellaneous Poems, Germany, 1815.*

THE GARDEN ON THE SANDS.

ONCE, on a time, some little hands
Planted a garden on the sands;
And with a wish to keep it dry,
They raised a wall five inches high.

Within the wall and round the walks,
They made a fence of slender stalks;
And then they formed an arbor cool,
And dug in front a tiny pool.

Their beds were oval, round and square,
Thrown up and trimmed with decent care:
In these they planted laurel twigs,
And prickly holly, little sprigs
Of ash and poplar, and, for show,
Bright daffodils and heart's ease low;
With pink-edged daises by the score,
And buttercups and many more.

One rose they found with great delight,
And set it round with lilies bright;
This finished, then they went away,
Resolved to come another day.

The sea, meanwhile, with solemn roar,
Approached and washed the sandy shore;
But, all this time, it did not touch
The little spot they loved so much.

The strangers that were passing by,
The garden viewed with smiling eye;

But no one ventured to disturb
A single plant, or flower or herb.

Still, when the children came again,
They found their labor all in vain;
The flowers were drooping side by side,
The rose and lilies all had died.
No one could make them grow or shoot,
Because they had not any root;
And then the soil, it was so bad,
They must have withered if they had.

Now, so it is that children fail,
Just like the garden in this tale;
They have good wishes, pleasant looks,
Are busy with their work and books;
Their conduct often gives delight,
And one would fancy all was right;
But, by and by, with sad surprise,
We see how all this goodness dies;
Instead of being rich with fruit,
They fade away for want of root.

Oh! pray that He who only can
Renew the heart of fallen man,
May plant you in His pleasant ground,
Where trees of righteousness abound;
So shall you be, in early youth,
'Rooted and grounded in the truth.'

MR. SPRING'S CONCERT.

A CONCERT once by Mr. Spring
Was given in the wood;
He begged both old and young to come
And all to sing who could.
Miss Lark the music to begin,
Her favorite ballad sang,
A well-known air admired by all,
So clear her sweet voice rang.

And next a gentleman appeared,
Come lately from abroad,
His song was short but much admired,
And so it was *encored*.
He said that Cuckoo was his name,
His style was quite his own;
He sang most kindly while he stayed,
But all too soon was gone.

The Finches then were asked to sing,—
Would they get up a glee
With Mr. Linnet and his wife
Who sing so prettily?
And in the chorus many more
No doubt would take a part;
Young Blackcap has a splendid voice
And sings with all his heart.

Now came the much expected guest
Young Lady Nightingale,
So late that everybody feared
She really meant to fail.
At first she said she could not sing
She was afraid to try;
But then she sang, and all the air
Was filled with melody.

THE TREE THAT TRIED TO GROW.

ONE time there was a seed that wished to be a tree. It was fifty years ago, and more than fifty — a hundred, perhaps.

But first there was a great bare granite rock in the midst of the Wendell woods. Little by little, dust from a squirrel's paw, as he sat upon it eating a nut; fallen leaves, crumbling and rotting, — and perhaps the decayed shell of the nut, — made earth enough in the hollows of the rock for some mosses to grow; and for the tough little saxifrage flowers, which seem to thrive on the poorest fare, and look all the healthier, like very poor children.

Then, one by one, the mosses and blossoms withered, and turned to dust; until, after years, and years and years, there was earth enough to make a bed for a little feathery birch seed which came flying along one day.

The sun shone softly through the forest trees; the summer rain pattered through the leaves upon it; and the seed felt wide awake and full of life. So it sent a little, pale-green stem up into the air, and a little white root down into the shallow bed of earth. But you would have been surprised to see how much the root found to feed upon in only a handful of dirt.

Yes, indeed! And it sucked and sucked away with its little hungry mouths, till the pale-green stem became a small brown tree, and the roots grew tough and hard.

So, after a great many years, there stood a tall tree as big around as your body, growing right upon a large rock, with its big roots striking into the ground on all sides of the rock, like a queer sort of wooden cage.

Now, I do not believe there was ever a boy in this world who tried as hard to grow into a wise, or a rich or a good man, as this birch seed did to grow into a tree, that did not become what he wished to be. And I don't think anybody who hears the story of the birch tree, growing in the woods of Wendell, need ever give up to any sort of difficulty in his way, and say, "I can't." Only try as hard as the tree did, and you can do every thing.

FRANCIS LEE.

ELM BLOSSOM.

THE bloom of the elm is falling,
 Falling hour by hour,
 On the buds and the golden blossoms,
 That are badges of spring's sweet power;
 On the white throat little builder,
 That, as he buildeth sings;
 On the chattering, glittering starling;
 And on the swallow's wings.

The bloom of the elm is falling,
 Upon the passing bee;
 And on the rosy clusters
 That stud the apple tree:

On the sloping roof's brown thatching;
 And on the springing grass;
 On the dappled, meek-eyed cattle;
 On lover and on lass.

With the rain and with the snow-flakes
 The angel of the year
 Comes with his swift wings glancing,
 Bringing us hope or fear;
 Now dying leaves, now blossoms,
 He scatters o'er the land:
 In storms and in the sunshine,
 I've seen his beckoning hand.

Hours at Home.

Written for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

NAMING THE TREE.

I 'M a merry little maid
 With my pick and hoe and spade,
 And I'm digging, digging, digging everywhere.
 This little sapling lately stood
 Within a dark and leafy wood,
 And kept nodding, nodding at the maiden-hair;
 While the moss kept creeping, creeping,
 And the violets peeping, peeping,
 With those longing eyes so tender and so blue.
 But the sapling grew so slender, and I knew
 'Twas for its good. I shut my eyes,
 But oh! you should have heard the sighs,
 As blindly I with one rash blow,
 Brought such terror and such woe
 To the moss and maiden-hair
 And the violets springing there.

I'm a merry little maid
 With my pick and hoe and spade,
 And I'm digging, digging, digging everywhere.
 And on this pleasant Arbor Day,
 Amid the perfumes of the May,
 This sapling I transplant with tenderest care.
 Let each with shovel in his hand,
 Deposit here a bit of sand;
 Please don't harm the clinging maiden-hair so true,
 Nor creeping moss with violets peeping through.
 I wonder if 'neath sunny skies
 Will swell to heavenly rhapsodies
 These youthful loves nursed in the wood?
 Oh if they only, only could!
 Or do the giant oaks outgrow
 Their sapling loves as people do?

I'm a merry little maid
 With my pick and hoe and spade,
 And I'm digging, digging, digging everywhere.
 Longfellow to his loves was true,
 And we bequeath his name to you,
 A noble name, an inspiration, royal, rare,
 And may moss keep creeping, creeping,
 And violets keep, peeping, peeping,

Emblems of the clinging loves his manhood knew.
 May thy heart of oak like his be always true.
 And may thy branches o'er us sway,
 And in their rustling accents say,
 Repeating oft, "A psalm of life,"
 To us who come worn with the strife.
 And may its wisdom guide our way
 Until shall dawn *our* Arbor Day.

Suggestions by the author.

"Little Maid" enters the grounds with a small pick, hoe and spade, in her hand, followed by her class.

They arrange themselves around the place where the tree is to be planted, in the form of a half circle, if you please.

She now holds up to view the young tree, with moss, maiden hair and violets clinging to its roots.

She begins speaking, holding the sapling until she says, "This sapling I transplant," etc.

She now stands it in the hole prepared for it, and a young lad of the class — if there be one, and if not, another girl — steps forward and steadies the tree while one of the class steps forward and throws in some dirt, enough so it will stand — only one shovel full if it will do — and steps back. After she has finished her recitation, each member of the class in passing out will pick up the shovel and deposit sand. After they have gone to their seats, the young boy who was holding the tree up will recite Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," or some other appropriate poem by the same author.

Or if thought best, let him recite it immediately after she is through, with the class still standing.

St. Augustine, Fla.

MRS. B. C. RUDE.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

FROM the flying train, behold,
 Ever changing fields of gold,
 Sunny slopes in luster laid,
 And old gold the hills in shade;
 Golden, golden! Wave the plume,
 Freedom's followers give thee room;
 Unsubdued by wit of man,
 Symbol flower, American.

Like a bit of sky at night,
 Full of constellation light,
 Comes the vision of thy plume
 Bending o'er with starry bloom,
 Sunshine, dew and burnished gold;
 Each declare the story old,
 How in endless chain of thought
 Wisdom unto wonder wrought.

Symbol flow'r American,
 Underneath I see thy plan —
 Brotherhood of stems that run
 Closer till they meet in one.
 Type of higher federation —
 States unite, and lo, a nation!
 To the world the lesson give,
 How to govern, how to live.
 Rich the bounty, here we see,
 To a people ever free;
 Plenty flows as beauty beams
 In a thousand golden streams.
 To a nation, golden rod
 Lifts its head above the sod,
 Love and justice to propose,
 Gold for friends, the rod for foes.

VICK'S MAGAZINE.

THE DANDELION.

A RECITATION accompanied with music for nine little girls, four girls each to recite a long paragraph, the short paragraphs to be recited in concert by the other five girls.

All enter and sing first stanza of Gay Little Dandelion, from "The Vineyard of Song."

FIRST GIRL RECITES:

There's a dandy little fellow,
Who dresses all in yellow,—
In yellow with an overcoat of green;
With his hair all crisp and curly,
In the spring-time bright and early,
Tripping o'er the meadow he is seen.

SECOND GIRL:

Through all the bright June weather,
Like a jolly little tramp,
He wanders o'er the hillside, down the road;
Around his yellow feather
The gypsy fire-flies camp;
His companions are the woodlark and the toad.

FIVE GIRLS RECITE IN CONCERT:

Spick and spandy, little dandy;
Golden dancer in the dell!
Green and yellow, happy fellow,
All the children love him well.

(ALL SING SECOND STANZA OF GAY LITTLE DANDELION.)

THIRD GIRL:

But at last this little fellow,
Doffs his dandy coat of yellow,
And very feebly totters o'er the green;
For he very old is growing,
And with hair all white and flowing,
Nodding in the sunlight he is seen.

FOURTH GIRL:

The little winds of morning,
Come flying through the grass,
And clap their hands around him in their glee;
They shake him without warning —
His wig falls off, alas!
A little bald-head dandy now is he.

FIVE GIRLS RECITE IN CONCERT:

O poor dandy! once so spandy,
Golden dancer on the lea!
Older growing, white hair flowing,
Bald-head dandy now is he.

(ALL SING THIRD STANZA OF GAY LITTLE DANDELION.)



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THE OAK AND THE MISTLETOE SEED.

THE OAK AND THE MISTLETOE SEED.

A SEED of the beautiful mistletoe was separated from its parent. It went forth in search of a home wherein it might receive protection and care. "Perhaps," said the little seed to itself, "I may one day be a large and beautiful plant like that from which I have sprung."

It knew by instinct that the earth, in whose bosom the mighty forest trees buried their spreading roots, would have no welcome for a seed of mistletoe; that it must seek elsewhere the rest and nourishment it so desired. "Surely there must be room for me in the world!" the wandering seed exclaimed.

Seeing a stately elm it thought, "Here is a tree that must be as generous as he is stately, here shall be my home." But the elm was not generous. He scorned the humble petition of the seed, and said there was not a corner in his branches for a beggar. In vain did the seed plead its great need of help; the elm was as hard as a stone, and cared not at all for the tiny creature's sorrow.

A beech near by was even more narrow-minded than the elm, and fairly drove the seed away with the angry question: "Why should I afford a resting place to vagrant shrubs of your kind?" And the poor weary wanderer began to think that it would be as well to die at once as to die at the end of a long and fruitless pursuit.

An oak in the forest, to whom the seed next appealed, listened to the sorrowing voice of the wanderer, and was more merciful than the elm or the beech had been. Satisfied at last, the little seed found rest in the arms of the mighty oak. Before long a delicate green leaf appeared, and then another and another; and in time a beautiful shrub grew upon the great forest tree.

When the summer had passed, the winds of autumn came moaning through the woods, and the leaves fell in showers. The stately elm lost its beautiful foliage, the beech stood bare and shivering in the blast, and even the hospitable oak saw his splendid drapery of green change and fall. And soon the winter's ice and snow made the forest desolate. Yet was the oak grand and attractive still.

The mistletoe covered the broad bosom of the tree, and was indeed life in the midst of death. Strong and ever green, the winter could not rob it of its beauty or its strength. Its waxen berries, rivaling the snow in whiteness, seemed to the beech and elm like so many mocking eyes turned upon them. But to the venerable oak they were like rare and precious jewels.

One fine day in winter, the oak made this speech to a merry little group who stood admiring the mistletoe: "When I received a tiny straying seed and gave it my protection, do you suppose that I knew what would follow? If I had stood in the forest destitute of leaves as my fellow-trees are, would you have gathered around to admire me?"

"I know that the mistletoe with its white berries attracted your eyes, yet am I not proud to bear that shrub in my arms and to call it my foster-child? Kindness enriches both the giver and the receiver. In my long, long life I have learned many lessons, but this is the best of all: be kind for the very sake of kindness, and you will have your reward."

A SUMMER LONGING.

I MUST away to wooded hills and vales,
 Where broad, slow streams flow cool and silently,
 And idle barges flap their listless sails.
 For me the summer sunset glows and pales,
 And green fields wait for me.

I long for shadowy forests, where the birds
 Twitter and chirp at noon from every tree;
 I long for blossomed leaves and lowing herds;
 And Nature's voices say in mystic woods,
 "The green fields wait for thee."

I dream of uplands, where the primrose shines
 And waves her yellow lamps above the lea;
 Of tangled copses, swung with trailing vines;
 Of open vistas, skirted with tall pines,
 Where green fields wait for me.

I think of long, sweet afternoons, when I
 May lie and listen to the distant sea,
 Or hear the breezes in the reeds that sigh,
 Or insect voices chirping shrill and dry,
 In fields that wait for me.

These dreams of summer come to bid me find
 The forest's shade, the wild bird's melody,
 While summer's rosy wreaths for me are twined,
 While summer's fragrance lingers on the wind,
 And green fields wait for me.

GEORGE ARNOLD.

OUR WILLOWS.

IT is when the east wind blows,
 And his cohorts gather and ride,
 That the willows before my window
 Show me their silver side.

When the air is sweet and still,
 And all heaven beams light and mirth,
 Though their green boughs quiver and
 sparkle,
 They look and lean to earth.

But the moment the storm-wind blows,
 And the storm-clouds gather and ride,
 They lift up their branches to heaven,
 And show me the *silver* side.

* * * * *

'Tis not to fear and sadness,
 They owe that silver sheen;
 Unseen, in calm and gladness,
It underlies the green.

And when the North-west triumphs,
 And baffled storm-clouds flee,
 They fling out their silvery streamers,
And hail the VICTORY.

Hours at Home.

SPRING FLOWERS.

WHEN Spring came into the garden
 Her holiday-time to keep,
 She walked about in the dawning,
 And found the flowers asleep.

The sleeping daffodils heard her,
 And nodded low as she passed :
 Each blossom dropped like a pennon
 Hung out from a tall green mast.

At first she wakened the snow-drops
 And washed their faces with rain,
 And then she fed them with sunlight,
 And gave them white frocks again.

Into the violet's eyes she looked,
 And spoke till she made them hear.
 "What are you dreaming now?" she said.
 They answered, "That Spring is here."

The crocuses next she summoned,—
 In purple stripes and yellow,—
 And she made the south wind shake them
 Till each one kissed his fellow.

And then the trees stretched their fingers
 And opened their curled-up leaves,
 And the birds who sat and watched them
 Flew straight to their cool green eaves.

One made her nest in the ivy,
 And one in the apple-tree ;
 But the thrush showed hers in secret
 To the south wind and the bee.

THE FIELDS IN MAY.

WHAT can better please,
 When your mind is well at ease,
 Than a walk among the green fields in May ?
 To see the verdure new,
 And to hear the loud cuckoo,
 While sunshine makes the whole world gay :

When the butterfly so brightly
 On his journey dances lightly,
 And the bee goes by with business-like hum ;
 When the fragrant breeze and soft,
 Stirs the shining clouds aloft,
 And the children's hair, as laughingly they come :

When the grass is full of flowers,
 And the hedge is full of bowers,
 And the finch and the linnet piping clear,
 Where the branches throw their shadows
 On a footway through the meadows,
 With a book among the cresses winding clear.

W. ALLINGHAM.

APRIL AND MAY.

BIRDS on the boughs before the buds
Begin to burst in the spring,
Bending their heads to the April floods,
Too much out of breath to sing!

They chirp, "Hey-day! How the rain comes down!
Comrades cuddle together!
Cling to the bark so rough and brown,
For this is April weather.

"Oh, the warm, beautiful, drenching rain!
I don't mind it, do you?
Soon will the sky be clear again,
Smiling and fresh, and blue.

"Sweet and sparkling is every drop
That slides from the soft, gray clouds;
Blossoms will blush to the very top
Of the bare old trees in crowds.

"Oh, the warm, delicious, hopeful rain!
Let us be glad together,
Summer comes flying in beauty again,
Through the fitful April weather."

Skies are glowing in gold and blue,
What did the briar bird say?
Plenty of sunshine to come, they knew,
In the pleasant month of May!

She calls a breeze from the south to blow
And breathe on the boughs so bare,
And straight, they are laden with rosy snow
And there's honey and spice in the air

Oh, the glad green leaves! Oh, the happy wind!
Oh, delicate fragrance and balm!
Storm and tumult are left behind
In a rapture of golden calm.

From dewy morning to starry night
The birds sing sweet and strong,
That the radiant sky is filled with light,
That the days are fair and long.

That the bees are drowsy about the hive,
Earth is so warm and gay!
And 'tis joy enough to be alive
In the heavenly month of May.

CELIA THAXTER.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING IT DOWN WITH A PLOW.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush among the stoure¹
 Thy slender stem:
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonnie gem!

Alas, it's not thy neebor sweet,
 The bonnie lark, companion meet!
 Bending the 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward springing, blithe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter, biting north
 Upon thy early, humble birth;
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted² forth,
 Amid the storm!
 Scarce reared above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield
 But thou, beneath the random bield³
 O' clod or stane,
 Adorns the histie⁴ stibble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
 Unskillful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
 And whelm him o'er.

1. Dust. 2. Peeped. 3. Shelter. 4. Dry.

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has striven,—
 By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
 Till, wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
 He, ruined, sink.

E'en thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine,— no distant date ;
 Stern ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom ;
 Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom !

ROBERT BURNS.

A WOODLAND HYMN.

WE seek remembered wood-paths, fragrant with breath of pines,
 In flecks the sunlight golden through leafy arches shines,
 The wild birds sweet are calling through all the balmy day,
 The liquid song of wood-thrush pours forth in joyous lay,
 The phoebe near the cottage with plaintive call doth sing,
 From shaded nook the partridge soars aloft on whirring wing.

Fair are the gentle blossoms, the first sweet gift of Spring,
 Anemones and violets from old-time haunts we bring,
 With round leaf green and glossy, with pure, rich, creamy bloom,
 The *Pyrola* in beauty distills its rare perfume ;
 Here find we velvet mosses, lichens with ruby cup,
 From out whose dainty chalice, a fairy well might sup.

O treasures of the woodland ! the lovely maiden-hair,
 Soft ferns with feathery tresses where cooling shadows are ;
 We find 'neath dried leaves hiding the trailing partridge-vine
 Bright mid its green leaves growing the scarlet berries shine ;
 The chestnut burs are opening and from their velvet bed
 The brown nuts thickly falling with bright-hued leaves are shed.

Oh ! wondrous is the glory in Autumn's changing light,
 Like fairy land the beauty within the woodlands bright,
 The golden Autumn sunshine, "God's everlasting smile,"
 With pure, sweet radiance lighteth each shadowy forest aisle :
 A subtle balsam odor breathes through the dreamy air,
 A charm steals o'er the spirits, a lulling rest from care.

Chautauquan, October, 1885.

PHEBE A. HOLDER.

CHOOSING A "STATE TREE."

Nominations made by Students at Sag Harbor, N. Y., May 3, 1889.

THE MAPLE.

There are about fifty species of maple, ten of which are found in North America. Some are large trees growing to a height of seventy or eighty feet, others are only small shrubs. They differ in the time at which the flowers appear. The flowers of some appear before the leaves, of others at the same time with the leaves, and of others not until the leaves are fully developed. The leaves are deciduous and from three to seven lobed. The seeds have wings so that they do not fall to the ground very quickly and are scattered about by the wind. The flowers of the red and silver maples appear in March or April, and the seeds ripen in June, and fall to the ground, when they soon commence to grow and by autumn form small trees, one or two feet in height. The seeds of these species will not retain their vitality if kept until the next spring. The sap of some species of maple contains sugar which is obtained from the sap by evaporation. The timber of the maple is used for some purposes, that of the sugar maple being the most valuable. The maple is of rapid growth, good form and, has wide-spreading branches, with very thick, bright-green foliage, which makes it a good shade and ornamental tree. The maple is a clean tree not being frequented by noxious worms, and does not litter the ground with leaves and twigs during the summer. With the first frosts of autumn the leaves of the maple change to various shades of red and yellow, and present a very handsome appearance.

EVERETT L. TINDALL.

THE BLACK-WALNUT.

THE *J. Nigra* of the *Juglans* genus is a native of America. It flourishes in all parts of the United States, except in the extreme north, but principally in the fertile river basins, where it attains a height of seventy-five feet. It is one of the largest trees of North America, its branches spreading out in a horizontal direction for a long distance, giving it a very majestic appearance.

The bark is thick, black, and becomes furrowed with age. The leaves, when bruised, emit a strong fragrant odor. The heart of the tree, after short exposure to the air, turns nearly black, hence the name, *Black-walnut*. The following qualities make the wood very valuable:

1st. It remains sound for a long time, even after much exposure. 2d. It is strong, tenacious, and when thoroughly seasoned, not liable to warp or split. 3d. Its grain being fine and compact, admits of a very fine polish; the wood is also free from worms.

It is chiefly used by cabinet-makers, but is sometimes converted into lumber.

Its fruit is very rarely sold, being inferior to that of many other species. The above qualities, many of which are symbolic of the features in which New York State leads the Union, strongly recommend it to the wise as a State emblem.

JOHN W. RIPLEY.

THE HEMLOCK.

The northern part of the United States and Canada abounds largely in this tree. Although not remarkable for its beauty except when young, its uniformity and great height give it a very stately appearance. Being seventy or eighty feet high and having a circumference of from six to nine feet, the timber obtained from it is necessarily large, but because of its tendency to split, is not very highly esteemed for building purpose. The bark is very valuable for tanning. The leaves are two-rowed, flat and obtuse. Different varieties of this same species are the Black and White Spruce. The former unlike the Hemlock is a valuable timber tree. From it the essence of spruce is obtained which is used for making spruce beer. From the fibres of the roots of the White Spruce the Canadians get the thread with which they sew their birch bark canoes, the seams being made water tight with its resin. Both of the last-named varieties have quadrangular leaves. The most important advantages to the State are the bark it yields, the shade it gives and to some extent the timber obtained from it.

MAY I. BACHELDER.

THE PINE TREE.

The pines, which are distinguished from all other trees, by their foliage which consists of needle-shaped leaves in clusters of two to five, surrounded at the base by some of the withered bud scales, which form a sheath around them, constitute a large and interesting class of American forest trees. The most valuable species is that which is known as the Georgia Pitch Pine. Toward the north, the long-leaved pine makes its appearance near Norfolk, in Virginia, where the pine barrens begin. It seems to be especially assigned to dry, sandy soils; and it is found almost without interruption, in the lower part of the Carolinas, Georgia and Florida, over a tract more than six hundred miles long, from north-east to south-west, and more than one hundred miles broad from the sea toward the mountains.

The pines with the exception of one species in the Canaries, are confined to America, Europe and Asia, and are more abundant in the temperate and cooler portions of these. No trees are so useful to the arts of civilized life as these, as they not only furnish in abundance kinds of wood for which there is no proper substitute, but their other products are of great utility, the abundant juice of some species, which consists of a resin dissolved in a volatile oil, affords turpentine of various kinds, spirits of turpentine, resin, tar and other minor products.

In the northern States, the lands which at the commencement of their settlements were covered with pitch pine, were exhausted in twenty-five or thirty years, and for more than half a century have ceased to furnish tar. In several species the nuts are edible, and are not only eaten by wild animals, but are collected for food. In ornamental planting, pines are exceedingly useful, as they present a great variety of habit and foliage, from species which never rise above a few feet up to those which have trunks large enough for a ship's mast.

The pine barrens are of vast extent and are covered with trees of forest growth, but they cannot be all rendered profitable, from the difficulty of communicating with the sea.

LOUISE YOUNGS.

THE ASH.

The White Ash is one of the most interesting among the American species for the qualities of its wood, and the most remarkable for the rapidity of its growth and for the beauty of its foliage. A cold climate seems most congenial to its nature.

It is everywhere called White Ash, probably from the color of its bark, by which it is easily distinguished. The White Ash sometimes attains a height of eighty feet, with a diameter of three feet, and is one of the largest trees of the United States. The trunk is perfectly straight and often undivided to the height of more than forty feet. On large stocks the bark is deeply furrowed, and divided into small squares from one to three inches in diameter.

The leaves are twelve or fourteen inches long, opposite and composed of three or four pair of leaflets surmounted by an odd one.

The leaflets are three or four inches long, about two inches broad, of a delicate texture and an undulated surface.

Early in the spring they are covered with a light down, which gradually disappears, and at the approach of summer they are perfectly smooth, of a light green color above, and whitish beneath.

It puts forth white or greenish flowers in the month of May, which are succeeded by seeds that are eighteen inches long, cylindrical near the base, and gradually flattened into a wing, the extremity of which is slightly notched. They are united in bunches four or five inches long, and are ripe in the beginning of autumn. The shoots of the two preceding years are of a bluish-gray color and perfectly smooth. The distance between their buds sufficiently proves the vigor of their growth.

JENNIE PIERSON.

THE OAK.

The oak is a very common tree, and consists of many species, of which the White Oak is most common. Oaks are found over nearly the whole of the northern hemisphere, except the extreme north and the tropics, along the Andes. There are both deciduous and evergreen species, representing a wonderful difference in their leaves and general aspect, some being small shrubs, but all are easily recognized by their peculiar fruit consisting of an acorn and a cup, which never completely incloses the nut.

The oak is long-lived, and specimens supposed to have been in existence before the settlement of this country, are still standing. As an ornamental tree, the White Oak is much esteemed. In autumn the leaves turn to a purplish color and remain upon the tree until a new growth next spring. It is also a good shade tree. The oak is one of the largest and strongest trees which grows in this State, and is, therefore, well adapted to be chosen as the tree of the Empire State. The oak is extensively used in ship-building, and is, therefore, emblematical of a commercial State.

JOSEPH BROBECK.

TULIP TREE.

This tree, which surpasses most others of North America in height and beauty of its foliage and flower, is one of the most interesting from the numerous and useful applications of its wood. It is a native of the United States, though the western States appear to be its natural soil, and it is there it displays its most powerful vegetation.

It has a stem, sometimes from 100 to 140 feet in height and three feet thick, with a grayish-brown cracked bark, and many gnarled and easily broken branches. The leaves are roundish, ovate and three-lobed. The flowers are solitary at the extremities of the branchlets, are large, brilliant, variegated with different colors, have an agreeable odor, and are very numerous on detached trees, producing a fine effect. The flowers bloom in June or July.

The fruit is composed of a great number of thin narrow scales attached to a common axis, and forming a cone two or three inches in length. Each cone consists of sixty or seventy seeds, of which never more than a third are productive. For three years before the tree begins to yield fruit, almost all the seeds are unproductive, and in large trees those from the highest branches are best.

The bark of the tree has a bitter aromatic taste, and has been used as a substitute for Peruvian bark in intermittent fevers, and is a good tonic.

The tulip tree is one of the most beautiful ornaments of pleasure grounds whereon it grows and flowers well. The timber is easily wrought and is much used for many purposes.

MADGE VAIL.

THE ELM.

The elm belongs to the order of *ulmaceæ* or elmworts. There are several kinds of elms, some native of North America, some of Europe and some of Asia; such as the cork elm, the slippery elm, the American or white elm, etc., the last mentioned being the one we are to consider. This elm, namely the American elm, is one of the largest and most beautiful of its species. It is a native of the forests of North America, being most common in the northern, middle and western States. It grows from seventy to eighty feet high, attaining its greatest size between latitude 42 and 46 degrees, where it sometimes reaches one hundred feet. The roots of the elm are very long and numerous, often extending from one to two hundred feet; thus it is generally pretty secure from cyclones and heavy gales of wind. It has a fine straight trunk from three to five feet in diameter, covered with a rough dark-gray bark, and reaching from thirty to sixty feet before separating into branches. Its branches are large, wide-spreading, graceful and overhanging, and in the summer thickly covered with foliage. The flower of the American elm opens in April before the tree comes into leaf. It is very small, of a purplish color, and collected in little terminal clusters. The leaves which appear in the month of May are from four to five inches long, and oval in shape. Its wood is white in color, flexible and very tough, and is used for a variety of purposes by wheelwrights. The American elm is a great favorite as a shade tree. It is perfectly hardy, will grow in nearly any soil, and on the seacoast equally as well as in the interior. It is tall and stately in appearance, thus adding beauty and picturesqueness to the sur-

roundings; while its graceful, overhanging branches afford pleasant shade and favorite nesting places for birds.

Many of the streets of New Haven city are lined on either side with long rows of fine large elm trees whose branches, gracefully pendent, meet and form lofty arches. It is, therefore, often called the City of Elms and is considered one of the most beautiful cities of the New England States.

The American elm is very extensively planted as a shade tree both in private grounds and along public roads; and on account of its many desirable qualities is universally liked as a village tree; and I think it one of the best adapted to be chosen for a State tree, and justly entitled to a large number of votes.

F. C. STEUART.

THE HICKORY.

There have been a number of trees suggested as candidates for the honor of being the State tree of New York; the oak, the pine, the elm, the tulip-tree, the maple, the walnut and many others. All are beautiful, but there are other considerations besides beauty in choosing a State tree, and the one most symbolical of New York in its size, vigor and productiveness will receive the choice.

The oak and pine fulfill many of these conditions, but they are the generally acknowledged soldier trees. The oak fights the storms of centuries, and is so strong that it has become a byword, and when we wish to say men are invincible in their courage, we say they have "hearts of oak." The pine is a sentinel, and likes to choose some barren, lonely height to do solemn picket-duty. But these are not lovable trees, they are not productive trees; they are sturdy, independent, and hardy, and New York is all of these, but it is also a State of homes, a lovable State, and not a fighting State. It has no dangerous enemies to fight. Why should the population,—sleek Dutch market-gardeners from West Long Island, hurried business men from the cities and inky and theoretical model farmers from the center of the State,—turn out to make a bayonet charge among the handful of dirty and drunken Indians on the State reservations, or some equally harmless people?

Neither is it a lazy, effeminate State, to be symbolized by that very fop of trees, the tulip-tree, with its gorgeous flowers in spring, and its brilliant leaves in fall; or by the dainty lady elm, with its graceful twig-drapery. Nor is it a State mourning over past glories and present decay; a willow might be emblem of Egypt or Greece or Italy, but it is not of prosperous mercantile New York.

But there is a tree which seems to typify the State,—a beautiful, vigorous, productive tree, not as large as some others perhaps, but size is not always strength, and important New York would cover a very small corner of unimportant Texas; a distinctively *American* tree, therefore fit to be a typical tree of a typical American State; and this beautiful hickory tree has another quality, admirable in a tree, or a State, or a man, or any thing liable to misfortune; you may bend a hickory sapling to the ground,—and when you release it, it springs back as before, unbroken. This recuperative power is as remarkable in the State as in the tree. Our own Principal told us, in his delightful address on the Centennial day, how a hundred years ago New York city was an impoverished, war-ravaged little town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants. As soon as

the pressure of war was removed, New York recuperated, like the tree, so that there is no parallel for the growth of that second city in the world.

As merely a beautiful shade tree, as merely a producer of delicious nuts, the hickory is unsurpassed; but as a type of vigorous, productive New York, it has no equal, and can have none.

FLORENCE PAINTER.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

THE flowers have no tongues. I do not mean that you must not talk. God has given us tongues, and means us to use them. But let the silent beauty of the flowers teach us to do all the good we can and make no fuss about it. Never be in a hurry to tell people you are Christians, but act so that they cannot help finding it out.

Did you ever watch beans grow? They come up out of the ground as if they had been planted upside down. Each appears carrying the seed on top of his stalk, as if they were afraid folks would not know they were beans unless they immediately told them. But most flowers wait patiently and humbly to be known by their fruits.

From "The World to Come." Chautauquan, February, 1888.

What a noble gift to man are the forests! What a debt of gratitude and admiration we owe for their utility and their beauty! How pleasantly the shadows of the wood fall upon our heads when we turn from the glitter and turmoil of the world of man! The winds of heaven seem to linger amid their balmy branches, and the sunshine falls like a blessing upon the green leaves; the wild breath of the forest, fragrant with bark and berry, fans the brow with grateful freshness; and the beautiful woodlight, neither garish or gloomy, full of calm and peaceful influences, sheds repose over the spirit.

SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER.

The project of connecting the planting of trees with the names of authors is a beautiful one, and one certain to exert a beneficial influence upon the children who participate in these exercises. The institution of an "Arbor Day" is highly commendable from its artistic consequences, and cannot fail to result in great benefit to the climate and to the commercial interests of the country when it becomes an institution of general adoption.

PROF. B. PICKMAN MANN, Son of Horace Mann: *Extract from Letter.*

"Plant the crab where you will, it will never bear pippins."

PLANTING FOR THE FUTURE.

IN youth's glad morning hour,
 All life a holiday doth seem ;
 We glance adown time's vista long
 Beholding but the sunny gleam.

The happy hearts that meet to-day,
 In a loving band are drawn more near
 By the loving end that crowns our work,
 Planting trees for a future year.

O tender trees ! ye may thrive and grow,
 And spread your branches to the sun,
 When the youthful band assembled here,
 Has reaped life's harvest, every one.

When the shining eye shall lose its fire,
 When the rosy cheek shall fade away,
 Thou'lt drink of the dew and bask in the light
 Forgetful of this Arbor Day.

The bounding heart, the active limb,
 The merry laugh and sparkling jest,
 Be mingled with the things of earth,
 And sink to solitude and rest.

But o'er this ground with branching arms,
 These trees shall cast their leafy shade,
 And other hearts as light and gay,
 Shall reap the shelter we have made.

So let our planting ever be,
 Something in store for a future year,
 When homeward with our harvest bound,
 We'll meet the Master without fear.

Little Falls, N. Y., 1889.

HARRIET B. WRIGHT.

GRAY in his "Elegy" speaks of "the nodding beech" with its "old fantastic roots," the "favorite tree" of the "youth to fortune and to fame unknown," for whom he writes his "Epitaph."

He also says in his churchyard musings :

"Beneath those *rugged elms*, that *yew trees* shade
 When heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap.
 Each in his narrow cell, forever laid
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

WAITING TO GROW.

LITTLE white snowdrop, just waking up,
 Violet, daisy, and sweet buttercup !
 Think of the flowers that are under the snow,
 Waiting to grow !

And think what hosts of queer little seeds —
 Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and weeds —
 Are under the leaves and under the snow,
 Waiting to grow !

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
 Reaching their slender brown fingers about,
 Under the ice and the leaves and the snow,
 Waiting to grow !

Only a month or a few weeks more,
 Will they have to wait behind that door ;
 Listen and watch for they are below —
 Waiting to grow !

Nothing so small, or hidden so well,
 That God will not find it, and very soon tell
 His sun where to shine, and his rain where to go,
 To help them grow !

FORGIVENESS.

WHEN on a fragrant sandal tree
 The woodman's ax descends,
 And she who bloomed so beautifully,
 Beneath the weapon bends.
 E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
 Dying she breathes her sweetest breath,
 As if to token in her fall,
 Peace to her foes and love to all.

How hardly man this lesson learns,
 To smile and bless the hand that spurns,
 To see the blow, to feel the pain,
 And render only love again !
 One had it, but he came from heaven,
 Reviled, rejected and betrayed,
 No curse He breathed, no plaint He made,
 But when in death's dark pang He sighed,
 Prayed for his murderers, and died.

J. EDMONDSTON.

THE LAST DREAM OF THE OLD OAK TREE.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

IN the forest high up on the steep shore, hard by the open sea-coast, stood a very old oak tree. It was exactly three hundred and sixty-five years old, but that long time was not more for the tree than just as many days would be to us men. We wake by day and sleep through the night, and then we have our dreams: it is different with the tree, which keeps awake through three seasons of the year, and does not get its sleep till winter comes. Winter is its time for rest, its night after the long day which is called spring, summer, and autumn.

On many a warm summer day the ephemera, the fly that lives but for a day, had danced around his crown -- had lived, enjoyed, and felt happy; and then rested for a moment in quiet bliss the tiny creature, on one of the great fresh oak leaves; and then the tree always said:

"Poor little thing! Your whole life is but a single day! How very short! It's quite melancholy!"

"Melancholy! Why do you say that?" the ephemera would then always reply. "It is wonderfully bright, warm, and beautiful all around me, and that makes me rejoice!"

"But only one day and then it's all done!"

"Done!" repeated the ephemera. "What's the meaning of *done*? Are you *done* too?"

"No; I shall perhaps live for thousands of your days, and my day is whole seasons long! It's something so long, that you can't at all manage to reckon it out."

"No? then I don't understand you. You say you have thousands of my days; but I have thousands of moments, in which I can be merry and happy. Does all the beauty of this world cease when you die?"

"No," replied the tree; "it will certainly last much longer -- far longer than I can possibly think."

"Well, then, we have the same time, only that we reckon differently."

And the ephemera danced and floated in the air, and rejoiced in her delicate wings of gauze and velvet, and rejoiced in the balmy breezes laden with the fragrance of meadows and of wild-roses and elder-flowers, of the garden hedges, wild thyme, and mint, and daisies; the scent of these was all so strong that the ephemera was almost intoxicated. The day was long and beautiful, full of joy and of sweet feeling, and when the sun sank low the little fly felt very agreeably tired of all its happiness and enjoyment. The delicate wings would not carry it any more, and quietly and slowly it glided down upon the soft grass-blade, nodded its head as well as it could nod, and went quietly to sleep -- and was dead.

"Poor little ephemera!" said the oak. "That was a terribly short life!"

And on every summer day the same dance was repeated, the same question and answer, and the same sleep. The same thing was repeated through whole generations of ephemera, all of them felt equally merry and equally happy.

The oak stood there awake through the spring morning, the noon of summer, and the evening of autumn; and its time of rest, its night, was coming on apace. Winter was approaching.

Already the storms were singing their "good-night, good-night!" Here fell a leaf and there fell a leaf.

"We'll rock you and dandle you! Go to sleep, go to sleep! We sing you to sleep, we shake you to sleep, but it does you good in your old twigs, does it not? They seem to crack for very joy! Sleep sweetly, sleep sweetly! It's your three hundred and sixty-fifth night. Properly speaking, you're only a stripling as yet! Sleep sweetly! The clouds strew down snow, there will be quite a coverlet, warm and protecting, around your feet. Sweet sleep to you, and pleasant dreams!"

And the oak tree stood there denuded of all its leaves, to sleep through the long winter, and to dream many a dream, always about something that had happened to it—just as in the dreams of men.

The great oak had once been small—indeed, an acorn had been its cradle. According to human computation, it was now in its fourth century. It was the greatest and best tree in the forest; its crown towered far above all the other trees, and could be descried from afar across the sea, so that it served as a landmark to the sailors: the tree had no idea how many eyes were in the habit of seeking it. High up in its green summit the wood-pigeon built her nest, and the cuckoo sat in its boughs, and sang his song; and in autumn, when the leaves looked like thin plates of copper, the birds of passage came and rested there, before they flew away across the sea; but now it was winter, and the tree stood there leafless, so that every one could see how gnarled and crooked the branches were that shot forth from its trunk. Crows and rooks came and took their seat by turns in the boughs, and spoke of the hard times which were beginning, and of the difficulty of getting a living in winter.

It was just at the holy Christmas time, when the tree dreamed its most glorious dream.

The tree had a distinct feeling of the festive time, and fancied he heard the bells ringing from the churches all around; and yet it seemed as if it were a fine summer's day, mild and warm. Fresh and green he spread out his mighty crown; the sunbeams played among the twigs and the leaves; the air was full of the fragrance of herbs and blossoms; gay butterflies chased each other to and fro. The ephemeral insects danced as if all the world were created merely for them to dance and be merry in. All that the tree had experienced for years and years, and that had happened around him, seemed to pass by him again, as in a festive pageant. He saw the knights of ancient days ride by with their noble dames on gallant steeds, with plumes waving in their bonnets and falcons on their wrists. The hunting-horn sounded, and the dogs barked. He saw hostile warriors in colored jerkins and with shining weapons, with spear and halbert, pitching their tents and striking them again. The watch-fires flamed up anew, and men sang and slept under the branches of the tree. He saw loving couples meeting near his trunk, happily, in the moonshine; and they cut the initials of their names in the gray-green bark of his stem. Once—but long years had rolled by since then—citherns and Æolian harps had

been hung up on his boughs by merry wanderers; and now they hung there again, and once again they sounded in tones of marvelous sweetness. The wood-pigeons cooed, as if they were telling what the tree felt in all this, and the cuckoo called out to tell him how many summer days he had yet to live.

Then it appeared to him as if new life were rippling down into the remotest fibre of his root, and mounting up into his highest branches, to the tops of the leaves. The tree felt that he was stretching and spreading himself, and through his root he felt that there was life and motion even in the ground itself. He felt his strength increase, he grew higher, his stem shot up unceasingly, and he grew more and more, his crown became fuller, and spread out; and in proportion as the tree grew, he felt his happiness increase, and his joyous hope that he should reach even higher—quite up to the warm, brilliant sun.

Already had he grown high above the clouds, which floated past beneath his crown like dark troops of passage-birds, or like great white swans. And every leaf of the tree had the gift of sight, as if it had eyes wherewith to see; the stars became visible in broad daylight, great and sparkling; each of them sparkled like a pair of eyes, mild and clear. They recalled to his memory well-known gentle eyes, eyes of children, eyes of lovers who had met beneath his boughs.

It was a marvelous spectacle, and one full of happiness and joy! And yet amid all this happiness the tree felt a longing, a yearning desire that all other trees of the wood beneath him, and all the bushes, and herbs, and flowers, might be able to rise with him, that they too might see this splendor, and experience this joy. The great majestic oak was not quite happy in his happiness, while he had not them all, great and little, about him; and this feeling of yearning trembled through his every twig, through his every leaf, warmly and fervently as through a human heart.

The crown of the tree waved to and fro, as if he sought something in his silent longing, and he looked down. Then he felt the fragrance of thyme, and soon afterward the more powerful scent of honeysuckle and violets; and he fancied he heard the cuckoo answering him.

Yes, through the clouds the green summits of the forest came peering up, and under himself the oak saw the other trees, as they grew and raised themselves aloft. Bushes and herbs shot up high, and some tore themselves up bodily by the roots to rise the quicker. The birch was the quickest of all. Like a white streak of lightning, its slender stem shot upwards in a zigzag line, and the branches spread around it like green gauze and like banners; the whole woodland natives, even to the brown-plumed rushes, grew up with the rest, and the birds came too, and sang; and on the grass blade that fluttered aloft like a long silken ribbon into the air, sat the grasshopper cleaning his wings with his legs; the May beetles hummed, and the bees murmured, and every bird sang in his appointed manner; all was song and sound of gladness up into the high heaven.

"But the little blue flower by the water-side, where is that?" said the oak; "and the purple bell-flower and the daisy?" for, you see, the old oak tree wanted to have them all about him.

"We are here—we are here!" was shouted and sung in reply.

"But the beautiful thyme of last summer—and in the last year there was certainly a place here covered with lilies of the valley! and the wild apple tree that blossomed so splendidly! and all the glory of the wood that came year by year—if that had only just been born, it might have been here now!"

"We are here, we are here!" replied voices still higher in the air. It seemed as if they had flown on before.

"Why, that is beautiful, indescribably beautiful!" exclaimed the old oak tree, rejoicingly. "I have them all around me, great and small; not one has been forgotten! How can so much happiness be imagined? How can it be possible?"

"In heaven, in the better land, it can be imagined, and it is possible!" the reply sounded through the air.

And the old tree, who grew on and on, felt how his roots were tearing themselves free from the ground.

"That's right, that's better than all!" said the tree. "Now no fetters hold me! I can fly up now, to the very highest, in glory and in light! And all my beloved ones are with me, great and small—all of them, all!"

That was the dream of the old oak tree; and while he dreamt thus a mighty storm came rushing over land and sea—at the holy Christmas-tide. The sea rolled great billows toward the shore; there was a crackling and crashing in the tree—his root was torn out of the ground in the very moment while he was dreaming that his root freed itself from the earth. He fell. His three hundred and sixty-five years were now as the single day of the ephemera.

On the morning of the Christmas festival, when the sun rose, the storm had subsided. From all the churches sounded the festive bells, and from every hearth, even from the smallest hut, arose the smoke in blue clouds, like the smoke from the altars of the druids of old at the feast of thanks-offerings. The sea became gradually calm, and on board a great ship in the offing, that had fought successfully with the tempest, all the flags were displayed, as a token of joy suitable to the festive day.

"The tree is down—the old oak tree, our land-mark on the coast!" said the sailors. "It fell in the storm of last night. Who can replace it? No one can."

This was the funeral oration, short but well meant, that was given to the tree, which lay stretched on the snowy covering on the sea-shore; and over its prostrate form sounded the notes of a song from the ship, a carol of the joys of Christmas, and of the redemption of the soul of man by His blood, and of eternal life.

"Sing, sing aloud, this blessed morn—
It is fulfilled—and He is born:
Oh, joy without compare!
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

Thus sounded the old psalm-tune, and every one on board the ship felt lifted up in his own way, through the song and the prayer, just as the old tree had felt lifted up in its last, its most beautiful dream in the Christmas night.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Friendship is a sheltering tree.

COLERIDGE, *Youth and Age*.

HISTORICAL TREES—Told in Rhyme.

FOR A CLASS EXERCISE.

ALL:

ONE by one we are turning
 The leaves of Time's dusty book,
 And wonderful legends are written
 On each storied page we look.

Legends of Indian warfare,
 Of crossing a trackless sea,
 Of hunger and cold endured by all,
 For the sake of being free.

Far back when the world was younger
 The Romans, the stories say,
 When some wonderful thing had happened
 With a white stone marked the day.

But instead of a stone for remembrance,
 We mark by a tall green tree,
 Full many a great event that's passed
 Since the Mayflower crossed the sea.

FIRST CHILD:

So looking adown the centuries
 To those early frontier days,
 And ancient Philadelphia
 With its quaint old Quaker ways.

I see 'neath the sachem's elm-tree,
 Penn and his fearless band,
 And the plumed and painted warriors
 Around him on ev'ry hand.

SECOND CHILD:

Here he called the Indian brothers
 And treated them like men,
 And none of the Indians ever broke
 That treaty made with Penn.

THIRD CHILD:

And even the British foemen
 Respected that ancient tree,
 And placed a guard to protect it
 From their hireling soldiery.

FOURTH CHILD:

But ere another century
 Had been told above its head,
 A strong wind swept above it,
 And the ancient elm lay dead.

Still the mother tells to her children
As they climb upon her knee,
Of the treaty of sixteen eighty-two,
Beneath the old elm-tree.

ALL.

This tree was blown down in 1810, and proved by its rings to be 283 years old. A large part of it was sent to the members of Penn's family, and the remainder was made into boxes, chairs, etc.

FIFTH CHILD:

Once when in England's stately halls,
A new king wore the royal crown,
And one with chains for liberty
Sailed o'er the sea to Boston town.

Throughout the land where e'er was heard
The measured tread of soldiers' feet
In all New England's colonies,
The people's heart, as one heart beat

And when the haughty leader came,
Then every slumb'ring patriot woke,
And they hid Connecticut's charter
In the heart of a hollow oak.

SIXTH CHILD:

But when old England changed her king
It was taken from out the tree,
And Hartford's Charter Oak became
The symbol of liberty.

ALL:

The Vice-President's chair at Washington is made from the Charter Oak, which was blown down in 1856.

SEVENTH CHILD:

We've all of us heard of the Stamp Act,
And Boston of 'sixty-five,
And the meetings against taxation
'Neath the old elm then alive.

And how one August morning,
On a branch of that tree so green,
The effigies of the Governor,
And old Lord Bute were seen.

The people crowded around them
From every part of the town,
As they swung from the elm-tree branches
Till the summer sun went down.

EIGHTH CHILD :

And when four more months of trouble
Into the past had sped,
The royal governor 'neath that tree
His resignation read.

NINTH CHILD :

But at last the lawless soldiery
Beneath the old elm stood,
And Boston's liberty-tree
Became the Briton's firewood.

ALL :

This elm was cut down by the British in 1775. The soldiers used it for firewood and got fourteen cords from it.

TENTH CHILD :

All over the land in 'sixty-five,
In spite of king and crown,
The liberty-trees were springing up,
In every village and town.

In Charleston, South Carolina, there was one,
'Twas a great live oak,
There it stood till in seventeen-eighty
It was burned by the British folk.

ALL :

The Declaration of Independence was read and meetings were held under this tree. In 1780, it was cut down and burned by the British.

ELEVENTH CHILD :

When the Stamp Act had been repealed
On Norwich's oak so green,
On the topmost branch of the stately tree
A Phrygian cap was seen.

ALL :

When the Stamp Act was repealed the people erected a tent under oak-spreading branches, and encouraged each other to resist all acts of oppression.

TWELFTH CHILD :

And Washington in 'seventy-five,
'Neath Cambridge's elm tree came,
To take command of the army
'Mid the people's loud acclaim.

THIRTEENTH CHILD :

And still on the green at Cambridge
The old tree stands to-day,
Though rebel and tory long ago,
To dust have mouldered away.

ALL:

This famous elm is still standing. It is also celebrated as the one under which Whitefield preached.

ALL:

So to-day as we turn from the present
To the dusty past, we see
How many a great and noble deed
Is marked by a famous tree.

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

MAGNOLIA-GRANDIFLORA.

MAJESTIC flower! How purely beautiful
Thou art, as rising from thy bower of green,
Those dark and glossy leaves so thick and full,
Thou standest like a high-born forest queen
Among thy maidens clustering round so fair; —
I love to watch thy sculptured form unfolding,
And look into thy depths, to image there
A fairy cavern, and while thus beholding,
And while thy breeze floats o'er thee, matchless flower,
I breathe the perfume, delicate and strong,
That comes like incense from thy petal-bower;
My fancy roams those southern woods along,
Beneath that glorious tree, where deep among
The unsunned leaves thy large white flower-cups hung!
CHRISTOPHER PEARSE CRANCH.

THE YEW.

EREWILE, on England's pleasant shores, our sires
Left not their churchyards unadorned with shades
Or blossoms, but indulgent to the strong
And natural dread of man's last home, the grave,
Its frost and silence — they disposed around,
To soothe the melancholy spirit that dwelt
Too sadly on life's close, the forms and hues
Of vegetable beauty. There the yew,
Green ever amid the snows of winter, told
Of immortality, and gracefully
The willow, a perpetual mourner, drooped;
And there the gadding woodbine crept about,
And there the ancient ivy.

BRYANT. *The Burial Place.*

THE FUNERAL TREE OF THE SOKOKIS.

"I have always admired," says Whittier, "the good taste of the Sokoki Indians around Sebago Lake, who, when their chief died, dug around a beech tree, swaying it down, and placed his body in the rent, and then let the noble tree fall back into its original place, a green and beautiful monument for a son of the forest."—*Extract from letter.*

AROUND Sebago's lonely lake
There lingers not a breeze to break
The mirror which its waters wake.

The solemn pines along its shore,
The firs which hang its gray rocks o'er
Are painted on its glassy floor.

* * * * *

Here in their hour of bitterness, come the
broken band of Sokokis seeking a grave
for their slaughtered chief.

Fire and axe have swept it bare,
Save one lone beech unclosing there
Its light leaves in the vernal air.

With grave cold looks all sternly mute,
They break the damp turf at its foot,
And bare its coiled and twisted root.

They heave the stubborn trunk aside,
The firm roots from the earth divide,—
The rent beneath yawns dark and wide.

And there the fallen chief is laid
In tasselled garbs of skins arrayed
And girded with his wampum-braid.

* * * * *

'Tis done; the roots are backward sent
The beechen tree stands up unbent,—
The Indian's fitting monument.

* * * * *

There shall his fitting requiem be,
In northern winds, that, cold and free,
Howl nightly in the funeral tree.

* * * * *

WHITTIER.

LADY GOLDEN-ROD.

O, PRETTY Lady Golden-rod,
I'm glad you've come to town!
I saw you standing by the gate,
All in your yellow gown.
No one was with me, and I thought
You might be lonely, too;
And so I took my card-case
And came to visit you.

You're fond of company, I know;
You smile so at the sun,
And when the winds go romping past,
You bow to every one.
How you should ever know them all,
I'm sure I cannot tell;
But when I come again, I hope
You'll know me just as well.

CARRIE W. BRONSON.

PINE-NEEDLES.

IF Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning
With needles of the pines!

They are so long and slender;
And sometimes, in full view,
They have their thread of cobwebs,
And thimbles made of dew!

WM. H. HAYNE.

UNDER THE WASHINGTON ELM, CAMBRIDGE.

APRIL 27, 1861.

EIGHTY years have passed, and more,
Since under the brave old tree
Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore
They would follow the sign their banners bore,
And fight till the land was free.

Half of their work was done,
Half is left to do,—
Cambridge, and Concord and Lexington !
When the battle is fought and won,
What shall be told of you ?

Hark ! — 't is the south wind moans,—
Who are the martyrs down ?
Ah, the marrow was true in your children's bones
That sprinkled with blood the cursed stones
Of the murder-haunted town !

What if the storm-clouds blow ?
What if the green leaves fall ?
Better the crashing tempest's throe
Than the army of worms that gnawed below ;
Trample them one and all !

Then, when the battle is won,
And the land from traitors free,
Our children shall tell of the strife begun
When Liberty's second April sun
Was bright on our brave old tree.

HOLMES.

FLOWERS AND FOLIAGE.

DID you ever think how different the world would be—what a sad want there would be in it—if it wanted flowers ? The green herbage and foliage are also beautiful both in form and in color. In winter, when the plants are withered, and the trees are bare, how bleak and dreary the country looks ! When spring returns, how gladly we watch the bursting of the buds, and behold the trees and plants putting forth anew their leaves and blossoms !

Bright flowers, green trees, and singing birds ! our hearts are the lighter for them.



THE WASHINGTON ELM CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

DISCONTENT.

DOWN in a field, one day in June,
The flowers all bloomed together,
Save one, who tried to hide herself,
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin who had flown too high,
And felt a little lazy,
Was resting near this buttercup
Who wished she were a daisy;

For daisies grow so trig and tall!
— She always had a passion
For wearing frills around her neck,
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be
The same old tiresome color;
While daisies dress in gold and white,
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said this sad young flower,
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying
To find a nice white frill for me,
Some day when you are flying?"

"You silly thing!" the robin said,
"I think you must be crazy;
I'd rather be my honest self
Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown;
The little children love you:
Be the best buttercup you can,
And think no flower above you.

"Though swallows leave me out of sight,
We'd better keep our places:
Perhaps the world would all go wrong
With one too many daisies.

"Look bravely up into the sky,
And be content with knowing
That God wished for a buttercup
Just here, where you are growing."

SARA O. JEWETT.

UNITED.

A SUMACH tall,
By a garden wall,
Bloomed through the summer air;
Within there grew,
Of every hue,
Flowers exceeding fair.

The sumach burned,
When the dahlia turned
Her laughing face of gold,
To where he stood,
By the rough dogwood,
Outside of the garden fold.

An outcast he,
Yet, tenderly
He loved the garden queen,
And well she knew,
So close they grew,
With but a wall between.

What mattered birth?
The selfsame earth
Had nursed their infant seed;
But custom said:
"No flower should wed
A rough, plebeian weed."

One chilly night,
The frost king's blight,
Fell over woods and farms;
Next day, quite dead,
The dahlia's head
Lay in the sumach's arms.

HELEN F. O'NEILL.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

"It is six," the swallows twittered; "and you're very late in rising —
If you really think of rising on this lovely morn at all —
For the great red sun is peeping over wood and hill and meadow,
And the unmilked cows are lowing in the dimly-lighted stall."

Oh, ye robins and ye swallows, thought I, throwing back the lattice,
Ye are noisy, joyous fellows, and you waken when you will;
Then I saw a dainty letter, bound in ribbon-grass and clover,
That the swallows had left swinging by the narrow window-sill.

Oh, the dainty, dainty letter, on an orange leaf, or lemon,
Signed, "Your friend, the Queen of Roses," writ in characters of dew;
"You're invited to the garden, there's a good time there at seven,
And a place beside the apple-tree has been reserved for you."

"There'll be matings there, and marriages, of every flower and blossom;
Cross the brook behind the arbor, and come early, if you can."
Oh, my thoughts they all went bounding, and my heart leaped in my bosom,
"And how sweetly she composes," I reflected as I ran.

There she sat, the Queen of Roses, with her virgins all about her,
While the lilacs and the apple-blossoms seemed waiting her command.
Oh, how lovely, oh, how gracious, she did smile on each new comer;
Oh, how sweet she kissed the lilies as she took them by the hand.

Never had I seen her fairer than she was this happy morning,
Never knew her breath delicious, half so boundless, half so rare;
Oh, she seemed a thing of heaven, with the dew upon her bosom,
And I wished I were some daffodil, that I might kiss it there.

All at once the grass rows parted, and the sweetest notes were sounded,
There was music, there was odor, there was loving in the air;
And a hundred joyous gallants, robed in holiday apparel,
Danced beneath the lilac bushes with a hundred maidens fair.

There were tulips proud and yellow, with their great green spears beside
them;
There were lilies grandly bowing to the rose queen as they came;
There were daffodils so stately, scenting all the air of heaven;
Joyous buds and sleeping poppies, with their banners all aflame.

There were pansies robed in purple, marching o'er the apple-blossoms
And the foxgloves with their pages tripped coquettishly along;
And the violets and the daisies, in their bonnets blue and yellow,
Joined the marching and parading of th' innumerable throng.

All at once the dandelion blew three notes upon his trumpet ;
 " Choose ye partners for the dancing, gallant knights and ladies fair ;"
 And the honeysuckle court'sied to the young sweet-breathed clematis,
 And remarked upon the sweetness of the blossoms in her hair.

" We're the tallest," said the tuberose to the iris, standing nearest,
 " And suppose that now, for instance, I should offer you my heart ?"
 " Oh, how sudden," cried the sly thing ; " I am really quite embarrassed —
 Unexpected, but pray do it, just to give the rest a start."

Then a daisy kissed a pansy, with its jacket brown and yellow,
 And the crocus led a thistle to a seat beside the rose ;
 And the maybells grouped together, close beside the lady-slipper,
 And commented on the beauty and the splendor of her clothes.

" Oh, a market this for beauty," said a jasmine, gently clinging
 To the strong arm of an orange, as a glance on him she threw,
 " Why, you scarcely would believe it, but I've had this very morning
 Twenty offers, and declined them, just to promenade with you."

So in groupings or in couples, led each knight some gentle lady,
 Led some fair companion blushing, past the windrows fresh and green ;
 And the sweet rose gave her blessing, and a kiss at times, it may be,
 To the fairest brides and sweetest, mortal eye hath ever seen.

Then again the grass it parted, and the sunshine it grew brighter,
 Till it seemed as if the curtains of high heaven were withdrawn,
 And each flower and bud and blossom pressed some fair one to its bosom,
 As the bannered train danced gaily 'twixt the windrows on the lawn.

Oh, the musk-rose was so stately ! and so stately was the queen rose !
 And how sweetly smiled she on me as she whispered in my ear,
 " Come again ; you know you're welcome ; come again, dear, for it may be
 That our baby buds and blossoms will be *christened* here next year."

ADJUTANT S. H. M. BYERS, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

A GRAIN OF CORN.

A GRAIN of corn an infant's hand
 May plant upon an inch of land,
 Whence twenty stalks may spring and yield
 Enough to stock a little field.

The harvest of that field might then
 Be multiplied to ten times ten,
 Which sown thrice more, would furnish bread
 Wherewith an army might be fed.

THE WILD VIOLET.

VIOLET, violet, sparkling with dew,
 Down in the meadow-land wild where you grew,
 How did you come by the beautiful blue
 With which your soft petals unfold?
 And how do you hold up your tender young head,
 When rude sweeping winds rush along o'er your bed,
 And dark, gloomy clouds, ranging over you, shed
 Their waters so heavy and cold?

No one has nursed you or watched you an hour,
 Or found you a place in the garden or bower;
 And no one can yield me so lovely a flower
 As here I have found at my feet.
 Speak, my sweet violet! answer and tell
 How you have grown up and flourished so well,
 And look so contented where lowly you dwell,
 And we thus by accident meet!

"The same careful hand," the violet said,
 "That holds up the firmament, holds up my head;
 And He who with azure the skies overspread
 Has painted the violet blue.
 He sprinkles the stars out above me by night,
 And sends down the sunbeams at morning with light,
 To make my new coronet sparkling and bright,
 When formed of a drop of His dew.

"I've naught to fear from the black heavy cloud,
 Or the breath of the tempest that comes strong and loud,
 Where, born in the lowland, and far from the crowd,
 I know and I live but for One.
 He soon forms a mantle about me to cast,
 Of long, silken grass, till the rain and the blast,
 And all that seemed threatening, have harmlessly passed
 As the clouds scud before the warm sun!"

HANNAH F. GOULD.

APRIL.

NOW daisies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight;
 The cuckoo now on every tree,
 Sings cuckoo! cuckoo!

SHAKESPEARE.

THE LIVE OAK.

WITH his gnarled old arms, and his iron form
Majestic in the wood,
From age to age, in the sun and storm,
The live-oak long hath stood,
With his stately air, that grave old tree,
He stands like a hooded monk,
With the gray moss waving solemnly
From his shaggy limbs and trunk.

And the generations come and go,
And still he stands upright,
And he sternly looks on the wood below,
As conscious of his might.
But a mourner sad is the hoary tree,
A mourner sad and lone,
And is clothed in funeral drapery
For the long-since dead and gone.

For the Indian hunter, beneath his shade,
Has rested from the chase ;
And he here has wooed his dusky maid —
The dark-eyed of her race ;
And the tree is red with the gushing gore,
As the wild deer panting dies ;
But the maid is gone and the chase is o'er,
And the old oak hoarsely sighs.

In former days, when the battle's din
Was loud amid the land,
In his friendly shadow, few and thin,
Have gathered Freedom's band ;
And the stern old oak, how proud was he
To shelter hearts so brave !
But they all are gone,— the bold and free,—
And he moans above their grave.

And the aged oak, with his locks of gray,
Is ripe for the sacrifice ;
For the worm and decay, no lingering prey,
Shall he tower towards the skies !
He falls, he falls, to become our guard,
The bulwark of the free ;
And his bosom of steel is proudly bared
To brave the raging sea !

When the battle comes, and the cannon's roar
 Booms o'er the shuddering deep,
 Then nobly he'll bear the bold hearts o'er
 The waves, with bounding leap.
 O, may those hearts be as firm and true,
 When the war-clouds gather dun,
 As the glorious oak that proudly grew
 Beneath our southern sun.

HENRY R. JACKSON.

READY FOR DUTY.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY.

DAFFY-down-dilly came up in the cold,
 Through the brown mould,
 Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
 Although the white snow lay on many a place.
 Daffy-down-dilly had heard under ground
 The sweet rushing sound
 Of the streams as they burst off their white winter chains—
 Of the whistling spring winds and the pattering rains.
 "Now, then," thought Daffy, deep down in her heart,
 "It's time I should start!"
 So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard frozen ground,
 Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.
 There was snow all about her,—gray clouds overhead,—
 The trees all looked dead:
 Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt
 When the sun would not shine, and the ice would not melt?
 "Cold weather!" thought Daffy, still working away:
 "The earth's hard to-day!
 There's but a half inch of my leaves to be seen,
 And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green!"
 "I can't do much yet; but I'll do what I can,
 It's well I began!
 For, unless I can manage to lift up my head,
 The people will think that the Spring-time is dead."
 So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
 All clustered about;
 And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
 Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.
 O, Daffy-down-dilly! so brave and so true!
 Would all were like you,—
 So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
 And loyal to courage and duty together.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

IS this a time to be cloudy and sad,
 When, our mother Nature laughs around,
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
 And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
 The ground-squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
 And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
 And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
 And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
 And there they roll on the easy gale.

There 's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower;
 There 's a titter of winds in that beechen tree;
 There 's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun; how he smiles
 On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
 On the leaping waters and gay young isles —
 Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away!

BRYANT.

THEY'VE CUT THE WOOD AWAY.

They've cut the wood away,
 The cool green wood,
 Wherein I used to play
 In happy mood.

The woodman's ax has cleft
 Each noble tree,
 And now, alas, is left
 No shade for me.

The brooks that flow in May
 Are dry before
 The first hot summer day,
 And flow no more.

The fields are brown and bare,
 And parched with heat;
 No more doth hover there
 The pine scents sweet.

No more his note is heard
 To blithely ring
 Where erst the woodland bird
 Would sit and sing.

No more the wood-flowers bloom
 Where once they bloomed
 Amid the emerald gloom
 Of ferns entombed.

Fled, now, the woodland sights,
 The scented air!
 Fled, all the sweet delights
 That once were there!

And fled the gracious mood
 That came to me,
 When to that quiet wood
 I used to flee!

ARBUTUS.

SWEET welcome to thee, dainty winsome flower !
 Beloved ! bringing joy for April's tears,
 Upspringing in the track of wintry fears
 That ghostly haunt spring's timid, 'wakening hour.
 The banished months have left thee beauty's power :
 The autumn, crimson blush ; its snowy kiss,
 The dying winter ; and the summer's bliss
 Of fragrance in thy breath — a precious dower !
 What blossom so beloved as thou dost hide
 As thou, 'neath rusty leaves that men despise ?
 Thus rest unseen, till covert torn aside
 Thy secret yields. Then gladden with surprise
 And new-born hope, some sad soul's yearning eyes,
 That under death such living joys abide.

Chautauquan, April, 1888.

ANNE HALL.

THE WOODLAND IN SPRING.

E'EN in the spring and play-time of the year,
 That calls th' unwonted villager abroad
 With all her little ones, a sportive train,
 To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,
 And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick
 A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook ;
 These shades are all my own. The timorous hare,
 Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
 Scarce shuns me ; and the stock-dove, unalarmed,
 Sits cooing in the pine tree, nor suspends
 His long love-ditty for my near approach.
 Drawn from 'his refuge in some lonely elm,
 That age or injury has hollowed deep,
 Where on his bed of wool and matted leaves,
 He has outslept the winter, ventures forth
 To frisk awhile, and bask in the warm sun,
 The squirrel, flippant, pert and full of play ;
 He sees me, and at once, swift as a bird,
 Ascends the neighboring beech ; there whisks his brush,
 And perks his ears, and stamps and cries aloud,
 With all the prettiness of feigned alarm,
 And anger insignificantly fierce.

COWPER.

To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

MILTON'S *Lycidas*.

AN APRIL DAY.

WHEN the warm sun that brings
Seed time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-on of storms.

From the earth's loosening mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives;
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly warbled song
Comes from the pleasant woods, and colored wings
Glance quick in the bright sun, that moves along
The forest openings.

When the bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland grows.

And when the eve is born,
In the blue lake the sky, o'er reaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April! many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

LONGFELLOW.

One impulse from 'a vernal wood,
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

WORDSWORTH.

SPRING POINTING TO GOD.

Loosed from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
 Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
 Again puts forth her flowers; and all around,
 Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold the trees new-deck their withered boughs;
 Their ample leaves the hospitable plane,
 The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose;
 The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flowers the queen,
 Puts on the robe she neither sewed nor spun;
 The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
 Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
 From her low nest the tufted lark up-springs;
 And cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
 Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, clothed o'er with golden blooms,
 That fill the air with fragrance all around,
 The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
 While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
 Along the greensward, marked with Roman mound,
 Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watchful eye,
 The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
 Who love to walk in virtue's flowery road,
 Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
 And follow Nature up to Nature's God.

BRUCE.

O, willow, why forever weep,
 As one who mourns an endless wrong?
 What hidden woe can lie so deep?
 What utter grief can last so long?
 Mourn on forever, unconsolated,
 And keep your secret, faithful tree!
 No heart in all the world can hold
 A sweeter grace than constancy.

ELIZABETH ALLEN.

MAY.

WHEN apple-trees in blossom are,
 And cherries of a silken white;
 And king-cups deck the meadows fair;
 And daffodils in brooks delight;
 When golden wall-flowers bloom around,
 And purple violets scent the ground,
 And lilac 'gins to show her bloom,—
 We then may say the May is come.

When happy shepherds tell their tale
 Under the tender leafy tree;
 And all adown the grassy vale
 The mocking cuckoo chanteth free;
 And Philomel, with liquid throat,
 Doth pour the welcome, warbling note,
 That had been all the winter dumb,—
 We then may say the May is come.

When fishes leap in silver stream,
 And tender corn is springing high,
 And banks are warm with sunny beam,
 And twittering swallows cleave the sky,
 And forest bees are humming near,
 And cowslips in boys' hats appear,
 And maids do wear the meadow's bloom,—
 We then may say the May is come.

CLARKE.

EARLY SPRING.

THE hawthorn whitens, and the juicy groves
 Put forth their buds unfolding by degrees,
 Till the whole leafy forest stands displayed,
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
 Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
 And the birds sing concealed. At once, arrayed
 In all the colors of the flushing year,
 By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance: while the promised fruit
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceived,
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
 From the bent bush as through the verdant maze
 Of sweet-brier hedges I pursue my walk;
 Or taste the smell of dairy: or ascend
 Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
 And see the country far diffused around,
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower
 Of mingled blossoms, where the raptured eye
 Hurries from joy to joy.

THOMSON.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

THERE is a quiet spirit in these woods,
That dwells where'er the gentle south wind blows ;
Where, underneath the white thorn, in the glade,
The wild flowers bloom, or kissing the soft air,
The leaves above their sunny palms outspread.
With what a tender and impassioned voice
It fills the nice and delicate ear of thought,
When the fast-ushering star of morning comes
O'er riding the gray hills with golden scarf ;
Or when the cowled and dusky-sandaled Eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate,
Departs with silent pace ! That spirit moves
In the green valley, where the silver brook,
From its full laver, pours the white cascade ;
And, babbling low amid the tangled woods,
Slips down through moss-grown stones with endless laughter.

And frequent on the everlasting hills,
Its feet go forth, when it doth wrap itself
In all the dark embroidery of the storm,
And shouts the stern strong wind. And here, amid
The silent majesty of these deep woods,
Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
As to the sunshine and the pure bright air
Their tops the green trees lift. Hence gifted bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades.
For them there was an eloquent voice in all
The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,
The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way,
Blue skies, and silver clouds, and gentle winds,
The swelling upland, where the sidelong sun
Aslant the wooded slope, at evening, goes,
Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,
Mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale,
The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,
In many a lazy syllable, repeating
Their old poetic legends to the wind.

And this is the sweet spirit, that doth fill
The world, and in these wayward days of youth,
My busy fancy oft embodies it,
As a bright image of the light and beauty
That dwell in nature ; of the heavenly forms
We worship in our dreams, and the soft hues
That stain the wild bird's wing, and flush the clouds

When the sun sets. Within her tender eye
The heaven of April, with its changing light,
And when it wears the blue of May, is hung,
And on her lip the rich, red rose. Her hair
Is like the summer tresses of the trees
When twilight makes them brown, and on her cheek
Blushes the richness of an autumn sky,
With ever-shifting beauty. Then her breath,
It is so like the gentle air of spring,
As, from the morning's dewy flowers, it comes
Full of their fragrance, that it is a joy
To have it round us, and her silver voice
Is the rich music of a summer bird,
Heard in the still night, with its passionate cadence.

LONGFELLOW.

SPRING MORNING.

COME hither, come hither, and view the face
Of nature, enrobed in her vernal grace.
By the hedgerow wayside flowers are springing;
On the budding elms the birds are singing;
And up, up, up to the gates of heaven
Mounts the lark, on the wings of her rapture driven;
The voice of the streamlet is fresh and loud;
On the sky there is not a speck of cloud:
Come hither, come hither, and join with me,
In the season's delightful jubilee!

Come hither, come hither, and guess with me,
How fair and how fruitful the year will be!
Look into the pasture-grounds o'er the pale,
And behold the foal with its switching tail,
About and abroad, in its mirth it flies,
With its long black forelocks about its eyes;
Or bends its neck down with a stretch,
The daisy's earliest flowers to reach.
See! as on by the hawthorn fence we pass,
How the sheep are nibbling the tender grass,
Or holding their heads to the sunny ray,
As if their hearts, like its smile, were gay:
While the chattering sparrows, in and out,
Fly the shrubs, and the trees, and the roofs about,
And sooty rooks, loudly cawing roam,
With sticks and straws, to their woodland home.

MOIR

SUNRISE ON THE HILLS.

I STOOD upon the hills, when heaven's wide arch
Was glorious with the sun's returning march,
And woods were brightened, and soft gales
Went forth to kiss the sun-clad vales.
The clouds were far beneath me ; bathed in light,
They gathered mid-way round the wooded height,
And, in their fading glory, shone
Like hosts in battle overthrown,
As many a pinnacle with shifting glance,
Through the gray mist thrust up its shattered lance,
And rocking on the cliff was left
The dark pine blasted, bare, and cleft.
The veil of cloud was lifted, and below
Glowed the rich valley, and the river's flow
Was darkened by the forest's shade,
Or glistened in the white cascade :
Where upward, in the mellow blush of day,
The noisy bittern wheeled his spiral way.

I heard the distant waters dash,
I saw the current whirl and flash,
And richly, by the blue lake's silver beach,
The woods are bending with a silent reach.
Then o'er the gale with gentle swell,
The music of the village bell
Came sweetly to the echo-giving hills ;
And the wild horn, whose voice the woodland fills,
Was ringing to the merry shout,
That faint and far the glen sent out,
Where, answering to the sudden shot, thin smoke,
Through thick-leaved branches, from the dingle broke.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou would'st forget
If thou would'st read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills ! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

LONGFELLOW

Temperance is a tree which has for a root very little contentment, and for fruit, calm and peace.

BUDDHA.

FLOWERS.

SPAKE full well, in language quaint and olden,
 One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
 When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
 Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

* * * * *

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
 God hath written in those stars above ;
 But not less in the bright flowerets under us
 Stand the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
 Written all over this great world of ours ;
 Making evident our own creation,
 In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

* * * * *

Everywhere about us they are glowing,
 Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;
 Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
 Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn.

* * * * *

In all places then, and in all seasons,
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
 How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection
 We behold their tender buds expand ;
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,
 Emblems of the bright and better land.

LONGFELLOW.

THE YOUNG DANDELION.

I AM a bold fellow
 As ever was seen,
 With my shield of yellow,
 In the grass green.

You may uproot me
 From field and from lane
 Trample me, cut me,—
 spring up again.

Drive me from garden
 In anger and pride,
 I'll thrive and harden
 By the roadside.

Not a bit fearful,
 Showing my face,
 Always so cheerful,
 In every place.

MRS. CRAIK.

SPRING.

IN all climates spring is beautiful. The birds begin to sing; they utter a few joyful notes, and then wait for an answer in the silent woods. Those green-coated musicians, the frogs, make holiday in the neighboring marshes. They, too, belong to the orchestra of nature, whose vast theater is again opened, though the doors have been so long bolted with icicles, and the scenery hung with snow and frost like cobwebs. This is the prelude which announces the opening of the scene. Already the grass shoots forth, the waters leap with thrilling force through the veins of the earth, the sap through the veins of the plants and trees, and the blood through the veins of man. What a thrill of delight in spring-time! What a joy in being and moving! Men are at work in gardens, and in the air there is an odor of the fresh earth. The leaf-buds begin to swell and blush. The white blossoms of the cherry hang upon the boughs like snow-flakes; and ere long our next-door neighbor will be completely hidden from us by the dense green foliage. The May-flowers open their soft blue eyes. Children are let loose in the fields and gardens. They hold buttercups under each other's chins, to see if they love butter. And the little girls adorn themselves with chains and curls of dandelions; pull out the yellow leaves to see, if the school-boy loves them, and blow the down from the leafless stalk, to find out if their mothers want them at home. And at night so cloudless and so still! Not a voice of living thing,—not a whisper of leaf or waving bough,—not a breath of wind,—not a sound upon the earth or in the air! And overhead bends the blue sky, dewy and soft, and radiant with innumerable stars like the inverted bell of some blue flower, sprinkled with golden dust, and breathing fragrance. Or, if the heavens are overcast, it is no wild storm of wind and rain, but clouds that melt and fall in showers. One does not wish to sleep, but lies awake to hear the pleasant sound of the dropping rain.

LONGFELLOW.

Stranger, these gloomy boughs
Had charms for him; and here he loved to sit,
His only visitants a straggling sheep,
The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper;
And on these barren rocks, with fern and heath
And juniper and thistle sprinkled o'er,
Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour
A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here
An emblem of his own unfruitful life;
And, lifting up his head, he then would gaze
On the more distant scene—how lovely 'tis
Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it became
Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain
The beauty, still more beauteous.

WORDSWORTH.

THE NATIONAL FLOWER.

THEY have asked me to vote for a national flower;—
 Now, which will it be, I wonder!
 To settle the question is out of my power;
 But I'd rather not make a blunder.

And I love the Mayflower the best,— in May,—
 Smiling up from its snow-drift-cover,
 With its breath that is sweet as a kiss, to say
 That the reign of winter is over.

And I love the Golden-rod, too,— for its gold;
 And because through autumn it lingers,
 And offers more wealth than his hands can hold
 To the grasp of the poor man's fingers.

I should like to vote for them both, if I might;
 But I do not feel positive whether
 The flowers themselves would be neighborly quite;—
 Pink and yellow don't go together.

O yes, but they do!— in the breezy wild rose,
 The darlingest daughter of summer,
 Whose heart with the sun's yellow gold overflows,
 And whose blushes so well become her.

Instead of one flower, I will vote for three:
 The Mayflowers know that I mean them;
 And the Golden-rod surely my choice will be,—
 With the sweet Brier-rose between them.

You see I'm impartial. I've no way but this:
 My vote, with a rhyme and a reason,
 For the Mayflower, the Wild Rose, and Golden-rod, is;—
 A blossom for every season!

St. Nicholas, September, 1889.

LUCY LARCOM.

APRIL.

WHEN April, one day, was asked whether
 She *could* make reliable weather,
 She laughed till she cried,
 And said "Bless you, I've tried,
 But the things will get mixed up together."

St. Nicholas, May, 1889,

JESSIE McDERMOTT.

BREATHINGS OF SPRING.

WHAT wak'st thou, Spring ?—sweet voices in the woods,
And reed-like echoes, that have long been mute ;
Thou bringest back, to fill the solitudes,
The lark's clear pipe, the cuckoo's viewless flute,
Whose tone seems breathing mournfulness or glee,
Even as our hearts may be.

And the leaves greet thee, Spring !— the joyous leaves,
Whose tremblings gladden many a copse and glade,
Where each young spray a rosy flush receives,
When thy south wind hath pierced the whispery shade,
And happy murmurs, running through the grass,
Tell that thy footsteps pass.

And the bright waters — they, too, hear thy call,
Spring, the awakener ! thou hast burst their sleep !
Amidst the hollows of the rocks their fall
Makes melody, and in the forests deep,
Where sudden sparkles and blue gleams betray
Their windings to the day.

And flowers — the fairy-peopled world of flowers !
Thou from the dust hast set that glory free,
Coloring the cowslip with the sunny hours,
And penciling the wood-anemone :
Silent they seem ; yet each to thoughtful eye
Glows with mute poesy.

But what awak'st thou in the heart, O Spring !—
The human heart, with all its dreams and sighs ?
Thou that giv'st back so many a buried thing,
Restorer of forgotten harmonies !
Fresh songs and scents break forth where'er thou art :
What wak'st thou in the heart ?

Too much, oh, there, too much !—we know not well
Wherefore it should be thus ; yet, roused by thee,
What fond, strange yearnings, from the soul's deep cell,
Gush for the faces we no more may see !
How are we haunted, in thy wind's low tone,
By voices that are gone !

Looks of familiar love, that never more
Never on earth, our aching eyes shall meet,
Past words of welcome to our household door,

And vanished smiles, and sounds of parted feet—
Spring, midst the murmurs of thy flowering trees,
Why, why revivest thou these?

Vain longings for the dead!—why come they back
With thy young birds, and leaves, and living blooms?
O, is it not that from thine earthly track
Hope to thy world may look beyond the tombs?
Yes, gentle Spring; no sorrow dims thine air,
Breathed by our loved ones there.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE WONDERFUL TREE.

“THERE'S a wonderful tree, a wonderful tree,
The happy children rejoice to see;
Spreading its branches year by year,
It comes from the forest to flourish here.
And this wonderful tree, with its branches wide,
Is always blooming at Christmas-tide.

“'Tis not alone in the summer's sheen,
Its boughs are broad and its leaves are green;
It blooms for us when the wild winds blow,
And earth is white with feathery snow.
And this wonderful tree, with its branches wide,
Bears many a gift at the Christmas-tide.

“For a voice is telling its boughs among
Of the shepherds' watch and angels' song;
Of a holy Babe in a manger low,—
The beautiful story of long ago,—
When a radiant star threw its beams so wide
To herald the earliest Christmas-tide.

“Then spread thy branches, wonderful tree,
And bring the pleasant thought to me
Of Him who came from His home above,
The richest gift of the Father's love,
To show us how to spread far and wide
The joys of the holy Christmas-tide.”

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.

BEECHER.

Written for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL"

THE TREE OF STATE.*

DEDICATED TO THE MAPLE.

EMBLEM Tree of the Empire State!
 Thy virtues on this festal day
 Cheerfully I commemorate,
 And own allegiance to thy sway.
 Deep-rooted in thy native soil,
 Field of all my earlier toil,—
 Sepulchre which holds in trust
 For future time my kindred dust;
 Play-ground of my childhood years,
 Cradle of my loves, dreams, fears,—
 The very dust is dear which creeps
 About thy roots, and vigil keeps;
 And every fiber of thy growth
 Endeared to me since early youth,
 Grows dearer still while dreaming where
 Magnolia blooms fill all the air.

* * * * *

I see thee now, before the storm king bending,
 As I have seen thee oft and fled from under,
 When lightning flashes scarce begun, scarce ending,
 Their work have told in tones of fiercest thunder;
 And thou wast beautiful and great,
 O, Emblem Tree of the Empire State!

I see thee now, well rounded, calm and blending
 Shades and touches by deft nature's brush,
 And o'er the whole the latest sunset lending
 That strange soft something twixt a glow and flush,
 Which holds entranced. E'en now I wait,
 Loved Emblem Tree of the Empire State!

And lo! Behold! Two happy lovers straying
 Draw near; while sympathetic moon beams stealing
 Athwart their path, their earnestness betraying,
 And all unconsciously their love revealing,
 Are shadowed, with the pair who wait
 'Neath thy dense shade, O Tree of State!

E'en merry urchins 'neath thy branches swinging,
 Refresh themselves at thy o'erflowing fountain,
 And praises loud in childish glee are ringing,
 As one by one thy topmost branches mounting,
 Each vies with each, O Tree of State!
 While echoing hills reiterate.

* By a vote of those who participated in the Arbor Day exercises of 1889, in New York State, the Maple was chosen as the State Tree.

I see them now, thy garnered leaves adorning
 The palace hall and hovel, yea the bier,
 They turn the night of poverty to morning
 And bring to gilded homes a touch of cheer,
 And even death they decorate —
 Thy leaves, O cherished Tree of State!

But words are sounding voids when hands are waiting
 To set the royal seal of praise to-day;
 And show a love enduring, unabating,
 By planting thy dear rootlets by the way.
 Long live the Maple, grand and great!
 Proud Emblem Tree of the Empire State!

St. Augustine, Fla.

Mrs. B. C. RUDE.

Written for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

CHILD AND TREE.

FOR A LITTLE CHILD'S RECITATION.

I'M like the tiny tree
 The children plant to-day;
 And not to blame you see,
 For making no display.

To grow we both have room;
 And so we patient wait;
 And some day may become
 An honor to the State.

The tiny little tree
 Can never move a pace;
 But busy as a bee,
 I flit from place to place.

Because that I am free
 To study, and to know,
 There's more required of me,
 Than standing still to grow.

I move and bring things near,
 The *tree* must stand and wait;
 But each one in its sphere
 May grow both good and great.

Watertown, N. Y.

E. A. HOLBROOK.

The robin and the blue-bird, piping loud,
 Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
 The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
 Their race in holy writ should mentioned be;
 And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,
 Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
 Knowing who hears the ravens' cry, and said,
 "Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

ELM VERSUS APPLE.

THE elm, in all the landscape green,
 Is fairest of God's stately trees :
 She is a gracious-mannered queen
 Full of soft bends and courtesies.

But though her slender shadows play
 Their game of bo-peep on the grass,
 The hot kine pause not on their way,
 But panting to the thick oaks pass.

And though the robins go, as guests,
 To swing among the elm's soft leaves,
 When they would build their snug round nests
 They choose the rough old apple-trees.

The apple has no sinuous arms,
 No smooth obeisance in her ways ;
 She lacks the elm's compliant charms,
 Yet she commands my better praise.

* * * * *

Wide Awake, October, 1886.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

BY SUMMER WOODS.

THE leafy city of the birds
 Is quiet now in every street —
 The little people all, have gone to sleep.
 Up from the river come the herds,
 With dripping mouths and lingering feet ;
 And slowly earthward shades of evening creep.

The *chirr* of insects fainter grows ;
 The dusky bat his dungeon leaves,
 And noiseless flits upon his nightly quest.
 The flowers their dewy eyelids close ;
 A lullaby the cricket weaves,
 And nature folds her hands in balmy rest.

So fades in gloom the summer day.
 Oh ! drearer now each leaf and blade,
 And gentle band of beauty-haloed flowers !
 For stains of blood they hide away,
 In lonely glens and battle glade,
 While peace and concord smile amid our bowers.

Hours at Home.

A CHILD TO A ROSE.

WHITE Rose, talk to me !
 I don't know what to do.
 Why do you say no word to me
 Who say so much to you ?
 I'm bringing you a little rain
 And I shall feel so proud
 If, when you feel it in your face,
 You take me for a cloud.
 Here I come so softly
 You cannot hear me walking ;
 If I take you by surprise
 I may catch you talking.

White Rose, are you tired
 Of staying in one place ?
 Do you ever wish to see
 The wild flowers, face to face ?
 Do you know the woodbines,
 And the big brown-crested reeds ?
 Do you wonder how they live
 So friendly with the weeds ?

Have you any work to do
 When you 've finished growing ?
 Shall you teach your little buds
 Pretty ways of blowing ?
 Do you ever go to sleep ?
 Once I woke by night,
 And looked out of the window:
 And there you stood, moon-white,—
 Moon-white in a mist of darkness,—
 With never a word to say ;
 But you seemed to move a little,
 And then I ran away.

White Rose, do you love me ?
 I only wish you'd say.
 I would work hard to please you
 If I but knew the way.
 I think you nearly perfect
 In spite of all your scorns ;
 But, White Rose, if I were you,
 I *wouldn't* have those thorns.

LEGEND OF THE ASPEN.

Some Canadians have conceived a very superstitious idea of this tree. They say that of its wood the cross was made on which our Saviour was nailed, and that since the time of the crucifixion, its leaves have not ceased to tremble.—*Indian Sketches* of P. DESMET.

O'ER the forests of Judea
 Gayly early morning played,
 When some men came armed with axes
 Deep into the forest shade.

Passed by many a tree majestic—
 Cypress grove and olive wood,
 Till they came wherein the thicket
 Fair and proud the Aspen stood.

"This will serve,—we choose the Aspen,
 For its stem is strong and high,
 For the cross on which to-morrow
 Must a malefactor die."

In the air did listening spirits
 Shrink those men to hear and see,
 And with awful voice they whisper:
 "Jesus, 'tis, of Galilee!"

Hours at Home, 1865.

The Aspen heard them and she trembled—
 Trembled at that fearful sound—
 As they hewed her down and dragged her
 Slowly from the forest ground.

On the morrow stood she trembling
 At the awful weight she bore,
 When the sun in midnight blackness
 Darkened on Judea's shore.

Still,—when not a breeze is stirring,
 When the mist sleeps on the hill,
 And all other trees are moveless,
 Stands she ever trembling still.

For in hush of noon or midnight
 Still she seems that sight to see,
 Still she seems to hear that whisper;
 "Jesus, 'tis, of Galilee!"

A SONG FOR MAY.

A SONG for May, whose breath is sweet
 With blossoms growing at our feet ;
 Her voice is heard in laughing rills
 That ripple down the sunny hills,

O happy, happy May.

The robin in the Cherry tree
 Is blithe as any bird can be ;
 And bubbling from his silver throat,
 His wordless songs of rapture float.

O happy, happy May.

Vick's Magazine.

Above the hills the firmament
 Bends down about us like a tent,
 And we, O, fairy-footed May,
 Are dwellers in your tents, to-day.

O happy, happy May.

Our hearts are glad with bird and bee
 For what we feel and what we see ;
 O, would that life and love, we say,
 Might always keep its happy May,

Its happy, happy May.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

NATURE.

TO plant, to build, whatever you intend,
 To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
 To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
 In all, let Nature never be forgot * * *
 He gains all points who pleasingly con-
 founds,

Surprises, varies and conceals the bounds,
 Consult the genius of the place in all ;
 That helps the waters or to rise or fall ;
 Or helps th' ambitious hill the heavens to
 scale,

Or scoops in circling theatres the vale ;

Calls in the country, catches opening glades ;
 Joins willing woods, and varies shades from
 shades ;

Now breaks, or now directs, th' intending
 lines ;

Paints as you plant and as you work de-
 signs.

Still follow sense, of every art the soul ;

Parts answering parts shall slide into a
 whole,

Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
 Start e'en from difficulty, strike from chance.

POPE.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Pretty Robin Redbreast,
 Let me see inside your nest ;
 Oh ! the eggs, one, two, three —
 Just as sweet as sweet can be.

I won't touch them ; never fear,
 I won't let my breath come near,
 If I did you'd leave your nest,
 Pretty Robin Redbreast.

E. A. MATHERS.

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
 A queen for all their world of flowers,
 The rose would be the choice of Jove
 And blush, the queen of every grove,
 Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
 Eye of gardens, light of lawns,

Nursling of soft summer dawns ;
 Love's own earliest sigh it breathes,
 Beauty's brow with lustre wreathes,
 And to young Zephyr's warm caresses,
 Spreads abroad its verdant tresses.

CLODIA.

THE SPRING TIME.

FOR A CLASS RECITATION.

ALL :

HARK ! it is the spring time,
 How happy should we be,
 After winter's cold blast
 The merry spring to see.

FIRST GIRL :

All the birds are happy,
 They seem to love to sing;
 They must be tired of winter,
 And glad to see the spring.

SECOND GIRL :

And see ! the little flow'rs
 Pop up their tiny heads ;
 Buttercups and daisies
 Spring from their cosy beds.

THIRD GIRL :

Violets are blooming,
 And honeysuckles too ;
 So the bees are happy,
 As well as all of you.

FOURTH GIRL :

Soon, the grand old forest,
 That has so long been bare,
 Will send forth green branches
 Out in the open air.

ALL :

Surely God does love us
 To send us all these things,
 And we, with our teacher,
 Give thanks to Him in spring.

LILY RUTHERFORD.

SPRING.

IN the snowing and the blowing,
 In the cruel sleet,
 Little flowers begin their growing,
 Far beneath our feet.
 Softly taps the spring, and cheerly,
 "Darlings are you here?"
 Till the answer, "We are nearly,
 Nearly ready, dear."

"Where is winter, with his snowing?
 Tell us spring," they say.
 Then she answers, "He is going,
 Going on his way.
 Poor old winter does not love you ;
 But his time is past ;
 Soon my birds shall sing, above you,
 Set you free at last."

MRS. M. M. DODGE.

LITTLE BIRDIE.

FOR A LITTLE ONE.

DEAR little birdie,
 Up in a tree,
 Sing a sweet song of
 Spring-time to me.

Sing of the sunshine,
 Sing of the showers,
 Sing of the dewdrops,
 Sing of the flowers.

Then when winter comes
 Back with its snow,
 And the cold winds
 Through the trees blow

If you, dear birdie, will
 Back to me come,
 I'll see that you never
 Shall want for a crumb.

ROBIN REDBREAST'S SECRET.

I'M a little Robin Redbreast ;
 My nest is in a tree ;
 If you look up in yonder elm,
 My pleasant home you'll see.
 We made it very soft and nice,—
 My pretty mate and I,—
 And all the time we worked at it
 We sang most merrily.

I have a secret I would like
 The little girls to know ;
 But I won't tell a single boy—
 They rob the poor birds so !
 We have four pretty little eggs ;
 We watch them with great care ,
 Full twenty nests are in this wood—
 Don't tell the boys they're there !

The green leaves shade our lovely home
 From the hot, scorching sun ;
 So many birds live in the tree,
 We do not want for fun.
 The light breeze gently rocks our nest,
 And hushes us to sleep ;
 We're up betimes to sing our song,
 And the first daylight greet.

Joe Thomson robbed my nest last year,
 And year before,— Tom Brown ;
 I'll tell it loud as I can sing
 To every one in town.
 Swallow and sparrow, lark and thrush,
 Will tell you just the same ;
 To make us all so sorrowful,
 Is just a wicked shame.

O, did you hear the concert
 This morning from our tree ?
 We give it every morning
 Just as the clock strikes three.
 We praise our great Creator,
 Whose holy love we share :
 Dear children, learn to praise Him, too.
 For all His tender care.

JOY OF SPRING.

FOR lo ! no sooner has the cold withdrawn,
 Than the bright elm is tufted on the lawn ;
 The merry sap has run up in the bowers,
 And burst the windows of the buds in flowers ;
 With song the bosoms of the birds run o'er,
 The cuckoo calls, the swallow 's at the door,
 And apple-trees at noon, with bees alive,
 Burn with the golden chorus of the hive.
 Now all these sweets, these sounds, this vernal blaze,
 Is but one joy, expressed a thousand ways :
 And honey from the flowers, and song from birds,
 Are from the poet's pen his overflowing words.

LEIGH HUNT.

THE BIRDS AND THE CHILDREN.

A LITTLE brown birdie sat up in a tree
 And hid his head under his wing.
 He was just as sad as a birdie could be,
 And not one sweet song did he sing.

"Oh, Birdie, come tell us why you are so sad,
 We, children, want to hear you sing.
 Have you done something ever and ever so bad,
 That you hide your head under your wing?"

"Did you snatch something nice from your sister or brother,
 Like some naughty children, we know?
 Did you fly far away, when told by your mother
 That but a short way you could go?"

The Birdie from under his wing took his head,
 And looked at the children below.
 "I have not been naughty at all," then he said,
 "I'll tell you why I'm mourning so.

"A bright, handsome bluejay just flew past this tree,
 And laughed at my rusty, brown coat;
 And if I'm so homely as he said, you see,
 There's no use in singing a note.

"For no one will care for a homely bird's song,
 And I'd better not sing any more."
 Then all the children said, "Birdie, you're wrong,
 We've been told by wise folks o'er and o'er,

"That fine feathers only don't make a fine bird.
 Jays cannot sing sweetly like you.
 They look well who do well, we often have heard,
 And, Birdie, we're sure it is true.

"So sing to us now,—sing your very best song!
 We'll stay here and listen to you."
 Then the bird for the children sang sweetly and long,—
 Sang all the nice songs that he knew.

E. T. SULLIVAN.

THE OAK.

THE tall oak, towering to the skies,
 The fury of the wind defies,
 From age to age in virtue strong,
 Inured to stand and suffer wrong.

O'erwhelmed at length upon the plain,
 It puts forth wings and sweeps the main;
 The self-same foe undaunted braves,
 And fights the wind upon the waves.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE PINE TREE ACADEMY.

ALL the birdies went to school,
In a pine tree, dark and cool,
At its foot a brook was flowing,
The teacher was a crow,
And what he did not know,
You may be sure was not worth knowing.

Their satchels are hanging up tidy and neat,
They smooth down their feathers and wipe off their feet,
While the wind through the tree-tops goes creeping.
"Speak up loud" says the crow,
"I can't hear, as you know,
While the branches are swaying and creaking."

They are taught the very best way to fly,
To catch the insect that goes buzzing by;
How to cock the head when beginning to sing.
"I've a cold," says the crow,
"Or else I would show,
How the nightingale does when she makes the woods ring."

The books are made of maple leaves,
For paper, bark from white-birch trees,
And for pencil each uses a stick.
"When you write," says the crow,
"Be both careful and slow,
Make your letters look graceful, not thick."

Every birdie builds a nest,
In the place each thinks the best,
While the teacher gives good sound advice.
"All the stocks," says the crow,
"You must lay in a row
Before using one, look at it twice."

All at once, with a cold blast
The rain comes falling, thick and fast,
While the old pine tree groans in the gale.
"School is closed," says the crow,
"You must all quickly go,
But to-morrow, come back without fail."

V. E. SCHARFF.

THE SEASONS.

O! THE Spring! the beautiful Spring!
 With its buds and blossoms and flowers,
 With bluebirds and robins that sing their sweet songs,
 And the soft, mild, April showers.

I like best the Summer, the long June days,
 To sit in the deep cool shade,
 To see the grain ripening, the flowers turn to fruit,
 On each hillside, valley and glade.

Girls always rave of flowers and bowers,
 And of the beauties of Spring,
 But give me the Autumn, the glorious fall,
 And all the pleasures it brings;
 With corn-stalk fiddles, fruits and nuts,
 And a hunt in the woods, sere and brown;
 With pumpkins for jack-lights,
 To frighten on dark nights,
 And shaking the ripe apples down.

No Spring, no Summer, no Autumn for me,
 But Winter, the grandest of all,
 When Jack-frost and Santa Claus travel around,
 And kindly gives each a call.
 Coasting and skating in the keen, cold air,
 Is the very best think to banish care.

Spring and Summer, Winter and Fall,
 The best of the seasons is, them all.
 We would tire of Spring, if no Summer came.
 We would tire of Summer if it came to remain.
 We would tire of Autumn if it came to stay.
 We would tire of Winter e'er it passed away.
 The year is complete, God made it so,
 With bud and blossom, fruit and snow.

KATIE DOUGLAS WALSTER.

OUR DUTY HERE.

WHAT is our duty here? To tend
 From good to better,—thence to best;
 Grateful to drink life's cup,—then bend
 Unmurmuring to our bed of rest;
 To pluck the flowers that round us blow,
 Scattering our fragrance as we go.

And so to live, that, when the sun
 Of our existence sinks in night,
 Memorials sweet of mercies done
 May shrine our names in memory's light;
 And the blest seeds we scattered bloom
 A hundred-fold in days to come.

SIR J. BOWRING.

AGE OF TREES.

MAN counts his life by years; the oak, by centuries. At one hundred years of age the tree is but a sapling; at five hundred it is mature and strong; at six hundred the gigantic king of the greenwood begins to feel the touch of time: but the decline is as slow as the growth was, and the sturdy old tree rears its proud head and reckoned centuries of old age just as it reckoned centuries of youth.

It has been said that the patriarchs of the forest laugh at history. Is it not true? Perhaps, when the balmy zephyrs stir the trees, the leaves whisper strange stories to one another. The oaks and the pines, and their brethren of the wood, have seen so many suns rise and set, so many seasons come and go, and so many generations pass into silence, that we may well wonder what the "story of the trees" would be to us if they had tongues to tell it, or we ears fine enough to understand.

"The king of white-oak trees," says a letter-writer in this good year 1883, "has been chopped down and taken to the saw-mill. It was five hundred twenty-five years old, and made six twelve-foot logs, the first one being six feet in diameter and weighing seven tons." What a giant that Ohio oak tree must have been, and what changes in this land of ours it must have witnessed! It looked upon the forest when the red man ruled there alone; it was more than a century old when Columbus landed in the new world; and to that good age it added nearly four centuries before the axe of the woodman laid it low.

Yet, venerable as this "king of the white-oak trees" was, it was but an infant, compared with other monarchs of the western solitudes. One California pine, cut down about 1855, was, according to very good authority, eleven hundred twenty years old; and many of its neighbors in its native grove are no less ancient than it was. Who shall presume, then, to fix the age of the hoary trees that still rear their stalwart frames in the unexplored depths of the American wilderness?

In England there are still in existence many trees that serve to link the far-off past with the living present. Some of them were witnesses of the fierce struggles between Norman and Saxon when William the Conqueror planted his standard — "the three-bannered lions of Normandy old" — upon English soil. Then there is the King's Oak, at Windsor, which, tradition informs us, was a great favorite with William when that bold Norman first inclosed the forest for a royal hunting-ground.

The Conqueror loved to sit in the shade of the lofty, spreading tree and muse — upon what? Who knows what fancies filled his brain, what feelings stirred his proud spirit, what memories, what regrets, thrilled his heart, as he sat there in the solitude? Over eight hundred years have rolled away since the Norman usurper fought the sturdy Saxon, and, for conqueror as for conquered, life and its ambitions and its pangs ended long ago; but the mighty oak, whose greenness and beauty were a delight to the Conqueror, still stands in Windsor forest. Eight centuries ago its royal master saw it a "goodly tree." How old is it now?

Older even than this are the oaks near Croydon, nine miles south of London. If the botanist may judge by the usual evidences of age, these trees saw the glitter of the Roman spears as the legions of the Empire wound their way through the forest-paths or in the green open spaces in the woodland. Now, the Roman legions left Britain fourteen centuries ago, having been summoned home to Rome because the Empire was in danger,—in fact, was hastening to its fall. Have fourteen centuries spared these oaks at Croydon?

There is a famous yew that must not go without notice in our record of ancient trees. This venerable tree stands in its native field, ever green and enduring, as if the years had forgotten it. Yet it was two centuries old when, in the adjacent meadow, King John signed Magna Charta. If we bear in mind that in 1215 the stout English barons compelled their wicked king to sign the Great Charter, protecting the rights of his subjects, we may conclude that this patriarch yew is at least eight hundred fifty years old.

The Parliament Oak — so called because it is said that Edward I, who ruled England from 1272 to 1307, once held a parliament under its branches — is believed to be fifteen hundred years old. If Fine-Ear of the fairy tale could come and translate for us the whispers of these ancient English trees, and tell us ever so little of what the stately monarchs of the wood have seen, what new histories might be written, what old chronicles reversed!

On the mountains of Lebanon a few of the cedars famous in sacred and in profane history yet remain. One of these relics of the past has been estimated to be three thousand five hundred years old. The patriarchs of the English forests cannot, then, so far as age is considered, claim equal rank with the "cedars of Lebanon." But the baobab, or "monkey-bread," of Senegal must take the first rank among long-lived trees. Even the "goodly trees" of Lebanon must, if ordinary proofs can be trusted, yield the palm to their African rival.

An eminent French botanist of the eighteenth century, whose discoveries in natural history are of great interest to the world of science, lived some years in Senegal, and had ample opportunity to observe and study the wonderful baobab. He saw several trees of this species growing, and from the most careful calculations he formed his opinion as to the age of some of these African wonders. One baobab, which even in its decay measured one hundred and nine feet in circumference, he believed to be more than five thousand years old. Truly, the patriarchs of the forest laugh at history.

THE HEMLOCK TREE.

O HEMLOCK tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!
 Green not alone in summer time
 But in the winter's frost and rime!
 O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches.

* * * * *

From the German.

LONGFELLOW.

MAY TO APRIL.

WITHOUT your showers,
 I breed no flowers,
 Each field a barren waste appears;
 If you don't weep,
 My blossoms sleep,
 They take such pleasure in your tears.

As your decay
 Made room for May,
 So I must part with all that's mine,
 My balmy breeze,
 My blooming trees,
 To torrid suns their sweets resign.

For April dead
 My shade I spread,
 To her I owe my dress so gay;
 Of daughters three
 It falls on me
 To close our triumphs on one day.

Thus to repose
 All nature goes;
 Month after month must find its doom,
 Time on the wing,
 May ends the spring,
 And summer frolics o'er her tomb.

PHILIP FRENEAU.

THE FLOWER.

ONCE in a golden hour
 I cast to earth a seed.
 Up there came a flower,
 The people said a weed.

To and fro they went
 Thro' my garden-bower,
 And muttering discontent,
 Cursed me and my flower.

Then it grew so tall
 It wore a crown of light,
 But thieves from o'er the wall
 Stole the seed by night.

Sow'd it far and wide
 By every town and tower,
 Till all the people cried,
 "Splendid is the flower."

Read my little fable;
 He that runs may read,
 Most can raise the flowers now,
 For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
 And some are poor, indeed;
 And now again the people
 Call it but a weed.

TENNYSON.

BIRD TRADES.

THE swallow is a mason,
 And underneath the eaves
 He builds a nest and plasters it
 With mud and hay and leaves.

Of all the weavers that I know,
 The oriole is the best;
 High on the branches of the tree
 She hangs her cosy nest.

The woodpecker is hard at work —
 A carpenter is he —
 And you may hear him hammering
 His nest high up a tree.

Some little birds are miners;
 Some build upon the ground;
 And busy little tailors too,
 Among the birds are found.

THE LEAVES.

LONG ago, when violets were blooming,
 And the sunbeams said, "'Tis merry May,"
 We came, young leaves, to these bowers
 O ! gaily passed the happy hours away.
 Singing, dancing, waving, glancing,
 Now whisp'ring to the birds sweet things we know,
 Now leaning from low-bending branches
 To kiss the tender grasses just below.

When the storm cloud came, and the daisies
 Lowly bent their dainty heads for fear,
 We prayed while we sheltered the wild birds,
 "O ! angry cloud, pray bring no danger here."
 Now we listen, never moving,
 E'en the grasses' whispering dies away ;
 Now the thunder crashes above us
 O ! angry cloud, is this your answer, say ?

Hurrah ! 'tis only pattering raindrops,
 Here and there we nod to greet them from our tree.
 They are coming now by the millions,
 Ha ! ha ! we'll frolic with them merrily.
 Dancing, dancing, waving, glancing,
 O ! friendly cloud, we thank you for the rain ;
 See we're each one covered with jewels,
 Hurrah ! here is the sunshine back again.

Summer joys, thou art gone ; with the flowers
 That blossomed in our shadows, frail and fair ;
 And we sigh, for our bright hues are fading,
 While autumn's mournful music fills the air.
 Now we're falling, gently falling,
 Down among the grasses sere and brown,
 We shall cover the graves of the flowers
 While the paling sun in pity glances down.

There scattered oft, the earliest of the year
 By hands unseen, are showers of violets found ;
 The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
 And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

GRAY'S *Elegy*.

This verse was struck out in later editions of the poem by the author, sacrificing a beautiful thought to the symmetry of the poem.

CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS.

FOR A CLASS EXERCISE.

CHORUS:

WE are the little flowers,
Coming with the spring;
If you listen closely
Sometimes you'll hear us sing.

THE HONEYSUCKLE (RED):

I am the honeysuckle,
With my drooping head;
And early in the spring time
I don my dress of red.
I grow in quiet woodlands,
Beneath some budding tree;
So when you take a ramble
Just look for me.

CHORUS:

We are the little flowers, etc.

THE DANDELION (YELLOW):

I am the dandelion,
Yellow as you see,
And when the children see me
They shout for glee.
I grow by every wayside,
And when I've had my day —
I spread my wings so silvery
And fly away.

CHORUS:

We are the little flowers, etc.

THE NASTURTIUM (ORANGE):

I am the gay nasturtium,
I bloom in gardens fine,
Among the grander flowers
My slender stalk I twine.
Bright orange is my color —
The eyes of all to please —
I have a tube of honey
For all the bees.

CHORUS:

We are the little flowers, etc.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT (BLUE):

When God made all the flowers,
He gave each one a name,
And, when the others all had gone,
A little blue one came.
And said in trembling whisper,
"My name has been forgot."
Then the good Father called her,
"Forget-me-not."

CHORUS:

We are the little flowers, etc.

THE FERN (GREEN):

A fern the people call me,
I'm always clothed in green,
I live in every forest;
You've seen me oft, I ween.
Sometimes I leave the shadow
To grow beside the way,
You'll see me as you pass
Some nice fine day.

CHORUS:

We are the little flowers, etc.

THE VIOLET (PURPLE):

I am the little violet;
In my purple dress,
I hide myself so safely,
That you'd never guess
There was a flower so near you
Nestling at your feet;
And that's why I send you
My fragrance sweet.

CHORUS:

We are the little flowers, etc.

LUCY WHEELOCK:

THE CUNNING OLD CROW.

ON the limb of an oak sat a cunning old crow,
And chatted away with glee,
As he saw the old farmer go out to sow,
And he cried, "It's all for me !

"Look, look, how he scatters his seeds around ;
How wonderfully kind to the poor !
If he'd empty it down in a pile on the ground,
I could find it much better, I'm sure !

"I've learned all the tricks of this wonderful man,
Who has such regard for the crow
That he lays out his grounds in a regular plan,
And covers his corn in a row.

"He must have a very great fancy for me ;
He tries to entrap me enough,
But I measure his distance as well as he,
And when he comes near, I'm off."

THE SEASONS.

WHAT does it mean when the blue bird flies
Away o'er the hills, singing sweet and clear ?
When violets peep through the blades of grass ?
These are the signs that Spring time is here.

What does it mean when the plums are ripe ?
And butterflies flit and honey bees hum ?
When cattle stand under the shady trees ?
These are the signs that Summer is here.

What does it mean when the crickets chirp,
And off to the south-land the wild geese steer ?
When apples are falling and nuts are brown ?
These are the signs that Autumn is here.

What does it mean when the days are short ?
When leaves are all gone, and the brooks are dumb ?
When meadows are white with the drifting snow ?
These are the signs that Winter has come.

M. E. N. HATHEWAY.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

'NEATH cloister'd bough each floral bell that swingeth
 And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
 Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
 A call to prayer.

Not to those domes where crumbling arch and column
 Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
 But to that fane most catholic and solemn,
 Which God hath planned;

To that cathedral boundless as our wonder,
 Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;
 Its choir, the wind and waves; its organ, thunder;
 Its dome, the sky.

There, as in solitude and shade, I wander
 Through the lone aisles, or stretched upon the sod,
 Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
 The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers;
 Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book;
 Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers,
 In loneliest nook.

HORACE SMITH.

THE TREE.

THE tree's early leaf-buds were bursting their brown.
 "Shall I take them away?" said the frost sweeping down.

"No; leave them alone
 Till the blossoms have grown,"

Prayed the tree, while he trembled from rootlet to crown.

The tree bore his blossoms, and all the birds sung.
 "Shall I take them away?" said the wind as he swung.

"No; leave them alone
 Till the berries have grown,"

Said the tree, while his leaflets quivering hung.

The tree bore his fruit in the midsummer glow.
 Said the child, "May I gather thy berries now?"

"Yes; all thou canst see;
 Take them; all are for thee,"

Said the tree, while he bent down his laden boughs low.

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSON.

NOW IS THE TIME.

THE bud will soon become a flower,
 The flower become a seed ;
 Then seize, O youth ! the present hour,—
 Of that thou hast most need.

Do thy best always — do it now —
 For, in the present time,
 As in the furrows of a plow
 Fall seeds of good or crime.

The sun and rain will ripen fast
 Each seed that thou hast sown—
 And every act and word at last
 By its own fruit be known.

And soon the harvest of thy toil
 Rejoicing, thou shalt reap ;
 Or o'er thy wild, neglected soil
 Go forth in shame to weep.

SPRING.

THE alder by the river
 Shakes out her powdery curls;
 The willow buds in silver
 For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over,
 And, oh, how sweet they sing !
 To tell the happy children
 That once again 'tis spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
 So soft beneath their feet ;
 The frogs begin to ripple
 A music clear and sweet.

And buttercups are coming,
 And scarlet columbine ;
 And in the sunny meadows
 The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
 As their soft hands can hold,
 The little ones may gather,
 All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
 There peeps the violet blue;
 O happy little children !
 God made them all for you.

CELIA THAXTER.

GOOD-BY, WINTER !

THE meadow brooks are full, and busy
 Getting Winter off to sea ;
 His trunks of ice, all packed and ready,
 Are standing under every tree.

His overcoats, well aired and shaken,
 Are dangling from each dripping bough ;
 For he has stayed till overtaken,
 And Spring is right upon him now !

Yes, hurry up, old Winter, hurry !
 Sometime, we hope, you'll come again;
 But here is Spring, in such a flurry,
 Keeping back her stores of rain.

Well, he's off ! The brooks have started !
 Now the birds can come and sing,
 So welcome to the happy-hearted,
 Laughing, budding, genial Spring.

C. S. STONE.

"A SOUL IN GRASS AND FLOWERS."

AND what is so rare as a day in June ?
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;
 Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
 And over it softly her warm ear lays :

Whether we look, or whether we listen,
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;
 Every clod feels a stir of might,
 And instinct within it that reaches and towers,
 And grasping blindly above it for light,
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;

The flush of life may well be seen
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
 The cowslip startles in meadows green,
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
 And there's never a leaf or a blade too mean
 To be some happy creature's palace ;

* * * * *

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
 We are happy now because God so wills it ;
 No matter how barren the past may have been,
 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green ;
 We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
 How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell ;
 We may shut our eyes but we cannot help knowing
 That skies are clear and grass is growing ;
 The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
 That dandelions are blossoming near,
 That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
 That the river is bluer than the sky,
 That the robin is plastering his house hard by ;
 And if the breeze kept the good news back,
 For other couriers we should not lack.

* * * * *

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how ;
 Every thing is happy now,
 Every thing is upward striving ;
 'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
 As for grass to be green, or skies to be blue,—
 'Tis the natural way of living.

* * * * *

LOWELL'S *Vision of Sir Launfal.*

THE LODGE.

* * * * *

IT was a lodge of ample size,
 But strange of structure and device;
 Of such materials as around
 The workman's hand had readiest found.
 Lopped off their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
 And by the hatchet rudely squared,
 To give the walls their destined height,
 The sturdy oak and ash unite;
 While moss and clay and leaves combined
 To fence each crevice from the wind.
 The lighter pine trees overhead
 Their slender length for rafters spread,
 And withered heath and rushes dry
 Supplied a russet canopy.

Due westward, fronting to the green,
 A rural portico was seen,
 Aloft on native pillars borne,
 Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
 Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
 The ivy and Idaean vine,
 The clematis, the favored flower
 Which boasts the name of virgin bower,
 And every hardy plant could bear
 Lock Katrine's keen and searching air.

SCOTT'S *Lady of the Lake*—*The Chase*.

A FEW OLD PROVERBS.

- “I**F the Oak is out before the Ash,
 'Twill be a summer of wet and splash;
 But if the Ash is out before the Oak,
 'T will be a summer of fire and smoke.'
- “When the Hawthorn bloom too early shows,
 We shall have still many snows.”
- “When the Oak puts on his goslings grey
 'Tis time to sow barley night or day.”
- “When Elm leaves are big as a shilling,
 Plant kidney beans if you are willing;
 When Elm leaves are as big as a penny,
 You *must* plant beans if you wish to have any.”

OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS.

WHERE are the sweet old-fashioned posies, Morning-glories, tints of purple
 Quaint in form and bright in hue, Stretched on tints of creamy white,
 Such as grandma gave her lovers, Folding up their satin curtains
 When she walked the garden through? Inward through the dewy night.
 Lavender, with spikes of azure,
 Pointing to the dome on high,
 Telling thus whence came its color,
 Thanking with its breath the sky.
 Marigold, with coat of velvet,
 Streaked with gold and yellow lace,
 With its love for summer sunlight
 Written on its honest face.
 Four-o'clock, with heart unfolding,
 When the loving sun had gone,
 Streak and stain of running crimson,
 Like the light of early dawn.
 Dainty pink, with feathered petals,
 Tinted, curled and deeply frayed,
 With its calyx heart half broken,
 On its leaves uplifted laid.
 * * * * *
 Regal lilies, many petaled,
 Will the modern florist's triumph
 Like the curling drifts of snow, Look so fair or smell so sweet,
 With their crown of golden antlers As those dear old-fashioned posies,
 Poised on malachite below. Blooming round our grandma's feet?

ETHEL LYNN.

A MAY SONG.

FOR A LITTLE ONE.

A MERRY little maiden "I love the little birdies
 In the merry month of May, That sport along my way,
 Came tripping o'er the meadow And sing their sweet and merry songs
 As she sang this merry lay: In the merry month of May.
 "I'm a merry little maiden, "I love my little sisters
 My heart is light and gay, And my brothers every day;
 And I love the sunny weather But I seem to love them better
 In the merry month of May. In the merry month of May."

MERRY SPRING.

MERRY spring, Winter's snow
 Will you bring Had to go
 Back the little birds to sing? From the hills and vales below;
 I am sad; Then the showers
 Make me glad, Made the flowers
 Gentle, merry, laughing spring. Over all the hillsides grow.

Mother said,
 "They're not dead
 Only sleeping in their bed;
 When spring rain
 Comes again,
 Each one lifts its tiny head."

SPRING IS COMING.

LO! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;
 The flowers appear upon the earth;
 The time of the singing of birds is come,
 And the voice of the turtle is heard in the land.

Song of Solomon.

Spring is coming! Spring is coming!
 Birds are chirping, insects humming;
 Flowers are peeping from their sleeping;
 Streams, escaped from winter's keeping,
 In delighted freedom rushing,
 Dance along in music gushing.

The pleasant spring is here again;
 Its voice is in the trees;
 It smiles from every sunny glen,
 It whispers in the breeze.

All is beauty, all is mirth,
 All is glory on the earth.
 Shout we then, with nature's voice,
 Welcome, spring! rejoice, rejoice!

AUTUMN LEAVES.

OTHOU who bearest on thy thoughtful face
 The wearied calm that follows after grief,
 See how the autumn guides each loosened leaf
 To sure repose in its own sheltered place.
 Ah, not forever whirl they in the race
 Of wild forlornness round the gathered sheaf,
 Or hurrying onward, in a rapture brief,
 Spin o'er the moorlands into trackless space!
 Some hollow captures each; some sheltering wall
 Arrests the wanderer on its aimless way;
 The autumn's pensive beauty needs them all,
 And winter finds them warm, though sere and gray,
 They nurse young blossoms for the spring's sweet call,
 And shield new leaflets for the burst of May.

Century, 1888.

THOMAS W. HIGGINSON.

'Tis education forms the common mind;
 Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.

POPE.

A FLOCK OF BIRDS.

FOR A CLASS OF LITTLE ONES.

(The pupils who recite should wear appropriate colors.)

FIRST PUPIL:

I AM a bluebird ; on branches bare
I love to sway like a blossom fair,
And sing to people tired of snow
The prettiest songs of spring-time I know.

SECOND PUPIL:

I am a robin "To wortle, tu whit!"
Do I mind the cold weather? no not a bit.
Gayly I'll carol and loudly shout
Till I coax the leaves and the blossoms out.

THIRD PUPIL (YELLOW BIRD):

My color is like the buttercups;
I love to dance where the wild bee sups,
I know I've not much of a voice to sing
But I carry a sunbeam on either wing.

FOURTH PUPIL:

I'm a jolly old crow, I'd have you know,
I've sung ever since I was born;
And as for farming, I can beat
The smartest at hoeing the corn;
You don't think much of my music?
That's as much as some people know.
What sound is there in this noisy world
So sweet as the song of a crow?

FIFTH PUPIL:

I'm the oriole ; see how gaily I'm dressed,
For me the blossoming orchard is best.
Oh May is sweet, and I am sweet,
And the apple blossoms here at my feet.

SIXTH PUPIL:

I'm brisk little Robert of Lincoln!
My heart is so full and so gay
That I sing as fast as ever I can,
In the meadow-lands, all day.
I love the tall lithe grasses
And the daisies,— the dear little things

They pay the best attention
 To all a birdie sings.
 Bob-o-link, bob-o-link, I'm glad, bob-o-link!
 The brook says I'm pretty,
 Now what do you think ?

THREE OR MORE PUPILS :

We're the cat birds and whip-poor-wills, but we'll not tell
 The secrets we've learned in the shaded dell.

ALL (SINGING OR RECITING) :

Come out, boys and girls, and we'll sing you a song ;
 Come early ; we sing in the morning
 When the spirits of sunrise with colors rare
 Are sky and hilltops adorning.

ANNIE CHASE.

EFFECTS OF SPRING.

THE great sun,
 Scattering the clouds with a resistless smile,
 Came forth to do thee homage ; a sweet hymn
 Was by the low winds chanted in the sky ;
 And when thy feet descended on the earth,
 Scarce could they move amid the clustering flowers
 By nature strewn o'er valley, hill and field,
 To hail her blessed deliverer ! Ye fair trees,
 How are ye changed, and changing while I gaze !
 It seems as if some gleam of verdant light
 Fell on you from a rainbow ; but it lives
 Amid your tendrils, brightening every hour
 Into a deeper radiance. Ye sweet birds,
 Were you asleep through all the wintry hours,
 Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves ?
 Yet are ye not,
 Sporting in tree and air, more beautiful
 Than the young lambs, that, from the valley side,
 Send a soft bleating like an infant's voice,
 Half happy, half afraid ! O blessed things !
 At sight of this your perfect innocence,
 The sterner thoughts of manhood melt away
 Into a mood as mild as woman's dreams.

WILSON.

"He that goes barefoot must not plant thorns."

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL.

ALL things bright and beautiful
 All creatures great and small,
 All things wise and wonderful,—
 The Lord God made them all.

The purple-headed mountain,
 The river, running by,
 The morning, and the sunset
 That lighteth up the sky.

Each little flower that opens,
 Each little bird that sings,
 He made their glowing colors,
 He made their tiny wings.

The tall trees in the green wood,
 The pleasant summer sun,
 The ripe fruits in the garden,—
 He made them, every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
 And lips that we might tell
 How great is God Almighty,
 Who hath made all things well.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

SING A SONG TO ME.

FOR FOUR LITTLE PUPILS.

LITTLE robin in the tree
 Sing a song to me.
 Sing about the roses
 On the garden wall,
 Sing about the birdies
 On the tree-top tall.

Tiny tomtit in the hedge,
 Sing a song to me.
 Sing about the mountain,
 Sing about the sea,
 Sing about the steamboats —
 Is there one for me?

Little lark up in the sky
 Sing a song to me.
 Sing about the cloud-land,
 Far off in the sky;
 When you go there calling,
 Do your children cry?

Sooty blackbird in the field,
 Sing a song to me.
 Sing about the farmer,
 Planting corn and beans,
 Sing about the harvest —
 I know what that means.

SPRING SONG.

HARK, the robins sweetly sing,
 List, and hear the bluebirds ring,
 Little May-flowers, 'swinging low,
 Your pale faces to and fro,
 Whispering softly, "Come and see,
 We the children's friend will be.
 Close beside the sheltering grass,
 Stoop and pluck us as ye pass."

White and cold the winter's snow,
 Loud and rough north winds did blow,
 But beneath our blanket white,
 Slept we through the wintry night.
 Till we heard the robins sing,
 Whispered we, "It is the spring,"
 And we op'd our sleepy eyes,
 For the children's glad surprise.

JESSIE NORTON.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,
 And winds were soft and low,
 To lie amid some sylvan scene,
 Where, the long drooping boughs between,
 Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
 Alternate come and go.

Or where the denser grove receives
 No sunlight from above,
 But the dark foliage interweaves
 In one unbroken roof of leaves,
 Underneath whose sloping eaves
 The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
 I lay upon the ground :
 His hoary arms uplifted be,
 And all the broad leaves over me
 Clapped their little hands in glee,
 With one continuous sound.

* * * * *

The green trees whispered low and mild
 It was a sound of joy !
 They were my playmates when a child,
 And rocked me in their arms so wild !
 Still they looked at me and smiled,
 As if I were a boy ;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
 " Come, be a child once more !"
 And waved their long arms to and fro,
 And beckoned solemnly and slow ;
 O, I could not choose but go
 Into the woodland's hoar,—

Into the blithe and breathing air
 Into the solemn wood,
 Solemn and silent everywhere !
 Nature with folded hands seemed there,
 Kneeling at her evening prayer !
 Like one in prayer I stood.

Before me rose an avenue
 Of tall and sombre pines ;
 Abroad their fan-like branches grew,
 And, where the sunshine darted through,
 Spread a vapor soft and blue,
 In long and sloping lines.

And, falling on my weary brain,
 Like a fast-falling shower,
 The dreams of youth came back again,
 Low lisplings of the summer rain,
 Dropping on the ripened grain
 As once upon the flower.

* * * * *

LONGFELLOW.

MAY.

HAIL May! with fair queen and May-pole,
 Your sweet-scented garlands unroll,
 Hail spring-time! dear queen of the seasons,
 You all of the others control.

The crocuses dance first to meet you
 From the dazzle of snow's icy sheen:
 Then springs up the dainty arbutus
 From under its dead brown-leaf screen.

And listen! a sound of sweet music
 Steals into the school-room to-day,
 'Tis the song of gay robin and blue-bird,
 In the meadows and woodlands, away.

But listen again! happy children
 Are singing of spring, lovely spring;
 Of all of her many bright blessings,
 The beauty and joy she may bring.

Now what can we do for our spring-time
 That has been so kind to us all;
 Who gives the earth all of her beauty
 And music of birds great and small?

We will be so kind to our playmates—
 There will ne'er be heard cross word or cry;
 And to do the will of our teacher,
 And our heavenly Master, we'll try.

Blessed be God for flowers!
 For the bright, gentle, holy thoughts, that breathe
 From out their odorous beauty, like a wreath
 Of sunshine on life's hours!

Mrs. CHARLES TINSLEY.



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THE PURPLE BEECH.

THE PURPLE BEECH.

THE large purple beech at Waltham, of which an illustration appears upon another page, is no doubt one of the finest individuals of this variety planted in the United States. Downing, who was familiar with the Lyman Place, does not, however, mention it in his "Landscape Gardening," written forty or fifty years ago; and it is probable that the specimen which was growing at that time at Throgg's Neck, in Westchester county, and which Downing declared was the finest in the United States, is now, if still alive, much larger than the Waltham tree, which has lost a good deal from overcrowding and from the garden wall built close to the trunk, which has destroyed the lower branches. There is no tree which demands more room for free development than the beech; and a beech, standing on a lawn or in a garden, on which there are no lower branches to sweep down to the turf, has lost a large part of the characteristic beauty which makes it valuable. The stem of the beech, it is true especially of the American species, has great beauty and a charm peculiar to itself, but it is in the wood or in the forest that this beauty should be seen and admired; and beeches should not be planted in ornamental grounds where light and space cannot be afforded them for full and unchecked growth in every direction.

The purple beech is a tree of much interest apart from its undoubted value for ornamental planting. It is one of the few examples among trees where an abnormal bud variety has retained its character for more than a century, through hundreds of thousands of individuals, all sprung from a single branch (discovered toward the middle of the last century upon a tree in the German forest), either directly from grafts, and now sometimes by seeds; for the plants raised from the seed of a purple-leaved tree preserve more or less constantly this character to a greater or less degree. The seed from certain trees yield more purple-leaved seedlings than those from other trees, although the proportion of the purple-leaved seedlings from the same tree vary in different years, and among purple-leaved seedlings there is always a great variety of shades of color. In other words, a race of purple-leaved beeches is gradually becoming "fixed;" and if it was not in practice more convenient and satisfactory to propagate the best varieties of this tree by grafting, it would doubtless be perfectly possible, at the end of a few generations, to raise from seed, beeches with leaves of almost any shade of purple with as much certainty as different races of the cabbage are obtained from seed. There is no reason to doubt, therefore, that the variety will be as permanent as the type from which it originated.

"Garden and Forest," May 8, 1889.

Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found,
 Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;
 Another race the following spring supplies;
 They fall successive, and successive rise.

POPE'S *Iliad*.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

“LITTLE by little,” an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in its mossy bed,
“I am improving every day,
Hidden deep in the earth away.”

Little by little, each day it grew ;
Little by little, it sipped the dew ;
Downward it sent out a thread-like root ;
Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.

Day after day, and year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear ;
And the slender branches spread far and wide,
Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea,
An insect train work ceaselessly.
Grain by grain, they are building well,
Each one alone in its little cell.

Moment by moment, and day by day,
Never stopping to rest or to play,
Rocks upon rocks, they are rearing high,
Till the top looks out on the sunny sky.

The gentle wind and the balmy air,
Little by little, bring verdure there ;
Till the summer sunbeams gayly smile
On the buds and the flowers of the coral isle.

“Little by little,” said a thoughtful boy,
“Moment by moment, I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
And not spending all my time in play.
And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
Whatever I do, I will do it well.”

“Little by little, I'll learn to know
The treasured wisdom of long ago ;
And one of these days, perhaps, we'll see
That the world will be the better for me ;”
And do you not think that this simple plan
Made him a wise and useful man ?

BOAT SONG.

THE EVER-GREEN PINE.

HAIL to the Chief who in triumph advances !
 Honored and blessed be the ever green Pine !
 Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
 Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line !
 Heaven send it happy dew,
 Earth send it sap anew,
 Gayly to bourgeon and broadly to grow,
 While every Highland glen
 Sends our shout back again,
 **" Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! "*
 Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
 Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade ,
 When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
 The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade,
 Moored in the rifted rock,
 Proof to the tempest's shock,
 Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow ;
 Monteith and Breadalbane, then,
 Echo his praise again,
" Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho ! ieroe ! "

SCOTT'S *Lady of the Lake*— *The Island*.

SEED WORD.

<p> TWAS nothing,—a mere idle word, From careless lips, that fell, Forgot, perhaps, as soon as said, And purposeless as well. </p>	<p> But yet as on the passing wind Is borne the little seed, Which blooms, unheeded, as a flower Or as a noisome weed,— </p>
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So, often will a single word
 Unknown, its end fulfill,
 And bear, in seed, the flower and fruit
 Of actions good or ill.

THE ROSE.

<p> ROSE! thou art the sweetest flower That ever drank the amber shower ; Rose! thou art the fondest child Of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild! Even the gods who walk the sky </p>	<p> Are amorous of thy scented sigh; Cupid, too, in Paphian shades, His hair with rosy fillet braids ; Then bring me showers of roses, bring, And shed them round me while I sing. </p>
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MOORE'S *Odes of Anacreon*.

*Black Roderick, the descendant of Alpine

BRING FLOWERS.

* * * * *

BRING flowers to strew in the conqueror's path !
 He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath ;
 He comes with spoils of nations back,
 The vines lie crushed in his chariot's track,
 The turf looks red where he won the day.
 Bring flowers to die in the conqueror's way !

Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell !
 They have tales of the joyous woods to tell, —
 Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
 And the bright world shut from his languid eye ;
 They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
 And the dream of his youth. Bring him flowers, wild flowers

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear !
 They were born to blush in her shining hair.
 She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
 She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
 Her place is now by another's side.
 Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride !

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
 A crown for the brow of the early dead !
 For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
 For this in the woods was the violet nursed !
 Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
 They are love's last gift. Bring ye flowers, pale flowers !

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer, —
 They are nature's offering, their place is there !
 They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
 With a voice of promise they come and part,
 They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
 They break forth in glory. Bring flowers, bright flowers !

MRS. HEMANS.

Imparting to waste places more than their pristine beauty and associating the names of departed loved ones with our work is a poetic and sublime conception. It symbolizes our faith in a resurrection to a higher and better life, when the hard struggles of this sin-cursed world are passed.

SAMUEL F. CARY.

Written for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

ARBOR DAY.

[Air—"MY MARYLAND."]

AGAIN we come this day to greet,
 Arbor Day! sweet Arbor Day!
 With willing hands and nimble feet,
 Arbor Day! sweet Arbor Day!
 No sweeter theme our time can claim,
 No grander deed points us to fame,
 No day more proud than this we name
 Arbor Day! dear Arbor Day!

Bring forth the trees! Prepare the earth
 For Arbor Day, sweet Arbor Day.
 With song we celebrate the birth
 Of Arbor Day, sweet Arbor Day!
 And when our joyful task is done,
 And we our meed of praise have won,
 The glorious work's but just begun
 For Arbor Day, dear Arbor Day!

Alton, N. Y.

SEYMOUR S. SHORT.

TO WORDSWORTH.

POET of nature, thou didst teach to see
 In earth and sky, meadow and river's glide,
 On mountain peaks, in ocean's ceaseless tide,
 Order and truth, a peace and unity,
 In seeming discord and complexity,
 Of nature's handiwork; did teach to know,
 That in all life, even in the flowers that blow,
 There may be seen the shadows of infinity.

Priest of the beautiful! thou in thy life
 Of noble thought, of simple wants and cares,
 Of fightings stern in which our days are rife,
 Didst weave a beauty that the hero wears,
 As on he leads to triumph in the strife
 Or bravely in life's common way he fares.

Chatauguan, 1889.

O. F. EMERSON.

Heart's Ease! One could look for half a day
 Upon this flower, and shape in fancy out
 Full twenty different tales of love and sorrow,
 That gave this gentle name.

MARY HOWITT.

THE MAY QUEEN.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear ;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time, o' all the glad New-year ;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest, merriest day ;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May,

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine ;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline ;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break ;
And I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree ?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be ;
They say his heart is breaking, mother — what is that to me ?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the Queen ;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers ;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass ;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
 And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
 And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
 To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
 To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
 For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

TENNYSON.

WHAT IS THE SONG THE SWALLOWS SING?

WHAT is the song the swallows sing,
 When skies are blue, and May is here,
 And when they haste on joyful wing,
 To tell that summer-time is near?
 The primrose comes to greet the Spring;
 The roses bloom on every hand,
 What message do the swallows bring
 Returning from a fairer land?
 Among the trees and in the air,
 They come to us a merry throng;
 And as we listen to them there,
 What is their song? What is their song?
 Farewell, farewell unto that distant clime
 Where once we dwelt and memory is sweet,
 And welcome, welcome to the fair spring-time
 That waits us in the land that now we greet.

What is the song the swallows sing,
 When Autumn skies are dark and drear?
 A tender requiem they bring,
 To all that made the Summer dear,
 Their spring-time joy is turned to grief;
 And each must sing before it goes,
 A message to the falling leaf,
 A message to the fading rose!
 Ah, faithless rovers! in the May
 You sang of love so clear and strong;
 And now, when skies are dull and gray,
 What is your song? What is your song?
 Farewell, farewell unto this pleasant clime,
 Where once we dwelt and memory is sweet,
 And welcome, welcome to the fair spring-time
 That waits us in the land that now we greet.

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite,—a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.

That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur ; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue.

And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize
In nature, and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

WORDSWORTH.

I love not man the less but nature more.

BYRON'S *Apostrophe*.

THE GINGERBREAD TREE.

O H, do you know, and do you know,
 The tree where risen doughnuts grow,
 And in a shower come tumbling down,
 All sugary and crisp and brown?

And did you ever chance to see
 The plum-cakes on this charming tree?
 And reaching o'er the fence, perhaps
 A stem just strung with ginger-snaps?

The house stands close beside the street;
 Around its roof the branches meet.
 If you look up, about your head
 Fall down great squares of gingerbread.

Once when I went inside the door,
 Through the wide window to the floor,
 A bough came bending all apart,
 And tossed me in a jelly tart.

Whoever lives there, I must say,
 Though he is lame, and old, and gray,
 What a rare gardener he must be,
 And, oh, how happy with that tree!

My mother says that very few
 Gingerbread-trees she ever knew,
 And none shook down, it seems to her,
 Like this, an apple turnover.

Some days it drops upon the ground,
 Soft, soft, a frosted heart, and round,
 And sometimes, when the branches stir,
 Such cookies rain as never were.

And you can guess — oh, you can guess
 That if 't is too far a recess,
 Yet all the children, as a rule,
 Go slow there, coming home from school.

Harper's Young People, 1889.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Ivy clings to wood or stone.
 And hides the ruin that it feeds upon.

COWPER.

THE OAK.

WHAT gnarled stretch, what depth of shade, is his !
There needs no crown to mark the forest's king ;
How in his leaves outshines full summer's bliss !

Sun, storm, rain, dew, to him their tribute bring,
Which he with such benignant royalty
Accepts, as overpayeth what is lent ;
All nature seems his vassal proud to be,
And cunning only for his ornament.

How towers he, too, amid the billowed snows,
An unquelled exile from the summer's throne,
Whose plain, uncinctured front more kingly shows,
Now that the obscuring courtier leaves are flown.
His boughs make music of the winter air,
Jeweled with sleet, like some cathedral front
Where clinging snow flakes with quaint art repair
The dints and furrows of time's envious brunt.

How doth his patient strength the rude March wind
Persuade to seem glad breaths of summer breeze,
And win the soil that fain would be unkind,
To swell his revenues with proud increase !
He is the gem ; and all the landscape wide
(So doth his grandeur isolate the sense)
Seems but the setting, worthless all beside,
An empty socket, were he fallen thence.

So, from oft converse with life's wintry gales,
Should man learn how to clasp with tougher roots
The inspiring earth ; how otherwise avails
The leaf-creating sap that sunward shoots ?
So every year that falls with noiseless flake
Should fill old scars upon the stormward side,
And make hoar age revered for age's sake,
Not for traditions of youth's leafy pride.

So, from the pinched soil of a churlish fate,
True hearts compel the sap of sturdier growth,
So between earth and heaven stand simply great
That these shall seem but their attendants both ;
For nature's forces with obedient zeal
Wait on the rooted faith and oaken will ;
As quickly the pretender's cheat they feel,
And turn mad Pucks to flout and mock him still.

Lord! all Thy works are lessons; each contains
 Some emblem of man's all containing soul;
 Shall he make fruitless all Thy glorious pains,
 Delving within thy grace and eyeless mole?
 Make me the least of Thy Dodona-grove,
 Cause me some message of Thy truth to bring,
 Speak but a word through me, nor let Thy love
 Among my boughs disdain to perch and sing.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

NATURE'S TEMPLE.

TALK not of temples — there is one, built without hands, to mankind given;
 Its lamps are the meridian sun, and all the stars of heaven.
 Its walls are the cerulean sky, its floor the earth, serene and fair;
 The dome is vast immensity — all Nature worships there!

The Alps arrayed in stainless snow, the Andean ranges yet untrod,
 At sunrise and at sunset glow, like altar-fires to God!
 A thousand fierce volcanoes blaze, as if with hallowed victims rare;
 And thunder lifts its voice in praise — all Nature worships there!

The cedar and the mountain pine, the willow on the fountain's brim,
 The tulip and the eglantine, in reverence bend to Him;
 The song-birds pour their sweetest lays, from tower, and tree and middle air;
 The rushing river murmurs praise — all Nature worships there!

DAVID VEDDER.

SPRING.

COME, gentle spring! ethereal mildness, come,
 And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
 While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.
 And see where surly winter passes off,
 Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts;
 His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
 The shattered forest, and the ravaged vale;
 While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,
 Dissolving snows in living torrents lost,
 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

From THOMSON'S "Seasons."

And there is *Pansies* — that's for thoughts.

HAMLET.

THE CHILDREN.

* * * * *

AH! what would this world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

* * * * *

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are the living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

LONGFELLOW.

HOW THE LEAVES CAME DOWN.

“I’LL tell you how the leaves came down,”
The great tree to his children said:
“You’re getting sleepy, Yellow and Brown,
Yes, very sleepy, little Red.”

“Perhaps the great tree will forget,
And let us stay until the spring,
If we all beg, and coax and fret.”
But the great tree did no such thing;
He smiled to hear their whispering.

“Ah!” begged each silly pouting leaf
“Let us a little longer stay;
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;
’Tis such a very pleasant day,
We do not want to go away.”

“Come, children all, to bed,” he cried;—
And ere the leaves could urge their
prayer,
He shook his head, and far and wide,
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

So, just for one more merry day
To the great tree the leaflets clung,
Frolicked and danced, and had their
way,
Upon the autumn breezes swung,
Whispering all their sports among.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,
Waiting till one from far away,
White bedclothes heaped upon her arm
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled.
“Good-night, dear little leaves,” he said.
And from below each sleepy child
Replied, “Good-night,” and murmured,
“It is so nice to go to bed!”

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

THE IVY.

PUSHING the clods of earth aside,
 Leaving the dark where foul things hide,
 Spreading its leaves to the summer sun,
 Bondage ended, freedom won;
 So, my soul, like the ivy be,
 Rise, for the sunshine calls for thee!

Climbing up as the seasons go,
 Looking down upon things below,
 Twining itself in the branches high,
 As if the frail thing owned the sky;
 So my soul, like the ivy be,
 Heaven, not earth, is the place for thee.

Wrapping itself round the giant oak,
 Hiding itself from the tempest's stroke;
 Strong and brave is the fragile thing,
 For it knows one secret, how to cling.
 So, my soul, there's strength for thee,
 Hear the Mighty One : "Lean on me."

Green are its leaves when the world is white,
 For the ivy sings through the frosty night;
 Keeping the hearts of oak awake,
 Till the flowers shall bloom and the spring shall break;
 So, my soul, through the winter's rain,
 Sing the sunshine back again.

Opening its green and fluttering breast.
 Giving the timid birds a nest;
 Coming out from the winter wild,
 To make a wreath for the Holy Child;
 So, let my life like the ivy be,
 A help to man and a wreath for Thee!

Good Words.

HENRY BURTON.

"Take whatever God sends,
 As the blossoming pansies do :
 He clothes them with royal grace;
 Shall he not take thought for you?
 Trust -- for the trustful heart
 Knoweth the tenderest leading,
 Knoweth how certainly God
 Our need and our craving is heeding."

THE BEECH TREE'S PETITION.

O H leave this barren spot to me,
 Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
 Though shrub or flow'ret never grow,
 My wan unwanning shade below,
 Nor fruits of autumn blossom born
 My green and glossy leaves adorn,
 Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
 The ambrosial treasures of the hive,
 Yet leave this little spot to me,
 Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.

Thrice twenty summers have I stood
 In bloomless, fruitless solitude;
 Since childhood in my rustling bower
 First spent its sweet and sportive hour,
 Since youthful lovers in my shade
 Their vows of truth and rapture paid,
 And on my trunk's surviving frame
 Carv'd many a long forgotten name.
 Oh, by the vows of gentle sound
 First breathed upon this sacred ground,
 By all that Love hath whispered here,
 Or Beauty heard with ravish'd ear,
 As Love's own altar honor me,
 Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

SONG OF THE ROSE.

I F Zeus chose us a King of the flowers in his mirth,
 He would call to the rose, and would royally crown it;
 For the rose, ho, the rose! is the grace of the earth,
 Is the light of the plants that are growing upon it!
 For the rose, ho, the rose! is the eye of the flowers,
 Is the blush of the meadows that feel themselves fair,—
 Is the lightning of beauty, that strikes through the bowers
 On pale lovers that sit in the glow unaware.
 Ho, the rose breathes of love! ho, the rose lifts the cup
 To the red eyes of Cypris invoked for a guest!
 Ho, the rose having curled its sweet leaves for the world
 Takes delight in the motion its petals keep up,
 As they laugh to the wind as it laughs from the west.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE PETRIFIED FERN.

I N a valley, centuries ago,
Grew a little fern leaf green and slender;
Veining delicate and fibres tender;
Waving, when the wind crept down so low.
Rushes tall and moss and grass grew round it,
Playful sunbeams darted in and found it,
Drops of dew stole in by night and crowned it,
But no foot of man e'er trod that way.
Earth was young and keeping holiday.

Monster fishes swam the silent main,
Stately forests waved their giant branches,
Mountains hurled their snowy avalanches,
Mammoth creatures stalked across the plain;
Nature reveled in grand mysteries,
But the little fern was not of these,
Did not number with the hills and trees;
Only grew and waved its wild sweet way;
No one came to note it day by day.

Earth one time put on a frolic mood,
Heaved the rocks and changed the mighty motion
Of the deep, strong currents of the ocean,
Moved the plain and shook the haughty wood,
Crushed the little fern in soft, moist clay,
Covered it and hid it safe away.
Oh the long, long centuries since that day!
Oh the changes, oh life's bitter cost,
Since that useless little fern was lost!

Useless? Lost? There came a thoughtful man
Searching nature's secrets far and deep;
From a fissure in a rocky steep
He withdrew a stone o'er which there ran
Fairy pencilings, a quaint design,
Veinings, leafage, fibres clear and fine,
And the fern's life lay in every line.
So, I think, God hides some souls away
Sweetly to surprise us the last day.

MARY L. BOLLES BRANCH.

Under the shady roof
Of branching elm star-proof.

MILTON'S *Arcades*.

SPRING SONG.

NOW the lovely spring has come,
 See the fragrant flowers bloom,
 Birds are here with their song,
 Cheering us along.
 Making all our faces bright,
 Till our hearts beat with delight,
 Happy spring, merry spring,
 We thy praises sing.

Hear the merry babbling brook,
 Rippling through each shady nook;
 Coming here, going there,
 Making all so fair.
 See the little finny tribe,
 Rushing everywhere to hide,
 In and out, round about,
 In their merry rout.

See the little lambs at play,
 Skipping through the livelong day,
 Happy they on their way
 To the meadows gay.
 Through the meads and through the vales
 O'er the hills and pleasant dales,
 Here they go, to and fro,
 Not a care they know.

KATE HAWTHORN.

MY HOME IN THE WILDWOOD.

COME to my home in the wildwood,
 Come where the heart is so free,
 Bidding adieu to your sorrow,
 Here let your dwelling place be.

Sweet 'tis to stray in the wildwood;
 When the day's cares are all o'er;
 Bright flowers are strown in our pathway,
 Fresh leaves adorn the gay floor.

Here you may find in the wildwood,
 Freedom from sorrow and care,
 Casting aside all your burdens,
 Here find sweet solace in prayer.

HAIL, ARBOR DAY.

NOW fair Arbor Day is here,
 Filled with all its happy hours;
 Loyal children, far and near,
 Plant their trees and scatter flowers.
 Knowing well their Father's eye
 Rests upon them from the sky,
 Viewing all their deeds with love,
 As through blossoming lands they rove.
 Soon the trees will grow,
 And gently throw
 A shade through sunny hours,
 Feathered songsters bring the music,
 And our Father send the showers.

Hail, all hail, fair Arbor Day;
 Prophecy of coming beauty!
 When the years have passed away
 With their weight of care and duty,
 We will love thee still the same,
 And fond memory at thy name,
 Will recall the gladsome days,
 When we roamed in woodland ways.
 Happy, thoughtless youth,
 With love and truth,
 Blent in a rhyme of hours,
 And the Arbor Day of friendship,
 Crowned with innocence and flowers.

Kingston, N. Y.—School No. 3 Exercises, 1889.

LIZZIE D. ROOSA.

GROWTH.

GROW as the trees grow,
Your head lifted straight to the sky,
Your roots holding fast where they lie,
In the richness below;
Your branches outspread
To the sun pouring down, and the dew,
With the glorious infinite blue
Stretching over your head.

Receiving the storms
That may writhe you, and bend, but not break,
While your roots the more sturdily take
A strength in their forms.
God means us, the growth of His trees,
Alike thro' the shadow and shine,
Receiving as freely the life-giving wine
Of the air and the breeze.

Not sunshine alone,
The soft summer dew and the breeze
Hath fashioned these wonderful trees.
The tempest hath moaned:
They have tossed their strong arms in despair,
At the blast of the terrible there,
In the thunder's loud tone.

But under it all
Were the roots clasping closer the sod,
The top still aspiring to God
Who prevented their fall.

Come out from the gloom,
And open your heart to the light
That is flooding God's world with delight,
And unfolding its bloom.
His kingdom of grace
Is symbolized in all that we see,
In budding and leafing of tree,
And fruit in its place.

Chataougan, July, 1884.

EMILY J. BUGBEE.

FOR ARBOR DAY.

ALL hail this day — glad Arbor Day!
 A day for joyous labor;
 A work that blesses every heart
 Because for friend and neighbor;
 When boy, girl, man and woman, too,
 The loss of trees deploring,
 Come forth with heart and hand to learn
 Dame Nature's art — restoring!

Man has cut down the stalwart trees,
 Nor thought of e'er replacing;
 His reckless waste should on his cheek
 Be fiery blushes tracing.
 To rob the mother of her jewels
 Is but the grossest sinning,
 When she so ready is to take
 New nurslings from beginning.

O see how well does Nature pay —
 Her grand Controller praising,
 For every tree that she destroys
 She thousands more is raising;
 She sends the seeds, with hand so free,
 To earth's kind bosom nestling,
 And gives a feast to growing germs
 That lightens all their wrestling.

O ye who love these native gems,
 So charming in their living;
 See how the needs of human life,
 Destructive force is giving!
 It fells them from their native homes,
 Where purest beauty, growing,
 Impels the heart and mind of man
 To stand in meekness bowing.

Look at the stately forest kings
 That stand morn, noon and even,
 Their tops long reaching out to kiss
 The light so richly given!
 There, 'neath that forest's foliage shade,
 The spirits joys enliven,
 And feel the secrets of all life —
 The life of God and heaven.

Then plant the flower, the shrub, the vine,
 For man, bird, beast and beauty;
 The basswood, oak, the beech and pine—
 It is for all a duty—
 The hemlock, ash, the spruce and elm,
 And fruits, so very many—
 Ay, plant of all that meet man's needs,
 And that is all, if any.

They are so lovely, fresh and grand,
 So richly ornamental;
 By roadside, meadow, field, in wood,
 They've beauty transcendental;
 Give just one day in all the year,
 'Twill pay for all your ardors,
 And Arbor Day will soon display
 A land of charming arbors.

Watertown, N. Y.

GEORGE ADAMS

ARBOR DAY ODE.

RAISE a song of gladness on this festal day,
 Which shall be a forest symphony,
 Chiming with the music of melodious May,
 Sung in honor of each growing tree.

CHORUS.—Happy, happy with the joys of spring,
 Gayly, gayly our delights we sing.
 Children blest of heaven, who so glad as we,
 Pealing forth the anthem of the free?

Honor to the oak tree, emblem of the power,
 Making this fair nation proud and strong,
 Great with all the glories of heaven's richest dower,
 Worthy all the praise of festal song.—CHO.

Honor to the pine tree, with its fadeless sheen,
 Type of beauty in our native land,
 Which the sister nations from afar have seen,
 Through the years a pattern long to stand.—CHO.

Trees are forms of beauty that our minds upraise
 To the boundiess Giver of all good.
 Loving God of Nature, hear our song of praise
 For the beauties of the field and wood.—CHO.

Maker of each glory of our native land,
 May each form of beauty which we see,
 In the pleasant meadow and the forest grand,
 Lift our souls to higher thoughts of Thee.—CHO.

Kingston, N. Y., Academy Exercises, 1889.

PARR HARLOW.

Written for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

SONG TO THE MAPLE TREE.*

'TIS the tree of the State, and most wisely selected,
To emblem the progress her children have made;
Henceforth by our care shall its right be protected
To gather the weary to bask in its shade.

CHORUS — Maple tree! Maple tree! none can compare with thee!
Sipping earth's nectar, to sweetness impart.
Sweeter thy loving care, sweeter thy shadows are;
Sweeter thy songsters that gladden the heart.

The tribes of the air for their nesting most choose it,*
Their billing and cooing heard most in its groves;
Why then should our youthful affections refuse it?
This fitting abode for the gods and their loves?

CHORUS — Maple tree, etc.

The ever-green foliage may tower from our mountains,
'Neath the pine and the hemlock the wild tribes abide;
But majestic o'er landscape, by sweet sparkling fountains,
The silver-leaved maple of man is the pride.

CHORUS — Maple tree, etc.

Soft fragrance and balm, in the dew of the morning,
Exhale on the breeze with the songster's sweet lay;
Its green arching plumes all our pathway adorning,
A shield and defense from the sun's scorching ray.

CHORUS — Maple tree, etc.

Then plant ye the maple so young and so slender;
And grow with its growth as the years shall roll by;
While tow'rd manhood, ye vie with the tree in its splendor,
Each measure made full from great nature's supply.

CHORUS — Maple tree, etc.

Watertown, N. Y.

E. A. HOLBROOK.

THE BIRDS CHOOSE THE MAPLE.

There is another fact which strikes one in looking at these nests about the village; the birds of different feathers show a very marked preference for building in maples. It is true these trees are more numerous than others about our streets, but there are also elms, locusts, and sumachs mingled with them, enough, at least, to decide the question very clearly. This afternoon we counted the nests in the different trees as we passed them, with a view to this particular point, and the result was as follows: The first we came to were in a clump

* By a vote of those who participated in the Arbor Day exercises of 1889, in New York State, the Maple was chosen as the State Tree. See also, the selection at the foot of this page.

of young trees of various kinds, and here we found nine nests, one in a locust, the other eight in maples. Then following the street with trees irregularly planted on either side, a few here, a few there, we counted forty-nine nests, all of which were in maples, although several elms and locusts were mingled with these; frequently there were several nests in the same maple. * * * Such was the state of things in the principal streets through which we passed, making in all one hundred and twenty-seven nests, and of these, eighteen were in various kinds of trees, the remaining one hundred and nine were in maples.

SUSAN FENIMORE COOPER in "*Rural Hours*."

ACORN AND CHESTNUT.

ONE pleasant day in October an acorn and a chestnut were lying side by side on the brown earth where they had fallen.

"I hope I shall be safe in the ground before winter comes," said the acorn. "Snow and ice do not agree with me. In fact, if they come before I am under shelter they will kill me; and it would be sad indeed, if so fine and large an acorn as I am should be lost; for I expect to become a great oak some time, and oaks, as you know, are the kings of the forest."

"Yes, I hope so too," said the chestnut, "I want to be safe before winter comes. I would like to grow into a tree; for the swallows have told me that in all lands a strong, tall tree is thought to be one of the finest things in the world."

"Oh, chestnut trees are not much," said the acorn. "No one cares any thing about them except the boys, who think it fun to climb up among their branches and shake down the nuts. For my part, if I were a tree, I shouldn't care to live just to please a few children; and I am sure it would make me very angry to see them eating the fruit which I had taken the trouble to bear."

"Well," said the chestnut, "every tree to its taste. Some trees would rather have their food liked by boys and girls than have it be fit for nothing but pigs."

"What?" said the acorn, growing angry. "The oak is the noblest of all the trees. From its wood are made the great ships that go sailing over the ocean. It lives hundreds of years, and gives shade to thousands of people, and homes to millions of birds; and if, as I heard a man say one day, 'great oaks from little acorns grow,' what a noble tree may be expected from such an acorn as I am!"

"But how will you be planted?" asked the chestnut.

"Oh, that's easy enough," answered the acorn. "Every day I feel myself sinking deeper and deeper into the ground; and when I am deep enough the wind will throw some fine rich earth over me, and there I shall lie snug and warm until spring.

"Then, after putting out two little green leaves, I shall grow no more above ground for some time, but only keep spreading my roots and making them stronger. I shall grow slowly for years, until at last I shall spread out my branches for a great distance around, and become the king of the forest. Ah, how glad I am that I'm an acorn and not a chestnut!"

Just then, a squirrel, who had been peeping at them from her nest in the hollow of a tree, jumped down and seized the chestnut in her little gray paws.

"Good-by," sneered the acorn, as she carried it away. "That's the last of *you*. But, then, there is no great loss. You would have been only a chestnut tree, at the best. Chestnuts are good enough for squirrels."

But, when the squirrel had put the chestnut away in her nice little house, she sprang down again, seized the acorn, and carried it up too.

"Hello," said the chestnut, "here we are together again. There is little hope now that either of us will ever become a tree. And, as matters stand, I cannot see that an acorn is very much better than a chestnut after all."

But the acorn said nothing.

THE ELM.

BEAUTIFUL in her majestic grandeur, as she sends out her branches to the heavens, stands the American elm, a tough, hardy giant of field and forest, its massive trunks and wide-spreading roots bidding defiance to the strongest winds which nature can send to beat against its broad symmetrical top. While Englishmen eulogize the oak, and poets sing of the linden and sycamore, the hearts of the children of, at least, the Empire State, cling with devotion to that tree, which marks so many important events in the history of the land they love. Who has not heard of the Elm at Shakamaxon, under the spreading branches of which William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians, which was never sworn to and which stands alone as the only treaty made by the whites with the Indians which was never broken. For more than a century and a quarter, this tree stood a grand monument of this most sincere treaty ever made, but in 1810 it was blown down, and a monument of marble now but poorly marks the spot where it stood.

It was the elm that was first consecrated to American independence, and that tree planted by the Boston school-master, so long before separation from Great Britain was scarcely dreamed of in the colonies, and dedicated to their future independence, was long looked upon with love and pride, and when at last it was blown down, tolling bells related the story of its fall.

It was also the elm that shaded Washington on that July 3d, 1775, when he took command of the American army at Cambridge, and began that long public life in which he exhibited such brilliant talents, and won for himself the deserving title of "Father of his Country."

We have been an independent nation for more than a century, but this tree still stands, and its massive trunk and wide-spreading branches form a fitting emblem of the prosperous nation that started out, as it were, from beneath its shade, and in it are centered fond remembrances of our Revolutionary fathers.

Years will pass away, and "Providence permitting," these trees which we plant to-day will have become sturdy elms. Those who are now school children will act their part in the theatre of life and become old men and women; but wherever they are, whether they are in honor or disgrace, in prosperity or adversity, their happiest recollections will be centered in these childhood days, and these elms marking this Arbor Day will long remain as monuments of former happy times.

"The Student," Richfield Springs, 1889.

H. H. B.

Written for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

THE BIRCH TREE.

[Air—"AULD LANG SYNE."]

THOUGH oak, and elm, and maple tree,
 Call forth our love and care,
 With tender buds, and opening leaves,
 They woo the soft May air,
 Let not the birch tree be forgot,
 For well I bear in mind
 Its spicy buds and fragrant bark,
 I searched the woods to find.

Then plant the birch, the silvery birch,
 Near to the school-house door,
 For teachers used its pliant limbs,
 Full oft in days of yore.
 And though 'tis used for rods no more,
 'Twill please the children kind,
 Its spicy buds and fragrant bark,
 They search the woods to find.
 MRS. ADDIE V. McMULLEN.

South Sodus, N. Y.

THE SEED.

THE farmer planted a seed,—
 A little dry, black seed;
 And off he went to other work,—
 For the farmer never was known to shirk,—
 And cared for what had need.

The night came with its dew,—
 The cool and silent dew;
 The dawn came, and the day,
 And the farmer worked away,
 At labors not a few.

* * * * *

Home from his work one day,—
 One glowing summer day,—
 His children showed him a perfect flower;
 It had burst in bloom that very hour;
How, I cannot say.

But I know if the smallest seed
 In the soil of love be cast,
 Both day and night will do their part;
 And the sower who works with a patient heart,
 Will find the flower at last.

Now blossom all the trees, and all the fields
 And all the woods their pomp of foliage wear,
 And nature's fairest robe adorns the blooming year.

ARBOR DAY.

THE observance of Arbor Day in New York State is at once new, novel and interesting, as well as highly instructive. Its advantages are many, and the public benefits that may be derived therefrom cannot be overestimated. One of its main objects, however, as cited in the State Superintendent's circular letter, is to instill into the minds of the growing generation a genuine love of Nature in her manifold forms, and to know and love Nature is to protect her. It is meet, indeed, that our schools should become a coadjutant power, and what activity and zeal they may manifest will perhaps inspire their elders to better efforts.

The grandest achievement of this observation of Arbor Day would be to center the public mind upon the all-important fact that stringent and immediate measures should be adopted for the preservation of our forests, and to institute a common-sense investigation relative to their important climatic effects in many localities. Forest trees are excellent condensers of moisture, and as the vapor-laden clouds float above the large tracts, the contained moisture is condensed and falls as rain or snow. In these densely wooded districts the soil is naturally spongy and permeable. Rain falling on such ground is readily absorbed, and at once finds a passage to underground natural reservoirs, so valuable in many instances. The thick canopy of foliage affords excellent protection from the sun's greedy rays, and hence what moisture falls, is not lost in evaporation. Streams which find their source here are never failing, and their unceasing flow swells many a larger stream, thus made valuable for manufacturing power. And then again how dependent upon these tiny tributaries are the many and varied manufacturing interests. How insignificant would be our inland commerce and navigation without them.

As modifiers of the climate, trees, woodlands, and forest-tracts are not justly appreciated. They cool the atmosphere, and so temper the extremes of climatic "fickleness," that they become somewhat more endurable. They act as obstructions to destructive winds, which in event of the absence of forest-lands would have a clear sweep across unprotected districts. As beneficial to health, they stand pre-eminent. In primitive times forests were considered as hindrances, and the clearing of forest lands was thought to be a national necessity. The barrenness and sterility of the bible-countries was caused by this demolition of its forest lands, and trees are now so valuable in Persia that he who plants one is known as a public benefactor.

The first advocate of tree-planting in this country was the Hon. G. P. Marsh, and when the Central Pacific railroad was constructed, thousands of trees were planted alongside. Thus the custom originated in the far west, was first adopted as a holiday among the public schools in Nebraska, and has now reached the east. May the day grow in popularity, and may the lesson it strives to teach become a public task.

"The Student" — Richfield Springs, 1889.

A NEW HOLIDAY.

A NEW holiday is a boon to Americans, and this year the month of May gave a new holiday to the State of New York. It has been already observed elsewhere. It began, indeed, in Nebraska seventeen years ago, and thirty-four States and two Territories have preceded New York in adopting it. If the name of Arbor Day may seem to be a little misleading, because the word "arbor," which meant a tree to the Romans, means a bower to Americans, yet it may well serve until a better name is suggested, and its significance by general understanding will soon be as plain as Decoration Day.

The holiday has been happily associated in this State especially with the public schools. This is most fitting, because the public school is the true and universal symbol of the equal rights of all citizens before the law, and of the fact that educated intelligence is the basis of good popular government. The more generous the cultivation of the mind, and the wider the range of knowledge, the more secure is the great national commonwealth. The intimate association of the schools with tree-planting is fortunate in attracting boys and girls to a love and knowledge of nature, and to a respect for trees because of their value to the whole community.

The scheme for the inauguration of the holiday in New York was issued by the Superintendent of Public Instruction. It provided for simple and proper exercises, the recitation of brief passages from English literature relating to trees, songs about trees sung by the children, addresses, and planting of trees, to be named for distinguished persons of every kind.

The texts for such addresses are indeed as numerous as the trees, and there may be an endless improvement of the occasion, to the pleasure and the profit of the scholars. They may be reminded that our knowledge of trees begins at a very early age, even their own, and that it usually begins with a close and thorough knowledge of the birch.

This, indeed, might be called the earliest service of the tree to the child, if we did not recall the cradle and the crib. The child rocking in the cradle is the baby rocking in the tree-top, and as the child hears the nurse droning her drowsy rock-a-bye, baby, it may imagine that it hears the wind sighing through the branches of the tree. To identify the tree with human life and to give the pupil a personal interest in it will make the public school nurseries of sound opinion which will prevent the ruthless destruction of the forests.

The service of the trees to us begins with the cradle and ends with the coffin. But it continues through our lives, and is of almost unimaginable extent and variety. In this country our houses and their furniture and the fences that inclose them are largely the product of the trees. The fuel that warms them, even if it be coal, is the mineralized wood of past ages. The frames and handles of agricultural implements, wharves, boats, ships, India-rubber, gums, bark, cork, carriages and railroad cars and ties — wherever the eye falls it sees the beneficent service of the trees. Arbor Day recalls this direct service on every hand, and reminds us of the indirect ministry of trees as guardians of the sources of rivers — the great forests making the densely shaded hills, covered

with the accumulating leaves of ages, huge sponges from which trickle the supplies of streams. To cut the forests recklessly is to dry up the rivers. It is a crime against the whole community, and scholars and statesmen both declare that the proper preservation of the forests is the paramount public question. Even in a mercantile sense it is a prodigious question, for the estimated value of our forest products in 1880 was \$800,000,000, a value nearly double that of the wheat crop, ten times that of gold and silver, and forty times that of our iron ore.

It was high time that we considered the trees. They are among our chief benefactors, but they are much better friends to us than ever we have been to them. If as the noble horse passes us, tortured with the overdraw check and the close blinders and nagged with the goad, it is impossible not to pity him that he has been delivered into the hands of men to be cared for, not less is the tree to be pitied. It seems as if we had never forgotten or forgiven that early and intimate acquaintance with the birch, and have been revenging ourselves ever since. We have waged against trees a war of extermination like that of the Old Testament Christians of Massachusetts Bay against the Pequot Indians. We have treated the forests as if they were noxious savages or vermin. It was necessary, of course, that the continent should be suitably cleared for settlement and agriculture. But there was no need of shaving it as with a razor. If Arbor Day teaches the growing generation of children that in clearing a field some trees should be left for shade and for beauty, it will have rendered good service. In regions rich with the sugar-maple tree the young maples are saved from the general massacre because their sap, turned into sugar, is a marketable commodity. But every tree yields some kind of sugar, if it be only shade for a cow.

Let us hope also that Arbor Day will teach the children, under the wise guidance of experts, that trees are to be planted with intelligence and care, if they are to become both vigorous and beautiful. A sapling is not to be cut into a bean-pole, but carefully trimmed in accordance with its form. A tree which has lost its head will never recover it again, and will survive only as a monument of the ignorance and folly of its tormentor. Indeed, one of the happiest results of the new holiday will be the increase of knowledge which springs from personal interest in trees.

This will be greatly promoted by naming those which are planted on Arbor Day. The interest of children in pet animals, in dogs, squirrels, rabbits, cats, and ponies, springs largely from their life and their dependence upon human care. When the young tree also is regarded as living and equally dependent upon intelligent attention, when it is named by vote of the scholars, and planted by them with music and pretty ceremony, it will also become a pet, and a human relation will be established. If it be named for a living man or woman, it is a living memorial and a perpetual admonition to him whose name it bears not to suffer his namesake tree to outstrip him, and to remember that a man, like a tree, is known by his fruits.

Trees will acquire a new charm for intelligent children when they associate them with famous persons. Watching to see how Bryant and Longfellow are growing, whether Abraham Lincoln wants water, or George Washington

promises to flower early, or Benjamin Franklin is drying up, whether Robert Fulton is budding, or General Grant beginning to sprout, the pupil will find that a tree may be as interesting as the squirrel that skims along its trunk, or the bird that calls from its top like a muezzin from a minaret.

The future orators of Arbor Day will draw the morals that lie in the resemblances of all life. It is by care and diligent cultivation that the wild crab is subdued to bear sweet fruit, and by skillful grafting and budding that the same stock produces different varieties. And so you, Master Leonard or Miss Alice, if you are cross and spiteful and selfish and bullying, you also must be budded and trained. Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, young gentlemen, and you must start straight if you would not grow up crooked. Just as the boy begins, the man turns out.

So, trained by Arbor Day, as the children cease to be children they will feel the spiritual and refining influence, the symbolical beauty, of the trees. Like men, they begin tenderly and grow larger and larger, in greater strength, more deeply rooted, more widely spreading, stretching leafy boughs for birds to build in, shading the cattle that chew the cud and graze in peace, decking themselves in blossoms and ever-changing foliage, and murmuring with rustling music by day and night. The thoughtful youth will see a noble image of the strong man struggling with obstacles that he overcomes in a great tree wrestling mightily with the wintry gales, and extorting a glorious music from the storms which it triumphantly defies.

Arbor Day will make the country visibly more beautiful every year. Every little community, every school district, will contribute to the good work. The school-house will gradually become an ornament, as it is already the great benefit of the village, and the children will be put in the way of living upon more friendly and intelligent terms with the bountiful nature which is so friendly to us.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Editor's Easy Chair, Harper's Magazine, July, 1889.

The objects of the restoration of the forests are as multifarious as the motives which have led to their destruction, and as the evils which that destruction has occasioned. The planting of the mountains will diminish the frequency and violence of river inundations; prevent the formation of torrents; mitigate the extremes of atmospheric temperature, humidity, and precipitation; restore dried-up springs, rivulets, and sources of irrigation; shelter the fields from chilling and from parching winds; prevent the spread of miasmatic effluvia; and, finally, furnish an inexhaustible and self-renewing supply of material indispensable to so many purposes of domestic comfort, to the successful exercise of every art of peace, every destructive energy of war.

GEORGE P. MARSH.

A brotherhood of venerable trees.

WORDSWORTH — *Sonnet.*

UNDER THE PALMS.

I KNEW a palm tree upon Capri. It stood in select society of shining fig leaves and lustrous oleanders; it overhung the balcony, and so looked, far overleaning, down upon the blue Mediterranean. Through the dream-mists of southern Italian noons it looked up the broad bay of Naples and saw vague Vesuvius melting away; or at sunset the isles of the Sirens, whereon they singing sat, and wooed Ulysses as he sailed by. From the Sorrento, where Tasso was born, it looked across to pleasant Posilippo, where Virgil is buried, and to stately Ischia. The palm of Capri saw all that was fairest and most famous in the Bay of Naples.

The palm was a poet,—as all palms are poets. When I asked a bard whom I knew what the palm tree sang in its melancholy measures of waving, he told me that not Vesuvius, nor the Sirens, nor Sorrento, nor Tasso, nor Virgil, nor stately Ischia, nor all the broad blue beauty of Naples bay, was the theme of that singing. But partly it sang of a river forever flowing, and of cloudless skies, and green fields that never faded, and the mournful music of water-wheels, and the wild monotony of a tropical life,—and partly of the yellow silence of the desert and of dear solitudes inaccessible, and of wandering caravans, and lonely men.

Then it sang of gardens overhanging rivers that roll gorgeous-shored through western fancies of gardens in Bagdad watered by the Euphrates and the Tigris whereof it was the fringe and darling ornament, of oases in those sere sad deserts, where it over-fountained fountains, and every leaf was blessed; more than all, it sang of the great Orient universally, where no other tree was so abundant, so loved, and so beautiful.

Palm branches were strewn before Jesus as he rode into Jerusalem, and forever, since, the palm symbolizes peace. Wherever a grove of palms waves in the low moonlight or starlight wind, it is the celestial choir chanting "peace on earth, good will to men." Therefore it is the foliage of the old religious pictures. Mary sits under a palm, and the saints converse under palms, and the prophets prophesy in their shade, and cherubs float with palms over the martyr's agony. Nor among pictures is there any more beautiful than Corregio's "Flight into Egypt," wherein the golden-haired angels put aside the palm branches, and smile sunnily through upon the lovely mother and the lovely child.

The palm is the chief tree in religious remembrance and religious art. It is the chief tree in romance and poetry. But its sentiment is always eastern, and it always yearns for the east. In the west it is an exile, and pines in the most sheltered gardens. Yet of all western shores it is the happiest in Sicily; for Sicily is only a bit of Africa drifted westward. There is a soft southern strain in the Sicilian skies, and the palms drink its sunshine like dew. Upon the tropical plain behind Palermo, among the sun-sucking aloes, and the thick, shapeless cactuses, like elephants and rhinoceroses enchanted into foliage, it grows ever gladly. For the aloe is of the east, and the prickly pear; and upon the Sicilian plain the Saracens have been, and the palm sees the Arabian arch, and the oriental sign-manual stamped upon the land.

But the palms are not only poets, they are prophets as well. They are like heralds sent forth upon the farthest points to celebrate to the traveler the glories they show. Like spring birds, they sing a summer unfading, and climes where time wears the year as a queen a rosary of diamonds. The mariner, eastward sailing, hears tidings from the chance palms that hang along the southern Italian shore. They call out to him across the gleaming calm of a Mediterranean noon, "Thou happy mariner, our souls sail with thee."

In the land of Egypt palms are perpetual. They are the only foliage of the Nile, for we will not harm the modesty of a few mimosas and sycamores by foolish claims. They are the shade of the mud villages, marking their site in the landscape, so that the groups of palms are the number of the villages. They fringe the shore and the horizon. The sun sets golden behind them, and birds sit swinging upon their boughs and float glorious among their trunks; the sugar cane is not harmed by the ghostly shade; and the yellow flowers of the cotton plant star its dusk at evening. The children play under them, and the old men crone and smoke, the donkeys graze, and there the surly bison and the conceited camels repose.

The eye never wearies of palms, more than the ear of singing birds. Solitary they stand upon the sand, or upon the level fertile land in groups, with a grace and dignity that no tree surpasses. Very soon the eye beholds, in their forms, the original type of the columns which it will afterwards admire in the temples. Almost the first palm is architecturally suggestive, even in western gardens—but to artists living among them and seeing only them! Men's hands are not delicate in the early ages, and the fountain fairness of the palms is not very flowingly fashioned in the capitals; but in the flowery perfection of the Parthenon the palm triumphs. The forms of those columns came from Egypt, and that which was the suspicion of the earlier workers, was the success of more delicate designing. So is the palm inwound with our art, and poetry, and religion.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

FOREST FLOWERS.

OUR forests are fast disappearing. In their sheltering shade and the rich mould of their annually decaying leaves, the greater number of our loveliest plants are found; and when the axe comes, that cruel weapon that wars upon nature's freshness, and the noble oak, the elm, the beech, the maple, and the tulip tree fall with a loud crash in the peaceful solitude, even the very birds can understand that a floral death knell sounds through the melodious wilderness.

A number of our choicest plants are threatened with extinction; for as the woods are cleared away these tender offsprings, the pretty flowers which we so dearly cherish, will perish utterly. It is, therefore, well to prevent as far as possible the destruction of our native forests, as well as to plant forest trees if for no other purpose than the preservation of the little helpless, blooming beauties that adorn our woodland shades.

GUSTAVUS FRANKENSTEIN.

A SERMON FROM A THORN-APPLE TREE.

“I WANT to tell you about my thorn-apple tree. It came up by the gate, where it gets the drip from the watering-trough; that’s what made it grow so strong and handsome. Every year it is just as full of blossoms as the apple trees, and you know what it bears—little red seedy berries, good for nothing at all, so I used to think. But the first spring after I was sick, when I was thinking how pretty it was—all blown out, and the green leaves peeping through the white—it just came to me that the thorn-apple was doing what it was made for exactly, the same as the russet trees and the pippins; and I took notice, as I never did before, how the squirrels came to eat the seeds in the fall, and how the blue-jays and the winter-birds seemed always to find something there for a breakfast, and I came to love that thorn-apple and enjoy it more than any thing else. It always seemed to have some lesson for me. I call it my preacher, and whenever I look at it I think the Lord wants thorn-apples as well as pippins. He sets a good many of His children to feeding birds and squirrels, and doing little things that nobody takes any note of, and I’m thankful every day that He lets me grow the blossoms, and feed His birds. Perhaps that is all He may want of you, Ruby, but don’t you be troubled about that. ‘Abide in Him,’ as the branch abideth in the vine, and He’ll see to the fruit. It will be just the kind He wants you to bear.”

From EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER’S “*Thorn-Apple.*”

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

I WANDERED lonely where the pine trees made
 Against the bitter East their barricade,
 And, guided by its sweet
 Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,
 The trailing spring flower tinted like a shell
 Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet,
 From under dead boughs, for whose loss the pines
 Moaned ceaseless overhead, the blossoming vines
 Lifted their glad surprise,
 While yet the bluebird smoothed in leafless trees
 His feathers ruffled by the chill sea-breeze,
 And snow-drifts lingered under April skies.
 As, pausing, o’er the loney flower I went,
 I thought of lives thus slowly, clogged and pent,
 Which yet find room
 Through care and cumber; coldness and decay,
 To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day,
 And make the sad earth happier for their bloom.

WHITTIER.

THE HISTORIC TREE OF CHICAGO.

AT the Arbor Day exercises held in April by the Illinois Chautauqua Union, a paper was read by a member of the Lakeside Circle, entitled "A Voice from the Historic Tree of Chicago." Through the kindness of the writer this article has been given to the Local History column and from it we take a few items:

In the middle of Eighteenth street, between Prairie avenue and the lake, stands a large cotton-wood tree; it is the last of a group which marked the spot where the Indian massacre of 1812 took place. Fort Dearborn stood at the mouth of Chicago river, about one and one-half miles from the clump of trees. It was in command of Captain Heald. In August an army of Indians attacked the fort, and the garrison being weak, the commandant offered to surrender on condition that the force might withdraw without molestation. At nine o'clock on August 15, the party, composed of about seventy-five persons, advanced from the fort along the Indian trail which follows the lake shore. Captain Wells who had come to the assistance of Captain Heald, led the line. The women were on horseback, and the children in a wagon. They had reached the present location of Fourteenth street when the six hundred Pottawatamie Indians who had volunteered to escort them safely to Fort Wayne struck out toward the prairie, and, concealed by a range of sand hills which separated the prairie from the lake, hurried forward and placed an ambuscade for the troops. When the little band had reached the cotton-wood tree, a volley was showered by the Indians. The officers, men, and even the women fought for their lives; but what could seventy-five whites (some of whom had been on the sick list) do against six hundred savages? The entire party of children, twelve in number, were tomahawked and scalped. Captain Wells was slain; in an hour only twenty-five of the party remained alive, and Captain Heald surrendered on condition that the lives of the remnant be spared. The only wounded spared were Captain Heald and Lieutenant Helm and their wives. Fifty-two dead bodies of the whites were left on the ground. In 1816 when the fort was rebuilt and the troops returned, the bones were collected and buried.

Chautauquan, November, 1888.

LITTLE THINGS.

FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

O LITTLE flowers, you love me so,	O little moss, observed by few,
You could not do without me;	That round the tree is creeping,
O little birds that come and go,	You like my head to rest on you,
You sing sweet songs about me;	While I am idly sleeping.

Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teaching.

BRYANT'S *Thanatopsis*.

SPARE THE TREES.

ALAS, in how many places is the forest which once lent us shade, nothing more than a memory. The grave and noble circle which adorned the mountain is every day contracting. Where you come in hope of seeing life, you find but the image of death. O, who will really undertake the defense of the trees, and rescue them from senseless destruction? Who will eloquently set forth their manifold mission, and their active and incessant assistance in the regulation of the laws which rule our globe? Without them, it seems delivered over to blind destiny, which will involve it again into chaos. The motive powers and purificators of the atmosphere through the respiration of their foliage, avaricious collectors to the advantage of future ages of the solar heat, it is they which pacify the storm and avert its most disastrous consequences. In the low-lying plains, which have no outlet for their waters, the trees, long before the advent of man, drained the soil by their roots, forcing the stagnant waters to descend and construct at a lower depth their useful reservoirs. And now, on the abrupt declivities, they consolidate the crumbling soil, check and break the torrent, control the melting of the snows, and preserve to the meadows the fertile humidity which in due time will overspread them with a sea of flowers. And is not this enough? To watch over the life of the plant and its general harmony, is it not to watch over the safety of humanity? The tree, again, was created for the nurture of man, to assist him in his industries and his arts. It is owing to the tree, to its soul, earth buried for so many centuries, and now restored to light, that we have secured the wings of the steam engine. Thank heaven for the trees! With my feeble voice I claim for them the gratitude of man.

MADAME MICHELET.

SPRING-TIME IS COMING.

THE spring-time is coming, the winter is past;
 The flowers are waking at last, at last.
 Awake, little sleepers, from forest and field
 Oh, sweet is the joy that to us you yield.

The birds sing out from each tree and bush;
 The violets listen with a sweet fragrant hush.
 Oh, every thing that's sleeping still awake, awake;
 To life and spring-time awake.

For when the world was new, the race that broke
 Unfathered, from the soil or opening oak,
 Lived most unlike the men of later times.

JUVENAL.

THE ROBIN.

MY old Welch neighbor over the way
 Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
 Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
 And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,
 And cruel in sport as boys will be,
 Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped
 From bough to bough in the apple tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother; "have you not heard,
 My poor, bad boy! of the fiery pit,
 And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
 Carries the water that quenches it?"

"He brings cool dew in his little bill,
 And lets it fall on the souls of sin;
 You can see the mark on his red breast still
 Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,
 Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
 Very dear to the heart of our Lord
 Is he who pities the lost like him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;
 "Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;
 Each good thought is a drop wherewith
 To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

Prayers of love like rain drops fall,
 Tears of pity are cooling dew,
 And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
 Who suffer like Him in the good they do!

WHITTIER.

The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
 The mountain and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colors and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite.

WORDSWORTH'S *Tintern Abbey*.

THE STORY OF "HIAWATHA."

TRACED BY TREES AND SUNG BY BIRDS.

Arranged for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

IN dedicating a tree to the memory of LONGFELLOW, this "story" may be arranged for an entire class or grade. It is especially appropriate for high school and academic grades, in cities and villages where but a single tree is to be planted by the class.

INTRODUCTION.

Listen to these wild traditions,

Should you ask me, whence these stories?

To this Song of Hiawatha!

Whence these legends and traditions,

With the odors of the forest,

With the dew and damp of meadows,

With the curling smoke of wigwams,

With the rushing of great rivers,

With their frequent repetitions,

And their wild reverberations,

As of thunder in the mountains?

I should answer, I should tell you,

"From the forests and the prairies."

* * * * *

Should you ask where Nawadaha

Found these songs, so wild and wayward,

Found these legends and traditions,

I should answer, I should tell you,

"In the birds'-nests of the forest,

In the lodges of the beaver,

In the hoof-prints of the bison,

In the eyry of the eagle!

* * * * *

"In the Vale of Tawasentha,

In the green and silent valley,

By the pleasant water-courses,

Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.

Round about the Indian village

Spread the meadows and the cornfields,

And beyond them stood the forest,

Stood the groves of singing pine trees,

Green in summer, white in winter,

Ever sighing, ever singing.

* * * * *

Ye who love the haunts of nature,

Love the sunshine of the meadow,

Love the shadow of the forest,

Love the wind among the branches,

And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,

And the rushing of great rivers

Through their palisades of pine trees,

And the thunder in the mountains,

Whose innumerable echoes

Flap like eagles in their eyries:

THE PEACE PIPE.

From the red stone of the quarry

With his hand he broke a fragment,

Moulded it into a pipe head,

Shaped and fashioned it with figures;

From the margin of the river

Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,

With its dark green leaves upon it;

Filled the pipe with bark of willow,

With the bark of the red willow;

Breathed upon the neighboring forest,

Made its great boughs chafe together,

Till in flame they burst and kindled;

And erect upon the mountains,

Gitchie Manito, the mighty,

Smoked the calumet, the Peace Pipe,

As a signal to the nations.

* * * * *

THE EAST WIND.

Lonely in the sky was Wabun;

Though the birds sang gayly to him,

Though the wild-flowers of the meadow

Filled the air with odors for him,

Though the forests and the rivers

Sang and shouted at his coming,

Still his heart was sad within him,

For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earthward,

While the village still was sleeping,

And the fog lay on the river,

Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,

He beheld a maiden walking

All alone upon a meadow,

Gathering water-flags and rushes

By a river in the meadow,

Every morning, gazing earthward,

Still the first thing he beheld there

Was her blue eyes looking at him,

Two blue lakes among the rushes.

* * * * *

THE NORTH WIND.

But the fierce Kabibonokka
 Had his dwelling among icebergs,
 In the everlasting snow-drifts,
 In the kingdom of Wabasso,
 In the land of the White Rabbit.
 He it was whose hand in autumn
 Painted all the trees with scarlet,
 Stained the leaves with red and yellow;
 He it was who sent the snow-flakes,
 Sifting, hissing through the forest,
 Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,
 Drove the loon and sea-gull southward,
 Drove the cormorant and curlew
 To their nests of sedge and sea-tang
 In the realms of Shawondasee.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

By the shores of Gitchie Gumee
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
 Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
 Dark behind it rose the forest,
 Rose the black and gloomy pine trees,
 Rose the firs with cones upon them:
 Bright before it beat the water,
 Beat the clear and sunny water,
 Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

* * * *

At the door on summer evenings
 Sat the little Hiawatha;
 Heard the whispering of the pine trees,
 Heard the lapping of the water,
 Sounds of music, words of wonder;
 "Minne-wawa!" said the pine trees,
 "Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

* * * *

Then Iagoo the great boaster,
 He the marvelous story-teller,
 He the traveler and the talker
 He the friend of old Nokomis,
 Made a bow for Hiawatha;
 From a branch of ash he made it,
 From an oak bough made the arrows,
 Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
 And the chord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:
 "Go my son, into the forest,
 Where the red deer herd together,
 Kill for us a famous roe buck,

Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straightway
 All alone walked Hiawatha
 Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
 And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
 Sang the robin, the Opeechee,
 Sang the bluebird the Owaissa,
 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"

Up the oak tree, close beside him,
 Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
 In and out among the branches,
 Coughed and chattered from the oak trees,
 Laughed, and said between his laughing,
 "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway
 Leaped aside, and at a distance
 Sat erect upon his haunches,
 Half in fear and half in frolic,
 Saying to the little hunter,
 "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
 For his thoughts were with the red deer.

* * * *

AFTER THE BATTLE WITH MUDJEKEEWIS.

The Meeting with "Laughing-Water."

Homeward now went Hiawatha;
 Pleasant was the landscape round him,
 Pleasant was the air above him,
 For the bitterness of anger
 Had departed wholly from him,
 From his brain the thought of vengeance,
 From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,
 Only once he paused or halted,
 Paused to purchase heads of arrows,
 Of the ancient arrow-maker,
 In the land of the Dacotahs,
 Where the Falls of Minnehaha
 Flash and gleam among the oak trees
 Laugh and leap into the valley.

* * * *

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,
 Wayward as the Minnehaha,
 With her moods of shade and sunshine,
 Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
 Feet as rapid as the river,
 Tresses flowing like the water,
 And as musical a laughter;

And he named her from the river,
From the waterfall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing-Water.

* * * * *

HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

You shall hear how Hiawatha
Prayed and fasted in the forest,
Not for greater skill in hunting,
Not for greater craft in fishing,
Not for triumphs in the battle
And renown among the warriors,
But for profit of the people,
For advantage of the nations.

THE MAIZE.

After wrestling with Mondamin.

Homeward then went Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed:
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin;
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin.
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine,

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Kept the dark mould soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens,

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another, and another,
And before the summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long soft yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.

* * * * *

THE SWEET SINGER.

Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers:
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers.

When he sang, the village listened;
All the warriors gathered round him;
All the women came to hear him;
Now he stirred their souls to passion,
Now he melted them to pity.

From the hollow reeds he fashioned
Flutes so musical and mellow,
That the brook, the Sebowisha,
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
That the wood-birds ceased from singing,
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak tree,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha,
Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing!"

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Envious said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as wild and wayward,
Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"

Yes, the robin, the Opeechee,
Joyous said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as sweet and tender,
Teach me songs as full of gladness!"

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,
Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sadness!"

All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music;
For he sang of peace and freedom,
Sang of beauty, love and longing;
Sang of death and life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah
In the land of the Hereafter.

KWASIND.

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his mother
 "In my work you never help me!
 In the summer you are roaming
 Idly in the fields and forests."

* * * * *

"Lazy Kwasind!" said his father,
 "In the hunt you never help me;
 Every bow you touch is broken,
 Snapped asunder every arrow;
 Yet come with me to the forest,
 You shall bring the hunting homeward."

Down a narrow pass they wandered,
 Where a brooklet led them onward,
 Where the trail of deer and bison
 Marked the soft mud on the margin,
 Till they found all further passage
 Shut against them, barred securely
 By the trunks of trees uprooted,
 Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise
 And forbidding further passage.

"We must go back," said the old man,
 "O'er these logs we cannot clamber;
 Not a woodchuck could get through them,
 Not a squirrel clamber o'er them!"
 And straightway his pipe he lighted,
 And sat down to smoke and ponder.
 But before his pipe was finished,
 Lo! the path was cleared before him;
 All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
 To the right hand, to the left hand;
 Shot the pine trees swift as arrows,
 Hurling the cedars light as lances.

* * * * *

HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

Building the Birch Canoe.

"Give me of your bark, O birch tree!
 Of your yellow bark, O birch tree!
 Growing by the rushing river,
 Tall and stately in the valley!
 I a light canoe will build me,
 Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
 Thou shalt float upon the river,
 Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
 Like a yellow water lily!"

"Lay aside your cloak, O birch tree!
 Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
 For the summer time is coming,

And the sun is warm in heaven,
 And you need no white-skin wrapper!"

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
 In the solitary forest.

* * * * *

And the tree with all its branches
 Rustled in the breeze of morning,
 Saying with a sigh of patience,
 "Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"
 With his knife the tree he girdled;
 Just beneath its lowest branches,
 Just above the roots he cut it,
 Till the sap came oozing outward;
 Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
 Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
 With a wooden wedge he raised it,
 Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
 Of your strong and pliant branches,
 My canoe to make more steady,
 Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar
 Went a sound, a cry of horror,
 Went a murmur of resistance,
 But it whispered, bending downward,
 "Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of Cedar,
 Shaped them straightway to a framework,
 Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
 Like two bended bows together.

"Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
 Of your fibrous roots, O Larch tree!
 My canoe to bind together,
 So to bind the ends together
 That the water may not enter,
 That the river may not wet me!"

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
 Shivered in the air of morning,
 Touched his forehead with its tassels,
 Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
 "Take them all, O Hiawatha!"

From the earth he tore the fibres,
 Tore the tough roots of the Larch tree,
 Closely sewed the bark together,
 Bound it closely to the framework.

"Give me of your balm, O Fir tree!
 Of your balsam and your resin,
 So to close the seams together
 That the water may not enter,

That the river may not wet me!"

And the Fir tree tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
"Take my balm, O, Hiawatha!"

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

* * * *

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL FEATHER.

The Battle with Megissog-won.—The Woodpecker.

Then began the greatest battle
That the sun had ever looked on,
That the war-birds ever witnessed.

* * * *

Till at sunset Hiawatha
Leaning on his bow of ash tree,
Wounded, weary, and desponding,
With his mighty war-club broken,
With his mittens torn and tattered,
And three useless arrows only,
Paused to rest beneath a pine tree,
From whose branches trailed the mosses,
And whose trunk was coated over
With the Dead-man's Moccasin-leather,

With the fungus white and yellow.
Suddenly from the boughs above him
Sang the Ma'ma, the woodpecker:
"Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,
At the head of Megissog'won,
Strike the tuft of hair upon it,
At their roots the long black tresses;
There alone can he be wounded!"

Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,

* * * *

Swifter flew the second arrow,

* * * *

But the third and latest arrow
Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest.

* * * *

At the feet of Hiawatha
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-feather,
Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha
Called the Ma'ma, the woodpecker,
From his perch among the branches
Of the melancholy pine tree,
And, in honor of his service,
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
On the little head of Ma'ma;
Even to this day he wears it,
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers,
As a symbol of his service.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outrun his footsteps;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.

* * * *

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who, one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.

* * * *

Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

[step,

Through their thoughts they heard a foot-

Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.

* * * * *

Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
"That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

* * * * *

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing or reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you my husband!"

* * * * *

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill and hollow.

* * * * *

Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine tree.

* * * * *

Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight.
Brought the sunshine of his people.

THE WEDDING FEAST.

Sumptuous was the feast of Nokomis
Made at Hiawatha's wedding;
All the bowls were made of bass wood,
White and polished very smoothly,

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All the spoons of horn of bison,
Black and polished very smoothly.

She had sent through all the village
Messengers with wands of willow,
As a sign of invitation
As a token of the feasting.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF OSSEO.

Iagoo's Story.

"Hear the story of Osseo.

* * * * *

In the Northland lived a hunter
With ten young and comely daughters
Tall and lithe as wands of willow;
Only Oweenee, the youngest,
She the wilful and the wayward,
She the silent dreamy maiden,
Was the fairest of the sisters.

"All these women married warriors,
Married brave and haughty husbands;
Only Oweenee, the youngest,
Laughed and flouted all her lovers.
All her young and handsome suitors
And then married old Osseo.

* * * * *

"Ah, but beautiful within him
Was the spirit of Osseo.

* * * * *

"Once to some great feast invited,
Through the damp and dusk of evening
Walked together the ten sisters,
Walked together with their husbands;
Slowly followed old Osseo,
With fair Oweenee beside him;
All the others chatted gayly,
These two only walked in silence.

"At the western sky Osseo
Gazed intent as if imploring,

* * * * *

"And they heard him murmur softly,
"Pity, pity me, my father!"

"Listen!" said the eldest sister,
'He is praying to his father!'

* * * * *

"And they laughed till all the forest
Rang with their unseemly laughter.

"On their pathway through the wood-
lands
Lay an oak by storms uprooted,

Lay the great trunk of an oak tree,
 Buried half in leaves and mosses,
 Mouldering, crumbling, huge and hollow.
 And Osseo, when he saw it,
 Gave a shout, a cry of anguish,
 Leaped into its yawning cavern,
 At one end went in an old man,
 Wasted, wrinkled, old and ugly,
 From the other came a young man,
 Tall and straight and strong and handsome,
 "Thus Osseo was transfigured,
 Thus restored to youth and beauty."

* * * *

BLESSING THE CORN FIELDS.

Once when all the maize was planted,
 Hiawatha, wise and thoughtful,
 Spake and said to Minnehaha,
 To his wife, the Laughing Water :
 " You shall bless to-night the corn-fields,
 Draw a magic circle round them,
 To protect them from destruction."

* * * *

On the tree-tops near the corn-fields
 Sat the hungry crows and ravens,
 Kahgahgee, the King of Ravens,
 With his band of black marauders,
 And they laughed at Hiawatha,
 Till the tree-tops shook with laughter,
 With their melancholy laughter,
 At the words of Hiawatha.

* * * *

And the merry Laughing Water
 Went rejoicing from the wigwam,
 With Nokomis, old and wrinkled,
 And they called the women round them,
 Called the young men and the maidens,
 To the harvest of the corn-fields,
 To the husking of the maize-ear.

On the border of the forest,
 Underneath the fragrant pine trees,
 Sat the old men and the warriors
 Smoking in the pleasant shadow.
 In uninterrupted silence
 Looked they at the gamesome labor
 Of the young men and the women;
 Listened to their noisy talking.
 To their laughter and their singing,
 Heard them chattering like the magpies,

Heard them laughing like the blue jays,
 Heard them singing like the robins.

And whene'er some lucky maiden
 Found a red ear in the husking,
 Found a maize-ear red as blood is,
 "Nushka!" cried they altogether,
 "Nushka! you shall have a sweetheart,
 You shall have a handsome husband!"
 "Ugh!" the old men all responded,
 From their seats beneath the pine trees.

* * * *

PICTURE WRITING.

And the last of all the figures
 Was a heart within a circle,
 Drawn within a magic circle;
 And the image had this meaning:
 "Naked lies your heart before me,
 To your naked heart I whisper!"

Thus it was that Hiawatha,
 In his wisdom taught the people
 All the mysteries of painting,
 All the art of picture writing,
 On the smooth bark of the birch tree,
 On the white skin of the reindeer,
 On the grave-posts of the village.

HIAWATHA'S LAMENTATION.

Death of Chibiabos.

Once when Peboan, the winter,
 Roofed with ice the Big-Sea-Water,
 When the snow-flakes, whirling downward,
 Hissed among the withered oak-leaves,
 Changed the pine trees into wigwams,
 Covered all the earth with silence,—
 Armed with arrows, shod with snow-shoes,
 Heeding not his brother's warning,
 Fearing not the Evil Spirits,
 Forth to hunt the deer with antlers
 All alone went Chibiabos.

* * * *

But beneath, the Evil Spirits,
 Lay in ambush, waiting for him,
 Broke the treacherous ice beneath him,
 Dragged him downward to the bottom,
 Drowned him in the deep abysses
 Of the lake of Gitchie Gumee.
 From the headlands Hiawatha

Sent forth such a wail of anguish,
Such a fearful lamentation,
That the bison paused to listen,
And the wolves howled from the prairies.

* * * * *

“He is dead, the sweet musician !
He the sweetest of all singers !
He has gone from us forever,
He has moved a little nearer
To the Master of all music,
To the Master of all singing !
O my brother, Chibiabos !”

And the melancholy fir trees
Waved their dark green fans above him,
Waved their purple cones above him,
Sighing with him to console him,
Mingling with his lamentation
Their complaining, their lamenting.

Came the spring, and all the forest
Looked in vain for Chibiabos;
Sighed the rivulet, Sebowisha,
Sighed the rushes in the meadow.

From the tree-tops sang the bluebird,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaisa,
“Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !
He is dead the sweet musician !”

From the wigwam sang the robin,
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
“Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !
He is dead, the sweetest singer !”

And at night through all the forest
Went the whippoorwill complaining,
Wailing went the Wawanaissa,
“Chibiabos ! Chibiabos !
He is dead, the sweet musician !
He the sweetest of all singers !”

PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

Then departed Pau-Puk-Keewis
Whistling, singing through the forest,
Whistling gayly to the squirrels,
Who from hollow boughs above him
Dropped their acorn shells upon him,
Singing gayly to the wood-birds,
Who from out the leafy darkness
Answered with a song as merry.

* * * * *

THE HUNTING OF PAU-PUK-KEEWIS.

But the wary Hiawatha
the figure ere it vanished,

Saw the form of Pau-Puk-Keewis
Glide into the soft blue shadow
Of the pine trees of the forest;
Toward the squares of white beyond it,
Toward an opening in the forest,
Like a wind it rushed and panted,
Bending all the boughs before it,
And behind it, as the rain comes,
Came the steps of Hiawatha.

* * * * *

And so near he came, so near him,
That his hand was stretched to seize him,
His right hand to seize and hold him,
When the cunning Pau-Puk-Keewis
Whirled and spun about in circles,
Fanned the air into a whirlwind,
Danced the dust and leaves about him,
And amid the whirling eddies
Sprang into a hollow oak tree,
Changed himself into a serpent,
Gliding out through root and rubbish.

With his right hand Hiawatha
Smote amain the hollow oak tree,
Rent it into shreds and splinters,
Left it lying there in fragments.
But in vain; for Pau-Puk-Keewis,
Once again in human figure,
Full in sight ran on before him,
Sped away in gust and whirlwind.

THE DEATH OF Kwasind.

Now this wondrous strength of Kwasind
In his crown alone was seated;
In his crown too was his weakness;
There alone could he be wounded,
Nowhere else could weapon pierce him,
Nowhere else could weapon harm him.

Even there the only weapon
That could wound him, that could slay him,
Was the seed-cone of the pine-tree,
Was the blue-cone of the fir tree.
This was Kwasind's fatal secret,
Known to no man among mortals;
But the cunning Little People,
The Puk-Wudjies, knew the secret,
Knew the only way to kill him.

* * * * *

At the first blow of their war clubs,
Fell a drowsiness on Kwasind;
At the second blow they smote him,

Motionless his paddle rested;
 At the third, before his vision
 Reeled the landscape into darkness,
 Very sound asleep was Kwasind.
 So he floated down the river,
 Like a blind man seated upright,
 Floated down the Taquamenaw,
 Underneath the trembling birch trees,
 Underneath the wooded headlands,
 Underneath the war encampment
 Of the pygmies, the Puk-Wudjies.

There they stood, all armed and wait-
 ing

Hurled the pine-cones down upon him,
 Struck him on his brawny shoulders,
 On his crown defenseless struck him.
 "Death to Kwasind!" was the sudden
 War-cry of the Little People.

And he sideways swayed and tumbled,
 Sideways fell into the river;
 Plunged beneath the sluggish water
 Headlong as an otter plunges;
 And the birch canoe, abandoned,
 Drifted empty down the river,
 Bottom upward swerved and drifted:
 Nothing more was seen of Kwasind.

But the memory of the Strong Man
 Lingered long among the people;
 And whenever through the forest
 Raged and roared the wintry tempest,
 And the branches, tossed and troubled,
 Creaked and groaned and split asunder,
 "Kwasind!" cried they; "that is Kwasind!"
 He is gathering in his fire-wood!"

THE GHOSTS.

Not a motion made Nokomis,
 Not a gesture Laughing Water;
 Not a change came o'er their features;
 Only Minnehaha softly
 Whispered, saying, "They are famished;
 Let them do what best delights them;
 Let them eat, for they are famished."

Many a daylight dawned and dark-
 ened,

Many a night shook off the daylight
 As the pine shakes off the snowflakes
 From the midnight of its branches;
 Day by day the guests unmoving
 Sat there silent in the wigwam;
 But by night, in storm or starlight,

Forth they went into the forest,
 Bringing fire-wood to the wigwam,
 Bringing pine-cones for the burning,
 Always sad and always silent.

* * * *

THE FAMINE.

Forth into the empty forest
 Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
 In his heart was deadly sorrow,
 In his face a stony firmness;
 On his brow the sweat of anguish
 Started, but it froze and fell not.

Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
 With his mighty bow of ash tree,
 With his quiver full of arrows,
 With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
 Into the vast and vacant forest
 On his snow-shoes strode he forward.

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"

Cried he with his face uplifted
 In that bitter hour of anguish,
 "Give your children food, O father!
 Give us food, or we must perish!
 Give me food for Minnehaha,
 For my dying Minnehaha!"

Through the far resounding forest,
 Through the forest vast and vacant
 Rang that cry of desolation,
 But there came no other answer
 Than the echo of his crying,
 Than the echo of the woodlands,
 "Minnehaha! Minnehaha!"

DEATH OF MINNEHAHA.

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
 With those gloomy guests, that watched her,
 With the Famine and the Fever,
 She was lying, the Beloved,
 She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
 Hear a roaring and a rushing,
 Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
 Calling to me from a distance!"
 "No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
 "'Tis the night-wind in the pine trees!"

* * * *

Homeward hurried Hiawatha,

* * * *

And he rushed into the wigwam,
 Saw the old Nokomis slowly

Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

* * * *

Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.

WHITE MAN'S FOOT.

In his lodge beside a river,
Close beside a frozen river,
Sat an old man, sad and lonely.

* * * *

All the coals were white with ashes,
And the fire was slowly dying,
As a young man, walking lightly,
At the open doorway entered.
Red with blood of youth his cheeks were,
Soft his eyes, as stars in Spring-time,
Bound his forehead was with grasses,
Bound and plumed with scented grasses!
On his lips a smile of beauty,
Filling all the lodge with sunshine,
In his hand a bunch of blossoms
Filling all the lodge with sweetness.

* * * *

From his pouch he drew his peace-pipe,
Very old and strangely fashioned;
Made of red stone was the pipe-head,
And the stem a reed with feathers;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
Placed a burning coal upon it,
Gave it to his guest, the stranger,
And began to speak in this wise:

"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionless are all the rivers,
Hard as stone becomes the water!"

And the young man answered, smiling: On the hearth-stone of the wigwam,

"When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Flowers spring up o'er all the meadows,
Singing, onward rush the rivers!"

"When I shake my hoary tresses,"
Said the old man, darkly frowning,
"All the land with snow is covered;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild goose and the heron,
Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo! they are not.
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the forest
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,
And the earth becomes as flintstone!"

"When I shake my flowing ringlets,"
Said the young man, softly laughing,
"Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the bluebird and the robin,
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage!"

Then the old man's tongue was speechless
And the air grew warm and pleasant,
And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the bluebird and the robin,
And the stream began to murmur,
And a scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently wafted.

And Segwun, the youthful stranger
More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him;
It was Peboan, the Winter!

From his eyes the tears were flowing,
As from melting lakes the streamlets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,
Till into the ground it vanished,
And the young man saw before him,

Where the fire had smoked and smouldered,
Saw the earliest flower of Spring-time.

* * * * *

Thus it was that in the North-land
After that unheard-of coldness,
That intolerable Winter,
Came the Spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

* * * * *

"Gitche Manito the Mighty,
The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Sends them hither on his errand,
Sends them to us with his message.
Whereso'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging-fly, the Ahmo.
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker;

Whereso'er they tread, beneath them
Springs a flower unknown among us,
Spring the White-man's Foot in blossom.

FAREWELL TO HIAWATHA..

And they said. "Farewell forever!"
Said, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fen-lands,
Screamed, "Farewell, O Hiawatha!"

LONGFELLOW.

THE VIOLET.

VIOLET! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years?
Or with gladness are they full,
For the night so beautiful,
And longing for those far-off spheres?

Thy little heart, that hath with love
Grown colored like the sky above,
On which thou lookest ever,—
Can it know
All the woe
Of hope for what returneth never,
All the sorrow and the longing
To these hearts of ours belonging?

Out on it! no foolish pining
For the sky
Dims thine eye,
Or for the stars so calmly shining;
Like thee let this soul of mine
Take hue from that wherefor I long,
Self-stayed and high, serene and strong,
Not satisfied with hoping—but divine.

Violet! dear violet!
Thy blue eyes are only wet
With joy and love of Him who sent thee,
And for the fulfilling sense
Of that glad obedience
Which made thee all that Nature meant
thee.

LOWELL.

THE FIR TREE.

HARK, hark! What does the Fir tree say? Creak, creak! Listen! "Be firm, be true,
Standing still all night, all day— The winter's frost and the summer's dew
Never a moan from over his way. Are all in God's time, and all for you.
Green through all the winter's gray— Only live your life, and your duty do,
What does the steadfast Fir tree say? And be brave, and strong, steadfast and true."

Chautauquan, March, 1884.

LUELLA CLARK.

Written for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

A HOME BY THE WARM SOUTHERN SEA.*

OH, give me a home by the warm Southern sea!
 Where the playful waves bring a kind respite to me,
 And from New Year's till March the jessamine bloom
 Fills the eye with its beauty, and the air with perfume;
 While I almost can hear the tinkle and swell
 Of the dear little yellow jessamine bell,
 As it swings on its vine from the top of a tree,
 And exultantly shakes its bright petals at me.

Oh, give me a home by the warm Southern sea!
 Where the Cherokee rose climbs the palmetto tree,
 And sweetly peeps forth through perennial green
 Bedecking the months 'twixt the fair jessamine
 And the magnolia grand, the queen of the May,
 The tree of the Southland, the pride of the day,
 The fountain of odors which scatter and fill
 The fair summer flowers, and sweet daffodil.

Oh, give me a home by the warm Southern sea!
 Where the jubilant sunbeams dance o'er the lea,
 Where with oars idly dropped, I float with the tides,
 Or rest in wild hammocks which nature provides;
 While vines, creeping vines, come forth in an hour,
 And noiselessly twine me a summerland bower;
 Then opening soft eyes, speaking love and good will,
 They twine and keep twining unweariedly still.

Oh, give me a home by the warm Southern sea!
 Where lilies hang drooping from shrub and from tree,
 Where fruits in all seasons hang luscious and rare,
 Where from May to December the soft, balmy air
 Brings a lazy delight to my soul as I lie
 And list to the mocking-bird's twitter and cry;
 Till catching a glimpse of the gay holly tree
 As it shakes its bright berries in radiant glee,
 I am minded that Christmas, glad Christmas is near,
 And that I have been dreaming for nearly a year.

St. Augustine, Fla.

MRS. B. C. RUDE.

No tree in all the grove but has its charms
 Though each its hue peculiar.

COWPER.

*EDITOR ARBOR DAY MANUAL — Please accept this little offering as a kindly link in the great chain of earnest effort which now connects the educational interests of the two halves of our one vast whole — our Union.
 THE AUTHOR.

AL FRESCO.

THE dandelions and buttercups
 Gild all the lawn; the drowsy bee
 Stumbles among the clover tops,
 And summer sweetens all but me:
 Away, unfruitful lore of books,
 For whose vain idiom we reject
 The soul's more native dialect,
 Aliens among the birds and brooks,
 Dull to interpret or conceive
 What gospels lost the woods retrieve!
 Away, ye critics, city-bred,
 Who set man-traps of thus and so,
 And in the first man's footsteps tread,
 Like those who toil through drifted snow!
 Away, my poets, whose sweet spell
 Can make a garden of a cell
 I need ye not, for I to-day
 Will make one long sweet verse of play.

Snap, chord of manhood's tenser strain!
 To-day I will be a boy again;
 The mind's pursuing element,
 Like a bow slackened and unbent,
 In some dark corner shall be leant.
 The robin sings, as of old, from the limb!
 The cat-bird croons in the lilac bush;
 Through the dim arbor, himself more dim,
 Silently hops the hermit-thrush,
 The withered leaves keep dumb for him;
 The irreverent buccaneering bee
 Hath stormed and rifled the nunnery
 Of the lily, and scattered the sacred floor
 With haste-dropt gold from shrine to door;
 There, as of yore,
 The rich, milk-tingeing buttercup
 Its tiny polished urn holds up,
 Filled with ripe summer to the edge,
 The sun in his own wine to pledge;
 And our tall elm, this hundredth year
 Doge of our leafy Venice here,

Who, with an annual ring, doth wed
 The blue Adriatic overhead,
 Shadows with his palatial mass
 The deep canals of flowing grass.

O unestranged birds and bees!
 O face of nature always true!
 O never-unsympathizing trees!
 O never-rejecting roof of blue,
 Whose rash disherison never falls
 On us unthinking prodigals,
 Yet who convictest all our ills,
 So grand and unappeasable!
 Methinks my heart from each of these
 Plucks part of childhood back again,
 Long there imprisoned, as the breeze
 Doth every hidden odor seize
 Of wood and water, hill and plain;
 Once more am I admitted peer
 In the upper house of nature here,
 And feel through all my pulses run
 The royal blood of breeze and sun.

Upon these elm-arched solitudes
 No hum of neighbor toil intrudes;
 The only hammer that I hear
 Is wielded by the woodpecker.
 The single noisy calling his
 In all our leaf-hid Sybaris;
 The good old time, close-hidden here,
 Persists, a loyal cavalier,
 While Roundheads prim, with point of fox,
 Probe wainscot-chink and empty box;
 Here no hoarse-voice iconoclast
 Insults thy statues, royal Past;
 Myself too prone the axe to wield,
 I touch the silver side of the shield
 With lance reversed, and challenge peace,
 A willing convert of the trees.

* * * *

LOWELL.

The earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
 Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
 Whispered it to the woods.

MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*.

FLOWERS OF THE MAY.

“**A** CALLER! Who is it?
 To make me a visit,
 Here comes little Milly!
 How are you to-day?
 And, pray, let me ask it,
 What is in your basket?
 Ah! now I can see;
 It is flowers of the May.

“In nosegays you’ve bound them;
 I’ll guess where you found them:
 These buds on the bough
 Of the apple tree grew;
 And under the shadow
 Of ferns in the meadow
 You gathered these violets,
 Tender and blue.

“Your flower-bed, I fancy,
 Has given this pansy;
 And close by the road
 Grew these buttercups wild.
 O, flowers of the May, love,
 Are sweet in their way, love;
 But sweeter by far
 Is a good little child.”

SUNSHINE.

THE fitful April sunshine
 Is welcome after rain;
 She fills the earth with beauty,
 And lights it up again;
 Her golden wand uplifted
 Sends raindrops scattering far,
 And flowers spring to greet her,
 Each shining like a star.

She makes the lowliest hovels,
 Like palaces of gold,
 Her hands are full of blessings,
 More full than they can hold:
 There’s not a person sees her,
 But brighter grows his face,
 There is no guest so cheery
 In every gloomy place.

There is a serene and settled majesty in wood land scenery that enters into the soul, and delights and elevates it, and fills it with noble inclinations.

As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air and to breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathe forth peace and philanthropy.

There is something nobly simple and pure in a taste for the cultivation of forest trees. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is, if I may be allowed the figure, the heroic line of husbandry. It is worthy of liberal, and free-born, and aspiring men. He who plants an oak, looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this.

IRVING.

THE FIRST FLOWERS.

FOR ages on our river borders,
 These tassels in their tawny bloom,
 And willowy studs of downy silver,
 Have prophesied of spring to come.

But never yet from smiling river,
 Or song of early bird, have they
 Been greeted with a gladder welcome
 Than whispers from my heart to-day.

For ages have the unbound waters
 Smiled on them from their pebbly hem,
 And the clear carol of the robin
 And song of bluebird welcomed them.

They break the spell of cold and darkness,
 The weary watch of sleepless pain;
 And from my heart as from the river,
 The ice of winter melts again.

WHITTIER.

HYMN.

(For the American Horticultural Society, 1882.)

PAINTER of the fruits and flowers,
 We own Thy wise design,
 Whereby these human hands of ours
 May share the work of Thine!

But blest by Thee, our patient toil
 May right the ancient wrong,
 And give to every clime and soil
 The beauty lost so long.

Apart from Thee we plant in vain
 The root and sow the seed;
 Thy early and Thy later rain,
 Thy sun and dew we need.

Our homestead flowers and fruited trees
 May Eden's orchard shame;
 We taste the tempting sweets of these
 Like Eve, without her blame.

Our toil is sweet with thankfulness,
 Our burden is our boon;
 The curse of earth's gray morning is
 The blessing of its noon.

And, north and south and east and west
 The pride of every zone,
 The fairest, rarest and the best
 May all be made our own.

Why search the wide world everywhere
 For Eden's unknown ground?
 That garden of the primal pair
 May nevermore be found.

Its earliest shrines the young world sought.
 In hill-groves and in bowers,
 The fittest offerings thither brought
 Were Thy own fruits and flowers.

And still with reverent hands we cull
 Thy gifts each year renewed;
 The good is always beautiful,
 The beautiful is good.

WHITTIER.

There never yet was flower fair in vain,
 Let classic poets rhyme it as they will;
 The seasons toil that it may blow again,
 And summer's heart doth feel its every ill.

LOWELL.

LINES.

(For the Agricultural and Horticultural Exhibition at Amesbury and Salisbury, Sept. 28, 1858.)

<p>THIS day, two hundred years ago, The wild grape by the river's side, And tasteless groundnut trailing low, The table of the woods supplied.</p> <p>Unknown the apple's red and gold, The blushing tint of peach and pear; The mirror of the Powow told No tale of orchards ripe and rare.</p> <p>Wild as the fruits he scorned to till, These vales the idle Indian trod; Nor knew the glad creative skill, The joy of him who toils with God.</p> <p>O painter of the fruits and flowers ! We thank thee for Thy wise design Whereby these human hands of ours In nature's garden work with Thine.</p>	<p>And thanks that from our daily need The joy of simple faith is born; That he who smites the summer weed, May trust Thee for the autumn corn.</p> <p>Give fools their gold and knaves their power. Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall; Who sows a field or trains a flower, Or plants a tree is more than all.</p> <p>For he who blesses most is blest; And God and man shall own his worth Who toils to leave as his bequest An added beauty to the earth.</p> <p>And, soon or late, to all that sow, The time of harvest shall be given; The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow, If not on earth, at last in heaven.</p>
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WHITTIER.

THE OAKS.

<p>HA ! ha ! we've stemm'd the stream, A thousand years along Thy stormy course, O time ! Sometimes in lightning's gleam, And the water's rousing song, And thunder crash sublime. From memory long have faded, The nations of our childhood, And all the works of man, In dust have laid, while we, Exulting toss our crown, Of branches, hale and free. We've seen the gentle child at play, The maiden fair, the lover gay, And oft they sought, at evening hour, Our cool, leafy bower.</p>	<p>And conq'ring armies, on their way, Have paused beneath the arches gray; And age, with slow and faltering tread, Hath sought and blest the peaceful shade; O, many an army on its way, Hath paused beneath our arches gray. And aye, with slow and faltering tread, Hath sought, hath blest the grateful shade; Then let the world roll, No power shall control Our song of a thousand years, We'll join when wintry tempests blow, And generations yet shall know The mighty song, amid thy stormy course, O time, our mighty song.</p>
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J. C. JOHNSON.

Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene ! and as the ranks ascend,
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view.

MILTON.

THE BLUSHING MAPLE TREE.

WHEN on the world's first harvest day, There ran through all the leafy wood
 The forest trees before the Lord A murmur and a scornful smile,
 Laid down their autumn offerings But silent still the maple stood,
 Of fruit in sunshine stored, And looked to God the while.
 The maple only, of them all, And then, while fell on earth a hush,
 Before the world's great harvest King, So great it seemed like death to be,
 With empty hands and silent stood — From His white throne the mighty Lord
 She had no offering to bring; Stooped down and kissed the maple tree;
 For in the early summer time, At that swift kiss there sudden thrilled,
 While other trees laid by their hoard, In every nerve, thro' every vein,
 The maple winged her fruit with love, An ecstasy of joy so great
 And sent it daily to the Lord. It seemed almost akin to pain.

And there before the forest trees,
 Blushing and pale by turns she stood;
 In ev'ry leaf, now red and gold,
 She knew the kiss of God.
 And still, when comes the autumn time,
 And on the hills the harvest lies,
 Blushing, the maple tree recalls
 Her life's one beautiful surprise.

A DREAM OF SUMMER.

BLAND as the morning breath of June, So, in those winters of the soul,
 The south-west breezes play; By bitter blasts and drear,
 And, through its haze, the winter noon O'erswept from memory's frozen pole,
 Seems warm as summer's day. Will sunny days appear.
 The snow-plumed angel of the north Reviving hope and faith, they show
 Has dropped his icy spear; The soul its living powers,
 Again the mossy earth looks forth, And how beneath the winter's snow
 Again the streams gush clear. Lie germs of summer flowers !

The fox his hillside cell forsakes, The night is mother of the day,
 The muskrat leaves his nook, The winter of the spring,
 The bluebird in the meadow brakes And ever upon old decay
 Is singing with the brook. The greenest mosses cling.
 "Bear up, O Mother Nature !" cry Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
 Bird, breeze, and streamlet free; Through showers the sunbeams fall;
 "Our winter voices prophesy For God, who loveth all His works,
 Of summer days to thee !" Has left His hope with all.

WHITTIER.

AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.

ALREADY, close by our summer dwelling,
 The Easter sparrow repeats her song;
 A merry warbler, she chides the blossoms —
 The idle blossoms that sleep so long.
 The bluebird chants, from the elm's long branches,
 A hymn to welcome the budding year.
 The south wind wanders from field to forest,
 And softly whispers, "The spring is here."
 Come, daughter mine, from the gloomy city,
 Before those lays from the elm have ceased;
 The violet breathes, by our door, as sweetly
 As in the air of her native east.
 Though many a flower in the wood is waking,
 The daffodil is our doorside queen;
 She pushes upward the sward already,
 To spot with sunshine the early green.
 No lays so joyous as these are warbled
 From wiry prison in maiden's bower;
 No pampered bloom of the green-house chamber
 Has half the charm of the lawn's first flower.
 Yet these sweet sounds of the early season,
 And these fair sights of its sunny days,
 Are only sweet when we fondly listen,
 And only fair when we fondly gaze.

* * * * *

BRYANT.

THE TREE.

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear,
 And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
 As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
 Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold;
 And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
 To veil from view the early robin's nest,
 I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
 With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppress'd;
 And when the autumn winds have stript thee bare,
 And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,
 When naught is thine that made thee once so fair,
 I love to watch thy shadowy form below,
 And through thy leafless arms to look above
 On stars that brighter beam when most we need their love.

JONES VERY.

UNDER THE OLD ELM.

WORDS pass as wind, but when great deeds were done
 A power abides transfused from sire to son;
 The boy feels deeper meanings thrill his ear,
 That tingling through his pulse life-long shall run,
 With sure impulsion to keep honor clear,
 When, pointing down, his father whispers, "Here,
 Here, where we stand, stood he, the purely Great,
 Whose soul no siren passion could unsphere,
 Then nameless, now a power and mixed with fate."
 Historic town, thou holdest sacred dust,
 Once known to men as pious, learned, just,
 And one memorial pile that dares to last;
 But Memory greets with reverential kiss
 No spot in all thy circuit sweet as this,
 Touched by that modest glory as it past,
 O'er which yon elm hath piously displayed
 These hundred years its monumental shade.

Of our swift passage through this scenery
 Of life and death, more durable than we,
 What landmark so congenial as a tree
 Repeating its green legend every spring,
 And, with a yearly ring,
 Recording the fair seasons as they flee,
 Type of our brief but still-renewed mortality?

* * * * *

Beneath our consecrated elm
 A century ago he stood,
 Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood
 Whose red surge sought, but could not overwhelm
 The life fore-doomed to wield our rough-hewn helm!—
 From colleges, where now the gown
 To arms hath yielded, from the town,
 Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see
 The new-come chiefs and wonder which was he.
 No need to question long; close-lipped and tall,
 Long-trained in murder-brooding forests lone
 To bridle other's clamors and his own,
 Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
 The incarnate discipline that was to free
 With iron curb that armed democracy.

LOWELL'S *Cambridge Elm.*

APRIL.

'TIS the noon of the spring-time, yet never a bird
 In the wind-shaken elm or the maple is heard;
 For green-meadow grasses wide levels of snow,
 And blowing of drifts where the crocus should blow;
 Where wind-flower and violet, amber and white,
 On south-sloping brooksides should smile in the light,
 O'er the cold winter-beds of their late-waking roots
 The frosty flake eddies, the ice-crystal shoots;
 And, longing for light, under wind-driven heaps,
 Round the boles of the pine wood the ground-laurel creeps,
 Unkissed of the sunshine, unbaptized of showers,
 With buds scarcely swelled, which should burst into flowers!
 We wait for thy coming, sweet wind of the south!
 For the touch of thy light wings, the kiss of thy mouth;
 For the yearly evangel thou bearest from God,
 Resurrection and life to the graves of the sod!
 Up our long river-valley, for days, have not ceased
 The wail and the shriek of the bitter north-east,—
 Raw and chill, as if winnowed through ices and snow,
 All the way from the land of the wild Esquimau,—
 Until all our dreams of the land of the blest
 Like that red hunter's, turn to the sunny south-west.
 O soul of the spring-time, its light and its breath,
 Bring warmth to this coldness, bring life to this death;
 Renew the great miracle; let us behold
 The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,
 And Nature, like Lazarus, rise, as of old!
 Let our faith, which in darkness and coldness has lain,
 Revive with the warmth and the brightness again,
 And in blooming of flowers and budding of tree
 The symbols and types of our destiny see;
 The life of the spring-time, the life of the whole,
 And, as sun to the sleeping earth, love to the soul!

WHITTIER.

I thank heaven every summer's day of my life that my lot was humbly cast within the hearing of romping brooks, and beneath the shadow of oaks, and away from all the tramp and bustle of the world, into which fortune has led me in these latter years of my life. I delight to steal away for days and for weeks together, and bathe my spirit in the freedom of the old woods, and to grow young again lying upon the brookside, and counting the white clouds that sail along the sky, softly and tranquilly, even as holy memories go stealing over the vault of life.

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

IS this a time to be cloudy and sad,
 When our mother nature laughs around;
 When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
 And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
 And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
 The ground squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
 And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space
 And their shadows at play on the bright green vale.
 And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
 And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
 There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
 There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
 And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
 On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
 On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
 Ay, look, and he'll smile the gloom away.

BRYANT.

'Tis sweet, in the green spring,
 To gaze upon the wakening fields around;
 Birds in the thicket sing,
 Winds whisper, waters prattle from the ground.
 A thousand odors rise,
 Breathed up from blossoms of a thousand dyes.

Shadowy, and close and cool,
 The pine and poplar keep their quiet nook;
 Forever fresh and full,
 Shines, at their feet, the thirst-inviting brook;
 And the soft herbage seems
 Spread for a place of banquets and of dreams.

* * * * *

From the Spanish of Villegas.

BRYANT.

UNDER THE WILLOWS.

* * * * *

MAY is a pious fraud of the almanac,
 A ghastly parody of real spring
 Shaped out of snow and breathed with eastern wind;
 Or if, o'er-confident, she trust the date,
 And, with her handful of anemones,
 Herself as shivery, steal into the sun,
 The season need but turn his hour-glass round,
 And winter suddenly, like crazy Lear,
 Reels back, and brings the dead May in his arms,
 Her budding breasts and wan dislusted front
 With frosty streaks and drifts of his white beard
 All overblown. Then warmly walled with books,
 While my wood fire supplies the sun's defect,
 Whispering old forest-sagas in its dreams,
 I take my May down from the happy shelf
 Where perch the world's rare song-birds in a row,
 Waiting my choice to open with full breast,
 And beg an alms of spring-time, ne'er denied
 Indoors by vernal Chaucer, whose fresh woods
 Throb thick with merle and mavis all the year.

July breathes hot, sallows the crispy fields,
 Curls up the wan leaves of the lilac-hedge,
 And every eve cheats us with show of clouds
 That braze the horizon's western rim, or hang
 Motionless, with heaped canvas drooping idly,
 Like a dim fleet by starving men besieged,
 Conjectured half, and half described afar,
 Helpless of wind, and seeming to slip back
 Adown the smooth curve of the oily sea.

But June is full of invitations sweet,
 Forth from the chimney's yawn and thrice-read tomes
 To leisurely delights and sauntering thoughts
 That brook no ceiling narrower than the blue.
 The cherry, drest for bridal, at my pane
 Brushes, then listens, Will he come?

The bee,

All dusty as a miller, takes his toll
 Of powdery gold and grumbles. What a day
 To sun me and do nothing! Nay, I think
 Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes
 The student's wiser business; the brain
 That forages all climes to line its cells,

Ranging both worlds on lightest wings of wish,
 Will not distill the juices it has sucked
 To the sweet substance of pellucid thought,
 Except for him who hath the secret learned
 To mix his blood with sunshine, and to take
 The winds into his pulses. Hush ! 'tis he !
 My oriole, my glance of summer fire,
 Is come at last, and, ever on the watch,
 Twitches the pack-thread I had lightly wound
 About the bough to help his housekeeping,—
 Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing his luck,
 Yet fearing me who laid it in his way,
 Nor, more than wiser we in our affairs,
 Divines the providence that hides and helps.
 Heave, ho ! Heave, ho ! he whistles as the twine
 Slackens its hold ; once more, now ! and a flash
 Lightens across the sunlight to the elm
 Where his mate dangles at her cup of felt.
 Nor all his booty is the thread ; he trails
 My loosened thought with it along the air,
 And I must follow, would I ever find
 The inward rhyme to all this wealth of life.

* * * * *

I care not how men trace their ancestry,
 To ape or Adam ; let them please their whim ;
 But I in June ~~am~~ midway to believe
 A tree among my far progenitors,
 Such sympathy is mine with all the race,
 Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet
 There is between us. Surely there are times
 When they consent to own me of their kin,
 And condescend to me, and call me cousin,
 Murmuring faint lullabies of eldest time,
 Forgotten, and yet dumbly felt with thrills
 Moving the lips, though fruitless of the words.

And I have many a lifelong leafy friend,
 Never estranged nor careful of my soul,
 That knows I hate the axe, and welcomes me
 Within his tent as if I were a bird.

* * * * *

Among them one, an ancient willow, spreads
 Eight balanced limbs, springing at once all round
 His deep-ridged trunk with upward slant diverse,
 In outline like enormous beaker, fit

For hand of Jotun, where mid snow and mist
He holds unwieldy revel.

* * * * *

The friend of all the winds, wide-armed he towers
And glints his steely aglets in the sun.

* * * * * and I

Will hold it true that in this willow dwells
The open-handed spirit, frank and blithe,
Of ancient Hospitality, long since
With ceremonious thrift bowed out of doors.

In June 't is good to lie beneath a tree
While the blithe season comforts every sense,
Steeps all the brain in rest, and heals the heart
Brimming it o'er with sweetness unawares,
Fragrant and silent as that rosy snow
Wherewith the pitying apple-tree fills up
And tenderly lines some last-year robin's nest.

* * * * *

Each year to ancient friendships adds a ring,
As to an oak, and precious more and more,
Without deservingness or help of ours,
They grow, and, silent, wider spread, each year,
Their unbought ring of shelter or of shade.
Sacred to me the lichens on the bark,
While Nature's milliners would scrape away;
Most dear and sacred every withered limb!
'T's good to set them early, for our faith
Pines as we age, and, after wrinkles come,
Few plant, but water dead ones with vain tears.

This willow is as old to me as life;
And under it full often have I stretched,
Feeling the warm earth like a thing alive,
And gathering virtue in at every pore
Till it possessed me wholly, and thought ceased,
Or was transfused in something to which thought
Is coarse and dull of sense. Myself was lost,
Gone from me like an ache, and what remained
Became a part of the universal joy.
My soul went forth, and, mingling with the tree,
Danced in the leaves; or floating in the cloud,
Saw its white double in the stream below.

* * * * *

LOWELL.

TO THE DANDELION.

DEAR common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease ;
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy ;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime ;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time :
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee ;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,

Listened as if I heard an angel sing
 With news from heaven, which he could bring
 Fresh every day to my untainted ears
 When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
 When thou, for all thy gold, so common art !
 Thou teachest me to deem
 More sacredly of every human heart,
 Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
 Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
 Did we but pay the love we owe,
 And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
 On all these living pages of God's book.

LOWELL.

TREES IN THE CITY.

'TIS beautiful to see a forest stand,
 Brave with its moss-grown monarchs and the pride
 Of foliage dense, to which the south wind bland
 Comes with a kiss, as lover to his bride ;
 To watch the light grow fainter, as it streams
 Through arching aisles, where branches interlace,
 Where sombre pines rise o'er the shadowy gleams
 Of silver birch, trembling with modest grace.

But they who dwell beside the stream and hill
 Prize little treasures there so kindly given :
 The song of birds, the babbling of the rill,
 The pure unclouded light and air of heaven.
 They walk as those who seeing, cannot see,
 Blind to this beauty even from their birth :
 We value little blessings ever free ;
 We covet most the rarest things of earth.

But rising from the dust of busy streets
 These forest children gladden many hearts ;
 As some old friend their welcome presence greets
 The toil-worn soul, and fresher life imparts.
 Their shade is doubly grateful when it lies
 Above the glare which stifling walls throw back ;
 Through quivering leaves we see the soft blue skies,
 Then happier tread the dull, unvaried track.

ALICE B. NEAL.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD.

STRANGER, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
 No school of long experience, that the world
 Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
 Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
 To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
 And view the haunts of nature. The calm shade
 Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
 That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
 To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
 Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
 And made thee loath thy life. The primal curse
 Fell, it is true, upon the unsinching earth,
 But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to guilt,
 Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence, these shades
 Are still the abodes of gladness; the thick roof
 Of green and stirring branches is alive
 And musical with birds, that sing and sport
 In wantonness of spirit; while below
 The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
 Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade
 Try their thin wings and dance in the warm beam
 That waked them into life. Even the green trees
 Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
 To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
 Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.

* * * * *

BRYANT.

I sit where the leaves of the maple,
 And the gnarl'd and knotted gum,
 Are circling and drifting around me,
 And think of the time to come.

For the human heart is the mirror
 Of the things that are near and far;
 Like the wave that reflects in its bosom
 The flower and the distant star.

ALICE CARY, *The Time to Be.*

Earth's tall sons, the cedar, oak and pine,
 Their parent's undecaying strength declare.

Sir R. BLACKMORE.

A FOREST SCENE.

I KNOW a forest vast and old,
 A shade so rich, so darkly green,
 That morning sends her shaft of gold
 In vain to pierce its leafy screen ;
 I know a brake where sleeps the fawn,
 The soft-eyed fawn, through noon's repose ;
 For noon with all the calm of dawn
 Lies hush'd beneath those dewy boughs.

Oh, proudly then the forest kings
 Their banners lift o'er vale and mount ;
 And cool and fresh the wild grass springs,
 By lonely path, by sylvan fount ;
 There, o'er the fair leaf-laden rill,
 The laurel sheds her cluster'd bloom,
 And throned upon the rock-wreathed hill
 The rowan waves his scarlet plume.

EDITH MAY.

The forest trees are transient things and frail ;
 (So the book told me, ere I closed the page) ;
 Last year the willow leaves were wan and pale ;
 I'll make to their last place a pilgrimage,
 And changed, dead trees shall read a lesson sage
 Of change and death. No paler than before
 I found the willow leaves, nor sign of age
 Within the woods ; immortal green they wore,
 And the strong, mighty roots the giant trunks upbore.

SARAH S. JACOBS, *The Changeless World*.

'Tis merry in greenwood, thus runs the old lay,
 In the gladsome month of lively May,
 When the wild bird's song on stem and spray
 Invites to forest bower ;
 Then rears the ash his airy crest
 Then shines the birch in silver vest,
 And the beech in glistening leaves is drest,
 And dark between shows the oak's proud breast,
 Like a chieftan's frowning tower.

Sir WALTER SCOTT, *Harold the Dauntless*.

TREES OF THE BIBLE.

NO less than five of the eight zones recognized by geographers are represented within the limited area of Palestine. On the snow-capped peaks of Lebanon, the climate approaches an Arctic severity, while the lower parts of the Jordan valley experience a tropical heat. Between these extremes of temperature we have the climates of the western coasts, the inland plains and lowest hills, the higher uplands and the loftier table lands beyond Jordan. Out of this strangely varied climate springs a corresponding complexity in the vegetable life of the country. The paper reeds of Egypt, and the palms and acacias of the desert are represented equally with the oaks, willows and junipers of Europe. On the plains of the coast and the southern highlands, grow the Aleppo pine, the myrtle and ilex, the gray olive, and the green arbutus, the carob or locust tree, the orange and citron, the vine, the fig tree, and the pomegranate. The bay and the oleaster flourish on the hills, and the streams are overhung by the roseate blossoms of the oleander. On the rest of the table lands, which constitute the greater part of Palestine, both east and west of the Jordan, flourish pines and junipers, the terebinth, the almond, apricot, and peach, the hawthorn and mountain ash, the ivy and honeysuckle, the walnut and mulberry; oaks, poplars and willows, the majestic cedars of Lebanon, the melancholy cypress, and the plane tree with its wide-spreading shade. In the Jordan valley, the date palm flourished, — here grew the acacia and juniper of Scripture.

The slopes of the two ranges of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, are terraced for grain and a variety of fruit trees, ruddy orchards and groves of mulberry, the characteristic tree of Lebanon,—oranges, peaches, apricots, plums, cherries and almonds thrive at different elevations, according to their several ranges of temperature. Here the vine and the pomegranate yield their rich products. In the warmer and more sheltered spots, the palm and the olive, the fig and the walnut find a congenial home; green oaks abound higher up on the mountain side, and higher still, the pine, cypress and juniper crown the successive zones of vegetation with their sombre foliage. On Lebanon, such northern species as the mountain ash, the box and the barberry have found a refuge, while humbler plants, like the wild rose, geranium and honeysuckle, impart a pleasing aspect to the scene. And beside the many "streams from Lebanon," willows and poplars, the oriental plane, and the crimson oleander, with a mass of lowlier vegetation, flourish as in Bible days.

Beyond Jordan, pine forests clothe the summits of the highest hills; lower down, woods of evergreen oak adorn the park like scenery of ancient Gilead and Bashan, and mingled with them the rich foliage of the myrtle, the arbutus, and the carob or locust tree, varied with the pink and white blossoms of the broom bush.

The northern portion of Lake Huleh, the Biblical "Waters of Merom," is covered by an immense tract of floating thickets of papyrus, and white and yellow water lilies adorn the more open portions. A few palm trees grow near the end of the lake, and Josepus alludes to these, and to the fact that walnuts, figs and

olives flourish in this delightful district. Oleanders fringe the sandy beach at Gennesareth, and the grass is gay with flowers of every hue.

From a country thus rich in diversities of climate, elevation, and natural productions, the sacred writers were led to draw their supplies of imagery in the composition of a world-wide volume which we cherish as the "Book of Books," and reverence as the Word of God to Man.

Scripture Natural History.

W. H. GROSER.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

MAY BE ARRANGED FOR A RESPONSIVE SERVICE.

(Words in parenthesis, Revised Version.)

GENESIS.

- I, 11. And God said, Let the earth bring forth the fruit tree, yielding fruit after his kind.
12. And the earth brought forth the tree, yielding fruit whose seed was in itself after his kind. And God saw that it was good.
29. And God said, Behold I have given you every tree in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat.
- II, 8. And the LORD God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there He put the man whom he had formed.
9. And out of the ground made the LORD God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil.
- VI, 14. Make thee an oak of gopher-wood.
- XVIII, 2, 4, 5, 8. And Abraham looked, and lo! three men stood by him and he said, "Rest yourselves under the tree, and comfort ye your hearts." And he set before them, and he stood by them while they did eat.
- XXI, 33. And Abraham planted a grove in Beersheba, and called there on the name of the LORD, the everlasting God.
- XXIII, 17, 18. And the field of Ephron, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about were made sure unto Abraham for a possession.

XXX, 37. And Jacob took rods of green poplar and of the hazel, and of the chestnut tree (fresh poplar, and of the almond, and of the plane tree).

XLIII, 11. Israel said, take of the best fruits of the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices, and myrrh, nuts and almonds.

EXODUS.

- XV, 27. And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells (springs) of water, and three score and ten palm trees; and they encamped there by the water.
- XXV, 10. They shall make an ark of. (acacia) wood.

NUMBERS.

XXIV, 6. As gardens by the river's side, as trees of lign aloes which the LORD hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters.

DEUTERONOMY.

VIII, 7, 8, 9. For the LORD thy God bringeth thee into a good land; a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil, olive, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS--Continued.

XX, 19. For the tree of the field is man's life.

II SAMUEL.

V, 24. When thou hearest the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees.

I KINGS.

IV, 29. And God gave Solomon wisdom and understanding exceeding much.

33. And he spake of trees from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall.

X, 11. And the navy also of Hiram that brought gold from Ophir brought in from Ophir great plenty of almug (perhaps sandal-wood) trees and precious stones.

12. And the king made of the almug trees pillows for the house of the LORD, and for the king's house, harps also, and psalteries for singers; there came no such almug trees, nor were seen unto this day.

27. Solomon made cedars to be as the sycamore trees that are in the vale for abundance.

XIX, 5. He lay and slept under a juniper tree.

I CHRONICLES.

XVI, 33. Then shall the trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the LORD.

JOB.

XIV, 7, 8, 9. For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease, though the root thereof wax old in the earth; and the stock thereof die in the ground; yet through the scent of water it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant.

PSALMS.

I, 1, 2, 3. Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the LORD. He shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water that bringeth its fruit in its season, whose leaf also doth not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

XXXVII, 35. I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

36. Yet he passed away, and, lo! he was not; yea, I sought him, but he could not be found.

XCII, 12. The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.

CIV, 16, 17. The trees of the LORD are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted; where the birds make their nests; as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

CXXXVII, 2. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

CXLVIII, 9. Mountains and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars.

13. Let them praise the name of the LORD

PROVERBS.

III, 18. Wisdom is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

XI, 30. The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life.

XIII, 12. Hope deferred maketh the heart sick; but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life.

XV, 4. A wholesome tongue is a tree of life.

ECCLESIASTES.

II, 5. I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits.

XI, 3. If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there shall it be.

THE SONG OF SOLOMON.

II, 3. As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste.

IV, 13. Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; 14, with all trees of frankincense and myrrh and aloes.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS—Continued.

VI, 11. I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished, and the pomegranates budded.

ISAIAH.

VI, 13. As a teil tree and as an oak whose substance is in them when they cast their leaves; so the holy seed shall be the substance thereof.

XLI, 19. I will plant in the wilderness the cedar (acacia) tree, and the myrtle, and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine and the box tree together.

XLIV, 4. They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses.

14. He heweth him down cedars, and taketh the cypress and the oak, which he strengtheneth for himself among the trees of the forest; he planteth an ash and the rain doth nourish it.

LV, 12. All the trees of the field shall clap their hands;

13. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree, and it shall be to the LORD for a name.

LX, 13. The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together.

LXI, 3. That they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the LORD, that he might be glorified.

JEREMIAH.

I, 11. Moreover the word of the LORD came unto me, saying Jeremiah, what seest thou? And I said, I see a rod of an almond tree.

XVII, 7, 8. Blessed is the man that trusteth in the LORD, and whose hope the LORD is. For he shall be like a tree, planted by the water, and spreadeth out his roots by the river, and shall not fear when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be

green, and shall not be careful in the year of drouth, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.

EZEKIEL.

XXXI, 3. Behold the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches and * * * his top was among the thick boughs.

4. The waters made him great, the deep set him up on high, with the rivers running round about his plants, and sent out her little rivers unto all the trees of the field.

5. Therefore his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters, when he shot forth.

6. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs. * * *

7. Thus was he fair in his greatness in the length of his branches; for his root was by great waters.

8. The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him; the fir trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut trees were not like his branches; nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty.

9. I have made him fair by the multitude of his branches; so that all the trees of Eden, that were in the garden of God, envied him.

XXXIV, 27. And the tree of the field shall yield her fruit, and the earth shall yield her increase, and they shall be safe in their land, and shall know that I am the LORD.

XLVII, 12. And by the river by the bank thereof, on this side and on that side shall grow all the trees for meat, whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed: it shall bring forth new fruit, according to his months, * * * and the fruit thereof shall be for meat, and the leaf thereof for medicine.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS—Continued.

HOSEA.

IV, 13. My people burn incense upon the hills, under oaks and poplars, and elms because the shadow thereof is good.

XIV, 6. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree.

JOEL.

I, 12. The vine is dried up, and the fig tree languisheth; the pomegranate tree, the palm tree also, and the apple tree, even all the trees of the field, are withered: because joy is withered away from the sons of men.

AMOS.

II, 9. * * * Whose height was like the height of the cedars, and he was strong as the oaks.

ZECHARIAH.

III, 10. In that day, saith the LORD of hosts, shall ye call every man his neighbor, under the vine and under the fig tree.

MATTHEW.

VII, 17. Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.

18. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.

19. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.

20. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

XII, 33. Either make the tree good, and his fruit good; or else make the tree corrupt, and his fruit corrupt: for the tree is known by his fruit.

REVELATIONS.

II, 7. * * * To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God.

XXI, 10. And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem. * * *

XXII, 2. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

From the souvenir "Our National Flower," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. L. Prang & Co., Boston.

I AM the rustic golden rod,
I know not pride nor shy reserve;
My tasselled plumes so gayly nod
With freedom's grace in every curve.

I bloom not when the year is young,
And growing day by day more fair,
But when the autumn chill has flung
A sense of winter on the air.

Then close beside the dusty road,
To cheer the humblest passer-by,
Or in the fields, by harvest load,
With lusty courage, up spring I.

And in my honest gold there shines
The promise sown in freedom's soil;
No high or low its law defines,
But lavish crowns the homeliest toil.

Then let me be the emblem bright
Of hope and promise to the free,
And in my pennons read aright
The glad fruition that shall be.

When feudal spring has passed away,
And monarchs' pomp has fled the earth,
Then freedom's harvest shall be gay,
And lowly wayside grace have worth.

HOPESTILL GOODWIN.

FABLE I.



OF THE BOY THAT STOLE APPLES.

AN old man found a rude boy upon one of his trees stealing apples, and desired him to come down; but the young sauce-box told him plainly he would not. "Won't you?" said the old man, "then I will fetch you down;" so he pulled up some turf or grass and threw at him; but this only made the youngster laugh, to think the old man should pretend to beat him down from the tree with grass only.

"Well, well," said the old man, "if neither words nor grass will do, I must try what virtue there is in stones;" so the old man pelted him heartily with stones, which soon made the young chap hasten down from the tree and beg the old man's pardon.

MORAL.

If good words and gentle means will not reclaim the wicked, they must be dealt with in a more severe manner.

Webster's Spelling Book, 1829

THE PINE TREE.

THE tremendous unity of the pine absorbs and moulds the life of a race. The pine shadows rest upon a nation. The northern peoples, century after century, lived under one or other of the two great powers of the pine and the sea, both infinite. They dwelt amidst the forests as they wandered on the waves, and saw no end nor any other horizon. Still the dark, green trees, or the dark, green waters, jagged the dawn with their fringe or their foam. And whatever elements of imagination, or of warrior strength, or of domestic justice, were brought down by the Norwegian or the Goth against the dissoluteness or degradation of the south of Europe, were taught them under the green roofs and wild penetralia of the pine.

JOHN RUSKIN, *Modern Painters*.

Written for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

SHUT YOUR CATTLE IN.

THE following directions are suggested by the author: To be recited by a boy or girl. The instant the last line is said, have a chorus of voices, or all the parts at least sing the little song, and as they pass off let each part sing out loud and prompt "Shut 'em in!" then let an echo in the school-house take it up and continue until you can only faintly hear it. Then let the whole school break out with "Oh shut your Cattle in!"

Ye herds that haunt the country ways,
 Ye lowing kine with threatening horns,
 E'en birds abruptly cease their lays,
 And leave their nests among the thorns
 Where'er ye tread, with reckless hoof,
 While bleeding bloom its fragrance sheds,
 And violets tremble in their beds,
 And frightened children stand aloof.
 E'en struggling maples browsed and gnawed,
 By your dread presence over-awed;
 For mercy cry with every breeze.
 Ye heed them not. God pity these!
 With love deep-rooted thus to die,
 While wealth unfolded e'en must lie
 All dormant, till the kindly earth
 Unto some other life gives birth,
 Only to be crushed and bleed
 A victim to the farmer's greed.

SONG:

The farmer's greed is the farmer's sin;
 Please shut your cattle in my friend,
 And let the clovers bob and bend,
 Oh shut your cattle in,
 And thus our praises win,
 Oh shut your cattle in.
 Shut 'em in! shut 'em in!

St. Augustine, Fla.

MRS. B. C. RUDE.

Hence, let me haste unto the mid-wood shade,
 Where scarce a sunbeam wanders through the gloom,
 And on the dark green grass, beside the brink
 Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
 Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large.

THOMSON.

MON-DA-MIN;

OR, THE ROMANCE OF MAIZE.

* * * * *

SO grew Osséo, as a lonely pine,
 That knows the secret of the wandering breeze,
 And ever sings its canticles divine,
 Uncomprehended by the other trees ;
 And now the time drew nigh, when he began
 The solemn fast whose issue proves the man.

His father built a lodge the wood within,
 Where he the appointed space should duly bide,
 Till such propitious time as he had been
 By faith prepared, by fasting purified,
 And in mysterious dreams allowed to see
 What God the guardian of his life would be.

The anxious crisis of the Spring was past,
 And warmth was master o'er the lingering cold;
 The alder's catkins dropped: the maple cast
 His crimson bloom, the willow's gowny gold
 Blew wide, and softer than a squirrel's ear
 The white-oak's foxy leaves began appear.

There was a motion in the soil. A sound
 Lighter than falling seeds, shook out of flowers,
 Exhaled where dead leaves, sodden on the ground,
 Repressed the eager grass ; and there for hours
 Osséo lay, and vainly strove to bring
 Into his mind the miracle of Spring.

The wood-birds knew it, and their voices rang
 Around his lodge ; with many a dart and whir
 Of saucy joy, the shrewish catbird sang
 Full-throated — and he heard the kingfisher,
 Who from his God escaped with ruffled crest,
 And the white medal hanging on his breast.

The aquilegia sprinkled on the rocks
 A scarlet rain ; the yellow violet
 Sat in the chariot of its leaves ; the phlox
 Held spikes of purple flame in meadows wet,
 And all the streams with vernal-scented reed
 Were fringed, and streaky bells of miskodeed.

The boy went musing : What are these, that burst
 The sod and grow, without the aid of man ?
 What father brought them food ? What mother nursed
 Them in her earthly lodge, till Spring began ?
 They cannot speak ; they move but with the air ;
 Yet souls of evil or of good they bear.

How are they made, that some with wholesome juice
 Delight the tongue, and some are charged with death ?
 If spirits them inhabit, they can loose
 Their shape sometimes, and talk with human breath ;
 Would that in dreams one such would come to me,
 And thence my teacher and my guardian be !

* * * * *

TAYLOR.

THE OLD MAN'S COUNSEL.

THE sun of May was bright in middle heaven,
 And steeped the sprouting forests, the green hills,
 And emerald wheat-fields, in his yellow light.
 Upon the apple tree, where rosy buds
 Stood clustered, ready to burst forth in bloom,
 The robin warbled forth his full clear note
 For hours, and wearied not. Within the woods,
 Whose young and half transparent leaves scarce cast
 A shade, gay circles of anemones
 Danced on their stalks ; the shad-bush, white with flowers
 Brightened the glens ; the new-leaved butternut
 And quivering poplar to the roving breeze
 Gave a balsamic fragrance. In the fields
 I saw the pulses of the gentle wind
 On the green grass. My heart was touched with joy
 At so much beauty, flushing every hour
 Into a fuller beauty.

* * * * *

"Well mayst thou join in gladness," he replied,
 "With the glad earth, her springing plants and flowers,
 And this soft wind, the herald of the green
 Luxuriant summer." * * *

BRYANT.

In heav'n the trees
 Of life ambrosial fruitage bear, and vines
 Yield nectar.

MILTON.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP.

“**B**UILD me straight, O worthy Master !
 Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
 That shall laugh at all disaster
 And with wave and whirlwind wrestle.”

* * * * *

Covering many a rood of ground,
 Lay the timber piled around ;
 Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
 And scattered here and there, with these,
 The knarred and crooked cedar knees ;
 Brought from regions far away,
 From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
 And the banks of the roaring Roanoke !
 Ah ! what a wondrous thing it is
 To note how many wheels of toil
 One thought, one word, can set in motion !
 There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
 But every climate, every soil,
 Must bring its tribute, great or small,
 And help to build the wooden wall !

* * * * *

“Thus,” said he, “will we build this ship !
 Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
 And follow well this plan of mine,
 Choose the timbers with greatest care ;
 Of all that is unsound beware ;
 For only what is good and strong
 To this vessel shall belong.
 Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
 Here together shall combine.
 A goodly frame, and a goodly fame
 And the UNION be her name !”

* * * * *

Long ago,
 In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
 When upon mountain and plain
 Lay the snow,
 They fell,—those lordly pines !
 Those grand, majestic pines !
 'Mid shouts and cheers
 The jaded steers,
 Panting beneath the goad,

Dragged down the weary, winding road
 Those captive kings so straight and tall,
 To be shorn of their streaming hair.
 And, naked and bare,
 To feel the stress and the strain
 Of the wind and the reeling main,
 Whose roar
 Would remind them forevermore
 Of their native forests they should not see again.

* * * * *

Thou too, sail on, O Ship of State !
 Sail on, O UNION strong and great !
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate.

* * * * *

LONGFELLOW.

ORCHARD BLOSSOMS.

DOth thy heart stir within thee at the sight
 Of orchard blooms upon the mossy bough ?
 Doth their sweet household smile waft back the glow
 Of childhood's morn — the wandering, fresh delight
 In earth's new coloring, then all strangely bright
 A joy of fairyland ? Doth some old nook,
 Haunted by visions of thy first-loved book,
 Rise on thy soul, with faint-streaked blossoms white
 Showered o'er the turf, and the lone primrose knot,
 And robin's nest, still faithful to the spot,
 And the bee's dreary chime ? O gentle friend !
 The world's cold breath, not time's, this life bereaves
 Of vernal gifts : Time hallows what he leaves,
 And will for us endear spring memories to the end.

MRS. HEMANS.

Various the trees and passing foliage here,—
 Wild pear, and oak, and dusky juniper,
 While briony between in trails of white,
 And ivy, and the suckle's streaky light,
 And moss, warm gleaming with a sudden mark,
 Like growths of sunshine left upon the bark ;
 And still the pine, flat-topp'd, and dark, and tall,
 In lordly right predominant o'er all.

LEIGH HUNT. *Ravenna Pine Forest.*

THE FALLEN MONARCH.

SITTING there by the side of this prone Monarch, and measuring its diameter in my eye, or climbing up twenty-five or thirty feet upon its side—comparing it in my mind with the largest trees I had ever seen elsewhere—imagining it stretched out in some city street, filling all the carriageway and reaching up to the second story windows—the idea of its vastness took full possession of me, and for the first time I grasped its greatness. And even then, I do not think the idea of size and measurement so overwhelmed me as did the thought of its vast age and the centuries it had looked down upon. The great space it had filled was nothing to the ages it had bridged over. No inanimate monument of man's work was here—no unwrapping of dead Pharaohs from the mummy-cloths of the embalmers; but here had been life and growth and increase, and running out of roots and spreading forth of branches, and budding leaves and flowing sap, and all the processes of nature with poise and swing from winter's sleep to summer's waking, and the noiseless registering of the years and centuries in figures that could not be mistaken from the heart of the sapling out to the last rind of bark that hugged its age. And though one looks with profoundest wonder at the vast size of these monsters, it is, after all, the suggestion they give of their far reach backward into time that most impresses the beholder.

The rings in the trunks indicate ages varying from a few years to upwards of two thousand. Those of about ten feet in diameter are in the neighborhood of six hundred years old. Most of the largest trees have been damaged more or less by fire. One of them has been entirely hollowed out, so that our whole party of twelve rode in upon our horses and stood together in the cavity. The tree grows on, and is as green at the top as any of them, notwithstanding the hollowness of its trunk.

ISAAC H. BROMLEY. *The Big Trees and the Yosemite.*

Scribner's Magazine, January, 1872.

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS.

I HEAR, from many a little throat,	Brown meadows and the russet hill,
A warble interrupted long;	Not yet the haunt of grazing herds,
I hear the robin's flute-like note,	And thickets by the glimmering rill,
The bluebird's slenderer song.	Are all alive with birds.

BRYANT.

Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell;
 It fell upon a little western flower,
 Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
 And maidens call it *Love-in-Idleness*.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

THE TULIP TREE.

NOW my blood with long-forgotten fleetness,
 Bounds again to boyhood's blithest tune,
 While I drink a life of brimming sweetness
 From the glory of the breezy June.
 Far above, the fields of ether brighten ;
 Forest leaves are twinkling in their glee ;
 And the daisy snows around me whiten,
 Drifted down the sloping lea !

On the hills he standeth as a tower,
 Shining in the morn, the tulip tree !
 On his rounded turrets beats the shower,
 While his emerald flags are flapping free ;
 But when summer, 'mid her harvests standing,
 Pours to him the sun's unmingled wine,
 O'er his branches, all at once expanding,
 How the starry blossoms shine !

* * * * *

Wind of June, that sweep'st the rolling meadow,
 Thou shalt wail in branches rough and bare,
 While the tree, o'erhung with storm and shadow,
 Writhes and creaks amid the gusty air.
 All his leaves, like shields of fairies scattered,
 Then shall drop before the north wind's spears,
 And his limbs, by hail and tempest battered,
 Feel the weight of wintry years.

Yet, why cloud the rapture and the glory
 Of the beautiful, bequeathed us now ?
 Why relinquish all the summer's story,
 Calling up the bleak autumnal bough ?
 Let thy blossoms in the morning brighten,
 Happy heart, as doth the tulip tree,
 While the daisy's snows around us whiten,
 Drifted down the sloping lea !

TAYLOR.

Flower in the crannied wall
 I pluck you out of the crannies ;
 Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower, but if I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all,
 I should know what God and man is.

TENNYSON.

THE LOST MAY.

WHEN May, with cowslip braided locks, Mays, when my heart expanded first,
 Walks through the land in green attire, A honeyed blossom, fresh with dew;
 And burns in meadow grass the phlox And one sweet wind of heaven dispersed
 His torch of purple fire; The only clouds I knew.

When buds have burst the silver sheath,
 And shifting pink, and gray, and gold
 Steal o'er the woods, while fair beneath
 The bloomy vales unfold;
 For she, whose softly murmured name
 The music of the month expressed,
 Walked by my side, in holy shame
 Of girlish love confessed.

When, emerald bright, the hemlock stands
 New feathered, needled new the pine;
 And, exiles from the orient lands,
 The turbaned tulips shine;
 The budding chestnuts overhead,
 Their sprinkled shadows in the lane,
 Blue flowers along the brooklet's bed,
 I see them all again !

When wild azaleas deck the knoll,
 And cinque-foil stars the fields of home,
 And winds that take the white-weed, roll
 The meadows into foam;
 The old, old tale of girl and boy,
 Repeated ever, never old;
 To each in turn the gates of joy,
 The gates of heaven unfold.

Then from the jubilee I turn
 To other Mays that I have seen,
 Where more resplendent blossoms burn,
 And statelier woods are green.
 And when the punctual May arrives,
 With cowslip-garland on her brow,
 We know what once she gave our lives,
 And cannot give us now !

TAYLOR.

THE MAY FLOWER.

(TRAILING ARBUTUS.)

From the souvenir "Our National Flower," by permission of the publishers, Messrs. L. Prang & Co., Boston.

WHEN stern New England's tardy spring My fragrance, like a message sweet,
 First thrills with life her rugged breast, Their spirits touched, and reverently
 'Tis I, who, shyly venturing, They chose the blossom at their feet,
 Peep forth, her earliest, sweetest guest. The symbol of their faith to be.

'Twas I the Pilgrim Fathers found They, too, had wrapped with roughest forms
 When April called them to the wood, The gracious gospel that they loved;
 Trailing upon the leaf-strewn ground, They, too, had braved life's rudest storms,
 Fair sign of nature's yielding mood. Their simple courage, simply proved.

They marked my petals' tender hue,
 Soft flushing in the light of day;
 My fragile grace they guarded knew
 Amid my rough leaves' disarray.
 They, too, should prosper in the land
 Where trusting flowers undaunted thrive
 Their race, deep rooted, firm should stand,
 And freedom's cause triumphant live.

HOPESTILL GOODWIN.

IN PRAISE OF TREES.

AND foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
 Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
 Seemed in their song to scornè the cruell sky.
 Much can they praise the trées so straight and hy,
 The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall;
 The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never dry;
 The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all;
 The Aspine good for staves; the Cypressse funerall.

The Laurell, meed of mightie conquerors
 And poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still;
 The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours;
 The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;
 The Birch, for shafts; the Sallow for the mill;
 The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
 The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill;
 The fruitfull Olive; and the Platane round;
 The carver Holme; the Maple seldom inward sound.

SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*.

TONGUES IN TREES.

In the forest of Arden, Shakespeare makes the banished duke say to his companions:

“NOW, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The season's difference, as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say:
 ‘This is no flattery; these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.’
 Sweet are the uses of adversity. * * *

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

I would not change it.”

As You Like It, act 2, scene 1.

THE MADRONA.

TO the south of San Francisco there is even a greater range of color and diversity of tree growth. The San Mateo hills are rich with evergreens; the country sweeping up from the pebbly beach at Pescadero is made up of sunny ridges, and rifted with narrow and close-grown valleys, where thread-like brooks murmur their way through tunnels of foliage to the sea, while the mountains of Santa Cruz furnish another rendezvous for the mammoth redwood, the chestnut, and the oak. But distinguished from all the rest of these Southern nabobs, curious in shape and almost humanly beautiful, stands the giant Madrona, or arbutus tree. The genus really belongs to the old world. Asia has its species, and Mexico claims one or two representatives, but the pride of the family and delight of arboriculturists is the strong, healthy, and handsome child of the west coast. It is often eighty to one hundred feet high, three feet in diameter, and a famous specimen in Marin county has a measured girth of twenty-three feet at the branching point of the tremendous stem, with many of the branches three feet through. The foliage is light and airy, the leaves oblong, pale beneath, bright green above. The bloom is in dense racemes of cream-white flowers; the fruit, a dry orange-colored berry, rough and uninteresting. But the charm of the Madrona, outside of its general appearance, is in its bark,—no, it is not a bark, it is a skin, delicate in texture, smooth, and as soft to the touch as the shoulders of an infant. In the strong sunlight of the summer these trees glisten with the rich color of polished cinnamon, and in the moist shadow of the springtime they are velvety in combination colors of old-gold and sage-green. There is a human pose to the trunk. Seen through the tangle of the thicket, it looks like the brown lithe body of an Indian, and in the moonlight the graceful upsweep of its branches is like the careless lifting of a dusky maiden's arms. Every feature of the Madrona is feminine. They grow in groves or neighborhoods, and seldom stand in isolation, courtesy to the winds, mock at the dignified evergreens and oaks, and with every favorable breeze and opportunity flirt desperately with the mountain lilacs that toss high their purple plumes on the headwaters of Los Gatos creek.

Harper's Magazine, October, 1889.

FRED. M. SOMERS.

The birch tree swang her fragrant hair,
 The bramble cast her berry.
 The gin within the juniper
 Began to make him merry,
 The poplars, in long order due,
 With cypress promenaded,
 The shock-head willows two and two
 By rivers galloped.

TENNYSON, *Amphion*.

FREEDOM'S FLOWER.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

LET merry England proudly rear
 Her blended roses bought so dear,
 And Scotland bind her bonnet blue
 With heath and harebell dipped in dew;
 On favored Erin's crest be seen
 The flower she loves of emerald green;
 But ours, this new land of the west,
 What emblem blossom suits it best?
 No fragile nursling of the spring,
 No dainty, garden-nurtured thing;
 But clad in sunshine glad and strong,
 Self-sown, upspringing from the sod,
 And scattered wide and lasting long,
 Is freedom's flower, the golden rod.

High on the mountain crag it blooms;
 The salt wind shakes its yellow plumes;
 And with its countless flowers behold
 The prairie gleams a sea of gold;
 While lonely nook and sterile place
 Grow lovely with its waving grace.
 Free, free, we gather it at will,
 And leave each road-side shining still!
 And brave it blossoms, heeding not
 Though storms beat wild, or suns burn hot;
 Alike to all its flowers belong;
 Through all the land it decks the sod;
 It bids our hearts "Be glad, be strong;"
 'Tis freedom's flower, the golden rod.

MARIAN DOUGLAS, in *Harper's Bazar*.

Written for the ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

THE DAISY.

OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM.

DAISIES, bright daisies keep nodding at me,
 And winking and blinking so coquettishly,
 While up from the depths of their great speaking eyes
 Love and loyalty well! dear national ties!
 Go! weave me a banner of grasses, fresh grasses,
 From out by the roadside where every one passes;
 Now bring me sweet daisies
 The pretty ox-eyed;
 Cut from the roadside
 Which every one praises.
 Now tastefully lay in the daisies for stars
 And catch me the radiant sunbeams for bars,
 Then say if a prettier emblem can be
 For this land of the brave, this home of the free.

Sodus, N. Y.

MRS. B. C. RUDE.

Dear though the shadowy maple be,
 And dearer still the whispering pine
 Dearest yon russet-laden tree
 Brownd by the heavy-rubbing kine!

There childhood flung its rustling stone,
 There venturous boyhood learned to climb
 How well the early graft was known
 Whose fruit was ripe ere harvest time!

HOLMES.

A MAY MORNING LESSON.

RECITATION FOR FIVE PUPILS.

FIRST.—

TWICE one are two :
 Prairie rose, blushing through
 My window—all aglow with dew,
 Twice one are two.

SECOND.—Twice two are four :

Bees a-humming round the door,
 Calling others by the score,
 Twice two are four.

THIRD.—Twice three are six :

Pansy-beds their colors mix ;
 See the mother hen and chicks.
 Twice three are six.

Macaulay's Little Folks.

FOURTH.—Twice four are eight:

Gorgeous butterflies, elate,
 Dancing, poisoning, delicate.
 Twice four are eight.

FIFTH.—Twice five are ten :

Sweetest strains from yonder glen,
 Echoed o'er and o'er again.
 Twice five are ten.

ALL.—Twice six are twelve :

Merry maidens of the year, —
 Some in snowy gowns appear,
 Some in gold and silver sheen ;
 Yet the fairest is, I ween,
 Dainty May in pink and green.

GOLDEN-ROD.

IN the pasture's rude embrace,
 All o'er run with tangled vines,
 Where the thistle claims its place,
 And the straggling hedge confines,
 Bearing still the sweet impress
 Of unfettered loveliness,
 In the field and by the wall,
 Binding, clasping, crowning all,—
 Golden-rod !

Nature lies disheveled, pale,
 With her feverish lips apart,—
 Day by day the pulses fail,
 Nearer to her bounded heart :
 Yet that slackened grasp doth hold
 Store of pure and genuine gold ;
 Quick thou comest, strong and free,
 Type of all the wealth to be,—
 Golden-rod !

ELAINE GOODALE.

BIRD SONGS.

THIS is what the robin sings :

" Sweet, sweet,
 All the cherries on the tree
 God put there for you and me ;
 Every good and tender seed,
 Grown on flower, or grown on weed,
 God made for our wee ones dear,
 So we sing the whole glad year.
 Sweet, sweet."

Hear the blue bird where he swings :

" Oh, my home is green and fair,
 And the gentle summer air
 Rocks my little ones to rest,
 In their soft and downy nest ;
 Joyously I sing and call,
 For the good God watches all !"

KATHIE MOORE.

TALKS ON TREES.

FROM "THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

DON'T you want to hear me talk trees a little now? That is one of my specialties.

* * * * *

I want you to understand, in the first place, that I have a most intense, passionate fondness for trees in general, and have had several romantic attachments to certain trees in particular.

* * * * *

I shall speak of trees as we see them, love them, adore them in the fields, where they are alive, holding their green sunshades over our heads, talking to us with their hundred thousand whispering tongues, looking down on us with that sweet meekness which belongs to huge, but limited organisms,—which one sees in the brown eyes of oxen, but most in the patient posture, the outstretched arms, and the heavy-drooping robes of these vast beings endowed with life, but not with soul,—which outgrow us and outlive us, but stand helpless,—poor things!—while Nature dresses and undresses them, like so many full-sized, but under-witted children.

* * * * *

Just think of applying the Linnæan system to an elm! Who cares how many stamens or pistils that little brown flower, which comes out before the leaf, may have to classify it by? What we want is the meaning, the character, the expression of a tree, as a kind and as an individual.

There is a mother-idea in each particular kind of tree, which, if well marked, is probably embodied in the poetry of every language. Take the oak, for instance, and we find it always standing as a type of strength and endurance. I wonder if you ever thought of the single mark of supremacy which distinguishes this tree from those around it? The others shirk the work of resisting gravity; the oak defies it. It chooses the horizontal direction for its limbs so that their whole weight may tell,—and then stretches them out fifty or sixty feet, so that the strain may be mighty enough to be worth resisting. You will find, that, in passing from the extreme downward droop of the branches of the weeping willow to the extreme upward inclination of those of the poplar, they sweep nearly half a circle. At 90° the oak stops short; to slant upward another degree would mark infirmity of purpose; to bend downwards, weakness of organization. The American elm betrays something of both; yet sometimes, as we shall see, puts on a certain resemblance to its sturdier neighbor.

It won't do to be exclusive in our taste about trees. There is hardly one of them which has not peculiar beauties in some fitting place for it. I remember a tall poplar of monumental proportions and aspect, a vast pillar of glossy green, placed on the summit of a lofty hill, and a beacon to all the country round. A native of that region saw fit to build his house very near it, and, having a fancy that it might blow down some time or other, and exterminate himself and any incidental relatives who might be "stopping" or "tarrying" with him,—also laboring under the delusion that human life is under all cir-

cumstances to be preferred to vegetable existence,—had the great poplar cut down. It is so easy to say, “It is only a poplar,” and so much harder to replace its living cone than to build a granite obelisk !

* * * * *

I always tremble for a celebrated tree when I approach it for the first time. Provincialism has no scale of excellence in man or vegetable; it never knows a first-rate article of either kind when it has it, and is constantly taking second and third-rate ones for Nature's best. I have often fancied the tree was afraid of me, and that a sort of shiver came over it as over a betrothed maiden when she first stands before the unknown to whom she has been plighted. Before the measuring tape the proudest tree of them all quails and shrinks into itself. All those stories of four or five men stretching their arms around it and not touching each other's fingers, of one's pacing the shadow at noon and making it so many hundred feet, die upon its leafy lips in the presence of the awful ribbon which has strangled so many false pretensions.

* * * * *

The largest actual girth I have ever found at five feet from the ground is in the great elm lying a stone's throw or two north of the main road (if my points of compass are right) in Springfield. But this has much the appearance of having been formed by the union of two trunks growing side by side.

The West-Springfield elm and one upon Northampton meadows belong also to the first class of trees.

There is a noble old wreck of an elm at Hatfield, which used to spread its claws out over a circumference of thirty-five feet or more before they covered the foot of its bole up with earth. This is the American elm most like an oak of any I have ever seen.

* * * * *

What makes a first-class elm?—Why, size, in the first place, and chiefly. Any thing over twenty feet of clear girth, five feet above the ground and with a spread of branches a hundred feet across, may claim that title, according to my scale. All of them, with the questionable exception of the Springfield tree above referred to, stop, so far as my experience goes, at about twenty-two or twenty-three feet of girth and a hundred and twenty of spread.

Elms of the second class, generally ranging from fourteen to eighteen feet, are comparatively common. The queen of them all is that glorious tree near one of the churches in Springfield. Beautiful and stately she is beyond all praise. The “great tree” on Boston common comes in the second rank, as does the one at Cohasset, which used to have, and probably has still, a head as round as an apple-tree, and that at Newburyport, with scores of others which might be mentioned. These last two have perhaps been over-celebrated. Both, however, are pleasing vegetables. The poor old Pittsfield elm lives on its past reputation. A wig of false leaves is indispensable to make it presentable.

* * * * *

Go out with me into that walk which we call the Mall, and look at the English and American elms. The American elm is tall, graceful, slender-sprayed, and drooping as if from languor. The English elm is compact, robust, holds its branches up, and carries its leaves for weeks longer than our own native tree.

Is this typical of the creative force on the two sides of the ocean, or not? Nothing but a careful comparison through the whole realm of life can answer this question.

There is a parallelism without identity in the animal and vegetable life of the two continents, which favors the task of comparison in an extraordinary manner. Just as we have two trees alike in many ways, yet not the same, both elms, yet easily distinguishable, just so we have a complete flora and a fauna, which, parting from the same ideal, embody it with various modifications.

* * * * *

I have something more to say about trees. I have brought down this slice of hemlock to show you. Tree blew down in my woods (that were) in 1852. Twelve feet and a half round, fair girth;—nine feet, where I got my section, higher up. This is a wedge, going to the centre, of the general shape of a slice of apple pie in a large and not opulent family. Length, about eighteen inches.

I have studied the growth of this tree by its rings, and it is curious. Three hundred and forty-two rings. Started, therefore, about 1510. The thickness of the rings tells the rate at which it grew. For five or six years the rate was slow,—then rapid for twenty years. A little before the year 1550 it began to grow very slowly, and so continued for about seventy years. In 1620 it took a new start and grew fast until 1714, then for the most part slowly until 1786, when it started again and grew pretty well and uniformly until within the last dozen years, when it seems to have got on sluggishly.

Look here. Here are some human lives laid down against the periods of its growth, to which they corresponded. This is Shakespeare's. The tree was seven inches in diameter when he was born; ten inches when he died. A little less than ten inches when Milton was born; seventeen when he died. Then comes a long interval, and this thread marks out Johnson's life, during which the tree increased from twenty-two to twenty-nine inches in diameter. Here is the span of Napoleon's career;—the tree doesn't seem to have minded it.

I never saw the man yet who was not startled at looking on this section. I have seen many wooden preachers,—never one like this. How much more striking would be the calendar counted on the rings of one of those awful trees which were standing when Christ was on earth, and where that brief mortal life is chronicled with the stolid apathy of vegetable being, which remembers all human history as a thing of yesterday in its own dateless existence!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The people of ancient Greece believed that in every tree dwelt a protecting nymph, or dryad. These dryads were thought to perish with the trees which had been their abodes, and with which they had come into existence. To willfully destroy a tree was, therefore, an impious act, and was often severely punished.

Is there not a soul beyond utterance, half nymph, half child, in those delicate petals which glow and breathe about the centres of deep color?

GEORGE ELIOT.

CLEMATIS.

WHERE the woodland streamlets flow,
 Gushing down a rocky bed,
 Where the tasselled alders grow,
 Lightly meeting overhead,
 When the fullest August days
 Give the richness that they know,
 Then the wild clematis comes,
 With her wealth of tangled blooms,
 Reaching up and drooping low.

* * * * *

But when Autumn days are here,
 And the woods of Autumn burn,
 Then her leaves are black and sere
 Quick with early frosts to turn !
 As the golden Summer dies,
 So her silky green has fled,
 And the smoky clusters rise
 As from fires of sacrifice,—
 Sacred incense to the dead.

DORA READ GOODALE.

WHAT ROBIN TOLD.

HOW do the robins build their nests ?
 Robin Redbreast told me.
 First a wisp of amber hay
 In a pretty round they lay,
 Then some shreds of downy floss,
 Feathers, too, and bits of moss,
 Woven with a sweet, sweet song,
 This way, that way, and across,
 That's what robin told me.

Where do the robins hide their nests ?
 Robin Redbreast told me.
 Up among the leaves so deep,
 Where the sunbeams rarely creep ;
 Long before the winds are cold,
 Long before the leaves are gold,
 Bright-eyed stars will peep, and see
 Baby robins, one, two, three ;
 That's what robin told me.

GEO. COOPER.

ROSE.

WHITE with the whiteness of the snow,
 Pink with the faintest rosy glow,
 They blossom on their sprays ;
 They glad the borders with their bloom,
 And sweeten with their rich perfume
 The mossy garden-ways.

The dew that from their brimming leaves
 Drips down, the mignonette receives,
 And sweeter grows thereby ;
 The tall June lilies stand anear,
 In raiment white and gold, and here
 The purple pansies lie.

THE SWEET RED ROSE.

“GOOD-MORROW, little rose-bush,
 Now prithee, tell me true,
 To be as sweet as a red rose
 What must a body do ?”

“To be as sweet as a red rose,
 A little girl like you
 Just grows, and grows, and grows,
 And that's what she must do.”

JOEL STACY.

SONG TO THE TREES.

MAY BE ARRANGED FOR A CLASS OF SIX PUPILS.

I.

HAIL to the trees !
Patient and generous, mothers of mankind,
Arching the hills, the minstrels of the wind,
Spring's glorious flowers, and summer's balmy tents,
A sharer in man's free and happier sense,
From early blossom till the north wind calls
Its drowsy sprites from beech-hid waterfalls,
The trees bless all, and then, brown-mantled, stand
The sturdy prophets of a golden land.

II.

Eden was clothed in trees ; their glossy leaves
Gave raiment, food, and shelter ; 'neath their eaves
Dripping with ruby dew the flow'rets rose
To follow man from Eden to his woes.
The silver rill crept fragrant thickets through,
The air was rich with life, a violet hue
Tangling with sunshine lit the waving scene,
'Twas heaven, tree-born, tree-lulled, enwreathed in green.

III.

Where trees are not, behold the deserts swoon
Beneath the brazen sun and mocking moon.
Where trees are not, the tawny torrent leaps,
A brawling savage from the crumbling steeps,
Where once the ferns their gentle branches waved
And tender lilies in the crystal laved ;
A brawling savage, plundering in a night,
The fields it once strayed through a streamlet bright.

IV.

What gardeners like the trees ? Their loving care
The daintiest blooms can deftly plant and rear.
How smilingly with outstretched boughs they stand
To shade the flowers too fragile for man's hand !
With scented leaves, crisp, ripened, nay, not dead,
They tuck the wild flowers in their moss-rimmed bed.
The forest nook outvies the touch of art,
The heart of man loves not like the oak's heart.

V.

O whispering trees, companions, sages, friends,
No change in you, whatever friendship ends ;
No deed of yours the Eden link e'er broke ;

Bared is your head to ward the lightning's stroke !
 You fed the infant man, and blessed his cot
 Hewed from your grain ; without you he were not ;
 The hand that planned you planned the future too.
 Shall we distrust it, knowing such as you ?

VI.

And when comes Eden back ? The trees are here,
 In all their olden beauty and glad cheer.
 Eden but waits the lifting of the night,
 For man to know the true and will the right.
 Whatever creed may find in hate a birth,
 One of the heavens is this teeming earth ;
 "Of all its gifts but innocence restore,
 And Eden," sigh the trees, "is at your door."

JOSEPH W. MILLER.

This poem was written expressly for Cincinnati "ARBOR DAY," 1882.

THE RIVER'S SUPPLICATION.

NOW saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
 In flaming summer pride,
 Dry-withering waste my foamy streams,
 And drink my crystal tide.

Would then, my noble master please,
 To grant my highest wishes,
 He'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees
 And bonnie spreading bushes.

Let lofty firs and ashes cool,
 My lowly banks o'erspread,
 And view, deep bending in the pool,
 Their shadows' wat'ry bed.

Let fragrant birks, in woodpines drest,
 My craggy cliffs adorn ;
 And, for the little songster's nest,
 The close embow'ring thorn.

BURNS.

Where fall the tears of love the rose appears,
 And where the ground is bright with friendship's tears,
 Forget-me-nots, and violets heavenly blue,
 Spring glittering with the cheerful drops like dew.

BRYANT.

CALIFORNIA'S GIANT TREES.

THE great trees of California must be classed among the wonders of the world. Trees four hundred and fifty feet high, and forty feet in diameter must be beheld with amazement, for nowhere else upon the face of the earth are found such tree-monsters. Many have journeyed across the ocean, and for thousands of miles by land, to gaze upon these huge monarchs as they rear their lofty heads into the clouds.

From "The New West" we gather the following information regarding these wonderful trees :

"They were discovered in 1852, and named by Endlicher, in honor of an Indian chief of the Cherokees. They are limited in range, being confined to California, and grow entirely in groups. Of these groups there are eight — or nine if the Mariposa be considered as two.

"The Calaveras group is in the county of the same name, near the crossing of the Sierras by Silver Mountain Pass. The belt of trees is three thousand two hundred by seven hundred feet, and in that space are ninety-two of the monarchs.

"Here under the shade is one of California's pet retreats. There is one fallen monster, which must have stood four hundred and fifty feet in the air, and had a diameter of forty feet. Another engaged the efforts of five men for twenty-five days in cutting, and on the level surface of the stump thirty-two dancers find ample room. Old Goliath shows the marks of a fire, that, according to surrounding trees untouched, must have raged a thousand years ago.

"The diameter of the largest is thirty-three feet ; the circumference of the largest, five feet above the ground, sixty-one feet. This is the only one more than sixty feet in circumference.

"The Stanislaus group, five miles distant, contains seven or eight hundred trees nearly as remarkable. Crane Flat has those boasting a diameter of twenty-three feet, and a circumference of fifty-seven feet. The Mariposa group, which generally divides honors with Calaveras, is situated sixteen miles south of the Lower Hotel in Yosemite.

"The same wise foresight which gave Yosemite to the State, gave Mariposa to be held in perpetuity. The grant is two miles square. It has been improved and made of easy access. The Tule-River groups were the last discovered, being found in 1867. While Calaveras and Mariposa lead in point of being known, the others are worthy any reasonable expenditure of time and money.

"Gazing on a mountain there comes no thought that it has been a witness to the passing events of the ages. But these trees have shaded races dead for hundreds of years. They live, and seem almost possessed of minds ; and when those who now rest under their branches are dust, they will still live, and future generations may conjecture who has seen them in ages gone. They sprouted before the Christian era dawned, and unconcerned they grew, while nations rose and fell."

Another writer who once sat beneath the shade of these forest monarchs, remarks :



TUNNEL THROUGH "WAWONA." DIAMETER 27 FEET.

"Wild calculations have been made of the ages of the larger of these trees; but one of the oldest in the Calaveras grove being cut down and the rings of the wood counted, its age proved to be one thousand three hundred years; and probably none now upon the ground date back farther than the Christian era. They began with our modern civilization; they were just sprouting when the star of Bethlehem rose and stood for a sign of its origin; they have been ripening in beauty and power through these nineteen centuries; and they stand forth now a type of the majesty and grace of Him with whose life they are coeval. Certainly they are chief among the natural curiosities and marvels of Western America, of the known world; and though not to be compared, in the impressions they make and the emotions they arouse, to the great rock scenery of the Yosemite, which inevitably carries the spectator up to the Infinite Creator and Father of all, they do stand for all that has been claimed for them in wonderful greatness and majestic beauty."

So much larger are these immense trees than those we ordinarily see, that a comparison is about the only way in which we can correctly measure them. Shortly after they were discovered, the hollow trunk of one of them was forwarded to New York, where it was converted into a grocery store.

In one of these groups of trees a stage road has been cut under the trunk through the roots, and immense coaches, drawn by six horses, pass directly under the old giant.

One of the original hotels, known as the "Hotel de Redwood," consisted at one time of five hollow trees. One served as an office and bar-room, another for the proprietor's family, and dining-room, and the remainder were used as lodgings.

A pioneer set up house-keeping in the hollow trunk of one of these trees. His family had room enough, and there was no trouble about lathing and plastering. A hollow tree thirty to forty feet in diameter would make several rooms of convenient size, and quite large enough for a numerous family.

We have known men upon whose grounds were old, magnificent trees of centuries growth, lifted up into the air with vast breadth, and full of twilight at midday — who cut down all these mighty monarchs and cleared the ground bare; and then when the desolation was completed and the fierce summer sun gazed full into their faces with its fire, they besought themselves of shade, and forthwith set out a generation of thin, shadowless sticks. Such folly is theirs who refuse the tree of life — the shadow of the Almighty — and sit instead under feeble trees of their own planting, whose tops will never be broad enough to shield them, and whose boughs will never discourse to them the music of the air.

BEECHER.

It never rains roses: when we want —

To have more roses we must plant more trees.

ODE TO THE TREES.

O, WHO is there within whose heart
 The love of noble manhood dwells,
 Who feels the thrill of pleasure start
 When other tongues the story tells
 Of deeds sublime? with true eye sees
 The beautiful in art and thought —
 Dares stand before God's stately trees,
 Declaring that he loves them not?
 Companions of our childhood days!
 Companions still, though grown we be!
 Still through thy leaves the light breeze strays,
 Whispering the same old songs to me.

* * * * *

Dear forest! down thy long aisles dim
 Soft sweeps the zephyr's light caress;
 Worthy indeed art thou of Him
 Who made thee in thy loveliness.

Long may thy graceful branches wave,
 Piercing with pride the balmy air;
 Harm ne'er would come if I could save —
 Fit objects of our love and care.

But though erect each noble form,
 As year by year rolls swift along,
 Thou too, like man, must face the storm,
 And fall — or live to be more strong.

Forever upward, day by day,
 Patient thy growing branches turn;
 Nearer the heavens each year alway —
 May we the simple lesson learn —

Though few our years or many be,
 It matters not the number given,
 If we can feel that, like the tree,
 Each year hath found us nearer heaven.

MAGGIE MAY WELSH, *Lancaster, O.*

Written for Cincinnati "ARBOR DAY" Celebration.

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WORDSWORTH.

Arranged for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

FAMOUS AND CURIOUS TREES.

The Cedars of Mount Lebanon are, perhaps, the most renowned and the best known monuments in the world. Religion, poetry and history have all united to make them famous. There are about four hundred of these trees, disposed in nine groups, now growing on Mount Lebanon. They are of various sizes, ranging up to over forty feet in girth.

A few miles out of the city of Mexico stands a gnarled old Cypress, called the tree of *Triste Noche*. It was under this tree that Cortez sat and wept on that memorable *Triste Noche* when driven from the Mexican capital by the Indians.

Another interesting tree to be seen in Mexico is found at Chapultepec, that delightful summer resort of the Mexican rulers from the time of the Montezumas. The tree in question stands a few feet from the entrance way, and is draped with the lovely Spanish moss. It is also a Cypress of immense size, so large is it that a party of thirteen could just reach around it. It is known as the tree of Montezuma, and no doubt he often sat under its shade when rusticiating in this lovely spot.

Sir Philip Sidney's Oak at Penshurst, which was planted at his birth; The Abbot's Oak, and William the Conqueror's Oak at Windsor Park, are famous trees in English history.

But beside historical trees there are many others that attract our attention from their great size or curious properties. Among the former are the wonderful trees of California, some of which are from three to five hundred feet in height and twenty to twenty-five feet in diameter. A section of one of these trees was at one time exhibited in San Francisco, in which was a room carpeted, and containing a piano and seats for forty people; a hundred and forty children once filled the room without crowding.

Among curious trees may be mentioned the Cow tree, or *Palo de Vaca* of the Cordilleras, which grows at a height of three thousand feet above sea level. It is a lofty tree with laurel-like leaves, and though receiving no moisture for seven months of the year, when its trunk is tapped a bountiful stream of milk bursts forth. It flows most freely at sunrise, when the natives may be seen coming from all directions with pans and pails to catch the milk, which is said to have a pleasant, sweet taste, but becomes thick and yellow in a short time and soon turns into cheese.

Then there is the Bread Fruit tree, one of the most curious as well as useful trees of the Pacific Islands. The fruit, which is about the size of a Cocoonut, should be gathered before it is ripe, and be baked like hoe-cake. When properly cooked it resembles and tastes like good wheat bread.

Another very curious tree is the Candle-nut tree, of the South Sea Islands, the fruit of which is heart-shaped and about the size of a walnut. From the fruit is obtained an oil used both for food and light. The natives of the Society Islands remove the shell and slightly bake the kernels, which they string on rushes and keep to be used as torches. Five or six in a Screw Pine leaf are said to give a brilliant light.

WHEN THE APPLE BLOSSOMS STIR.

THE buds in the tree's heart safely were folded away,
Awaiting in dreamy quiet the coming of May,

When one little bud roused gently and pondered awhile,—
"It's dark, and no one would see me," it said with a smile.

"If I before all the others could bloom first in May,
And so be the only blossom, if but for a day,

How the world would welcome my coming,—the first little flower,—
'T will surely be worth the trouble, if but for an hour."

Close to the light it crept softly, and waited till Spring,
With her magic fingers, the door wide open should fling.

Spring came, the bud slipped out softly and opened its eyes
To catch the first loving welcome; but saw with surprise,

That swift through the open doorway, lo, others had burst!
For thousands of little white blossoms had thought to be first."

St. Nicholas. " *Jack-in-the-Pulpit*, May, 1889.

MAY.

MAY is here!
I know there's a blossom somewhere near,
For the south wind tosses into my room
A hint of summer—a vague perfume
It has pilfered somewhere (I cannot tell
Whether from pansy or pimpernel),
But it sets me dreaming of birds and bees
And the odorous snow-storms of apple trees
Of roses sweet by the garden wall,
And milk-white lilies, stately and tall;
Of clover red in the morning sun,
And withered and dead when the day is done;
Of the song that the stalwart mower sings,
Of gladness, and beauty, and all sweet things
That summer brings.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

What should I tell you more of it?
There are so many trees yet,
That I should all encumbered be
Ere I had reckoned every tree.

CHAUCER.

BIRDS' NESTS.

SUITABLE FOR CLASS EXERCISE BY YOUNG PUPILS.

THE skylark's nest among the grass
 And waving corn is found;
 The robin's on a shady bank,
 With oak leaves strewed around.

Rooks build together in a wood,
 And often disagree;
 The owl will build inside a barn
 Or in a hollow tree.

The wren builds in an ivied thorn
 Or old and ruined wall;
 The mossy nest, so covered in,
 You scarce can see at all.

The blackbird's nest, of grass and mud,
 In bush and bank is found;
 The lapwing's darkly spotted eggs
 Are laid upon the ground.

The martins build their nests, of clay,
 In rows beneath the eaves;
 While silvery lichens, moss, and hair
 The chaffinch interweaves.

The magpie's nest is girt with thorns
 In leafless tree or hedge;
 The wild duck and the water-hen
 Build by the water's edge.

The cuckoo makes no nest at all,
 But through the wood she strays
 Until she find one snug and warm,
 And there her eggs she lays.

Birds build their nests from year to year,
 According to their kind,—
 Some very neat and beautiful,
 Some easily designed.

The sparrow has a nest of hay,
 With feathers warmly lined;
 The ring-dove's careless nest of sticks
 On lofty trees we find.

The habits of each little bird,
 And all its patient skill,
 Are surely taught by God Himself
 And ordered by His will.

Written for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

'NEATH THE COTTON-WOOD TREES.

LET one who sips life's tears with strange delight,
 And finds in sobs and sighs life's harmony,
 Go out beneath the cotton-wood trees at night
 And there repent the laughter of the day;
 Then listen to the rustling of the leaves,
 Like steady rain-fall from the homestead eaves,
 And listening, weep and pray!
 But on the morrow, hie away!
 It is not well to dwell there all the dreary while,
 To-night we weep and pray, to-morrow toil and smile.
 While the cotton-woods weep and sway
 All the night and all the day.

Mrs. B. C. RUDE.

THE LITTLE PINE TREE.

ONCE a little Pine tree,
 In the forest ways,
 Sadly sighed and murmured,
 Thro' the summer days.
 "I am clad in needles —
 Hateful things!" — he cried;
 "All the trees about me
 Laugh in scornful pride.
 Broad their leaves and fair to see;
 Worthless needles cover me.

"Ah, could I have chosen,
 Then, instead of these,
 Shining leaves should crown me,
 Shaming all the trees.
 Broad as theirs and brighter,
 Dazzling to behold;
 All of gleaming silver —
 Nay, of burnished gold.
 Then the rest would weep and sigh
 None would be so fine as I."

Slept the little Pine tree
 When the night came down,
 While the leaves he wished for
 Budded on his crown.
 All the forest wondered,
 At the dawn, to see
 What a golden fortune
 Decked this little tree.
 Then he sang and laughed aloud;
 Glad was he and very proud.

Foolish little Pine tree!
 At the close of day,
 Thro' the gloomy twilight,
 Came a thief that way.
 Soon the treasure vanished;
 Sighed the Pine, "Alas!
 Would that I had chosen
 Leaves of crystal glass."
 Long and bitterly he wept,
 But with night again he slept.

St. Nicholas, May, 1889.

Gladly in the dawning
 Did he wake to find
 That the gentle fairies
 Had again been kind.
 How his blazing crystals
 Lit the morning air!
 Never had the forest
 Seen a sight so fair.
 Then a driving storm did pass;
 All his leaves were shattered glass.

Humbly said the Pine tree,
 "I have learned 't is best
 Not to wish for fortunes
 Fairer than the rest.
 Glad were I, and thankful,
 If I might be seen,
 Like 'the trees about me,
 Clad in tender green."
 Once again he slumbered, sad;
 Once again his wish he had.

Broad his leaves and fragrant,
 Rich were they and fine,
 Till a goat at noon-day
 Halted there to dine.
 Then her kids came skipping
 Round the fated tree;
 All his leaves could scarcely
 Make a meal for three.
 Every tender bud was nipt,
 Every branch and twig was stript.

Then the wretched Pine tree
 Cried in deep despair,
 'Would I had my needles;
 They were green and fair.
 Never would I change them,"
 Sighed the little tree;
 "Just as nature gave them
 They were the best for me."
 So he slept, and waked, and found
 All his needles safe and sound!

EUDORA S. BUMSTEAD.

* * * * *
 When our wide woods and mighty lawns
 Bloom to the April skies,

The earth has no more gorgeous sight
 To show to human eyes.

* * * * *

BRYANT.

THE FLOWER OF THE DESERT.

Who does not recollect the exultation of Valiant over a flower in the torrid wastes of Africa? The affecting mention of the influence of a flower upon the mind, by Mungo Park, in a time of suffering and despondency, in the heart of the same savage country, is familiar to every one."—*Howitt's Book of the Seasons*.

WHY art thou thus in thy beauty cast, "Yes! dew more sweet than ever fell
O lonely, loneliest flower! O'er island of the blest
Where the sound of song hath never passed Were shaken forth, from its purple bell.
From human hearth or bower? On a suffering human breast.

I pity thee, for thy heart of love, "A wanderer came, as a stricken deer,
For that glowing heart, that fain O'er the waste of burning sand,
Would breathe out joy with each wind to rove He bore the wound of an Arab spear,
In vain, lost thing! in vain! He fled from a ruthless band.

I pity thee, for thy wasted bloom, "And dreams of home in a troubled tide
For thy glory's fleeting hour, Swept o'er his darkening eye,
For the desert place, thy living tomb— As he lay down by the fountain side,
O, lonely, loneliest flower! In his mute despair to die.

I said — but a low voice made reply, "But his glance was caught by the desert's
"Lament not for the flower! flower,
Though its blossoms all unmarked must die, The precious boon of Heaven;
They have had a glorious dower. And sudden hope, like a vernal shower,
To his fainting heart was given.

"Though it bloom afar from the minstrel's way, "For the bright flower spoke of One above—
And the paths where lovers tread; Of the presence felt to brood,
Yet strength and hope, like an inborn day, With a spirit of pervading love,
By its odors have been shed. O'er the wildest solitude.

"O, the seed was thrown those wastes among
In a blessed and gracious hour,
For the lorn rose in heart made strong,
By the lonely, loneliest flower!"

MRS. HEMANS.

FAIR TREE!

Fair tree! for thy delightful shade
'Tis just that some return be made;
Sure some return is due from me
To thy cool shadows and to thee.
When thou to birds dost shelter give,
Thou music dost from them receive;
If travelers beneath thee stay

Till storms have worn themselves away,
That time in praising thee they spend,
And thy protecting power commend;
The shepherd here from scorching freed,
Tunes to thy dancing leaves his reed,
Whilst his loved nymph in thanks bestows
Her flowery chaplets on her boughs.

LADY WINCHELSEA.—*The Tree*.

THE DANCE OF THE DAISIES.

SO my pretty flower-folk, you
Are in a mighty flutter ;
All your nurse, the wind, can do,
Is to scold and mutter.

"We intend to have a ball
(That's why we are fretting);
And our neighbor-flowers have all
Fallen to regretting.

"Many a butterfly we send
Far across the clover.
(There 'll be wings enough to mend
When the trouble's over.)

"Many a butterfly comes home
Torn with thorns and blighted,
Just to say they cannot come;—
They whom we've invited.

"Yes, the roses and the rest
Of the high-born beauties
Are 'engaged,' of course, and pressed
With their stately duties.

"They're at garden-parties seen ;
They're at court presented :
They look prettier than the Queen !
(Strange that 's not resented.)

St. Nicholas, August, 1889.

"Peasant-flowers they call us — we
Whose high lineage you know —
We, the ox-eyed children (see !)
Of Olympian Juno."

(Here the daisies all *made eyes* !
And they looked most splendid,
As they thought about the skies,
Whence they were descended.)

"In our saintly island (hush !)
Never crawls a viper,
Ho, there, Brown-coat ! that 's the thrush:
He will be the piper.

"In this Irish island, oh,
We will stand together.
Let the royal roses go ;—
We don't care a feather.

Strike up, thrush, and play as though
All the stars were dancing.
So they are ! And — here we go —
Isn't this entrancing ?"

"Swaying, mist-white, to and fro,
Airily they chatter,
For a daisy dance, you know,
Is a pleasant matter.

SARAH M. B. PIATT.

HOW calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn !
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,

In gratitude for this sweet calm ;
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 't were that lightning-gem .
Whose liquid flame is born of them !

When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,—

As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs !

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh*.

A WALK IN SPRING.

I WANDER'D in a lonely glade,
Where, issuing from the forest shade,
A little mountain stream
Along the winding valley play'd,
Beneath the morning beam.

'T is sweet in solitude to hear
The earliest music of the year,
The Blackbird's loud wild note,
Or, from the wintry thicket drear,
The Thrush's stammering throat.

Light o'er the woods of dark brown oak
The west wind wreathed the hovering smoke,
From cottage roofs conceal'd,
Below a rock abruptly broke.
In rosy light reveal'd.

In rustic solitude 't is sweet
The earliest flowers of Spring to greet,—
The violet from its tomb,
The strawberry, creeping at our feet,
The sorrel's simple bloom.

'T was in the infancy of May,—
The uplands glow'd in green array,
While from the ranging eye
The lessening landscape stretched away,
To meet the bending sky.

Wherefore I love the walks of Spring,—
While still I hear new warblers sing
Fresh opening bells I see ;
Joy flits on every roving wing,
Hope's buds on every tree.

* * * * *

MONTGOMERY.

MIDSUMMER.

BEHOLD the flood-tide of the year,
The glad midsummer time,
When all things bright and fair are here
And earth is in its prime.

This lovely world, how strangely sweet
It is ! how wondrous fair
The starry daisies at my feet !
How fresh the summer air !

In fresh green woods the laurel hides
Her blushing waxen bloom ;
And pink azaleas by the brook
Breathe spicy, faint perfume.

They bring a message home to me,
With tender meaning fraught :
The lowliest flower our Lord has made
Is worth a tender thought.

Wild roses by the dusty roads
Bud, blossom and decay,
Content to be for joy of it,
The pleasure of a day.

And each midsummer blossom-time
I learn the lessons o'er,—
This love of field, and flower, and vine,
And love of God the more.

ABBIE F. JUDD.

Hence lastly springs care of posterities
For things their kind would everlasting make ;
Hence is it that old men do plant young trees,
The fruit whereof another age shall take.

SIR J. DAVIES.

The birch, the myrtle, and the bay
Like friends did all embrace ;
And their large branches did display
To canopy the place.

DRYDEN.

BRIAR-BLOOM.

THE wild azaleas sweeten all the woods,
 The locust swings its garlands of perfume;
 But, sweetest of all sweets, to-day there broods
 Above the slopes of green and golden gloom
 The scent of briar-bloom.

Sweetest of sweets and fairest of all flowers
 Among wealth of delicate blossoming,
 The blackberry bramble creeps and hides, or towers
 Above the budding shrubs, with clasp and cling
 Bowering the realm of spring.

Roses are warmer with their passion red,
 Lilies are queenlier with their hearts of snow,
 Magnolia cups a heavier incense shed,
 But when I would be tranced with sweet I go
 Where the sharp briars grow.

Brave must the hand be, which would bear away
 Their snowy length and dare the threatened doom,
 Yet when is past my woodland holiday,
 I can but smile at wounds and deck my room
 With wreaths of briar-bloom.

Some souls I love are trimmed with flowers like these,
 Recluse and shrinking from the broadest day,
 And full of delicate fragrances —
 Yet with keen pride to hold false friends at bay
 And keep the world away.

ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM.

HERE are old trees, tall oaks, and gnarled pines,
 That stream with gray-green mosses; here the ground
 Was never trenched by spade, and flowers spring up
 Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
 To linger here among the flitting birds
 And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
 That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
 A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
 With pale-blue berries. In these peaceful shades —
 Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old —
 My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
 Back to the earliest days of liberty.

* * * * *

BRYANT.

CALLING THEM UP.

"SHALL I go and call them up,—
 Snowdrop, daisy, buttercup?"
 Lisperd the rain; "they've had a pleasant winter's nap."
 Lightly to their doors it crept,
 Listened while they soundly slept;
 Gently woke them with its rap-a-tap-a-tap!
 Quickly woke them with rap-a-tap-a-tap!
 Soon their windows opened wide,—
 Every thing astir inside;
 Shining heads came peeping out, in frill and cap;
 "It was kind of you, dear rain,"
 Laughed they all, "to come again;
 We were waiting for your rap-a-tap-a-tap!
 Only waiting for your rap-a-tap-a-tap!"

GEORGE COOPER.

THE OLIVE TREE.

THE palm — the vine — the cedar — each hath power
 To bid fair Oriental shapes glance by;
 And each quick glistening of the laurel bower
 Wafts Grecian images o'er fancy's eye.
 But thou, pale olive! in thy branches lie
 Far deeper spells than prophet grove of old
 Might e'er enshrine: I could not hear thee sigh
 To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold
 One shiver of thy leaves' dim, silvery green,
 Without high thoughts and solemn of that scene
 When, in the garden, the Redeemer prayed,—
 When pale stars looked upon His fainting head,
 And angels, ministering in silent dread,
 Trembled, perchance, within thy trembling shade.

MRS. HEMANS.

Spirits of fire, that brood not long,
 But flash resentment back for wrong;
 And hearts, where, slow but deep, the seeds
 Of vengeance ripen into deeds;
 Till, in some treacherous hour of calm,
 They burst, like Zeilan's giant palm,
 Whose buds fly open with a sound
 That shakes the pigmy forests round!

MOORE'S *Lalla Rookh*.

AMONG THE TREES.

O H ye who love to overhang the springs,
 And stand by running waters, ye whose boughs
 Make beautiful the rocks o'er which they play,
 Who pile with foliage the great hills, and rear
 A paradise upon the lonely plain,
 Trees of the forest, and the open field!
 Have ye no sense of being? Does the air,
 The pure air, which I breathe with gladness, pass
 In gushes o'er your delicate lungs, your leaves,
 All unenjoyed? When on your winter's sleep
 The sun shines warm, have ye no dreams of spring?
 And when the glorious spring-time comes at last,
 Have ye no joy of all your bursting buds,
 And fragrant blooms, and melody of birds
 To which your young leaves shiver? Do ye strive
 And wrestle with the wind, yet know it not?
 Feel ye no glory in your strength, when he,
 The exhausted blusterer, flies beyond the hills,
 And leaves you stronger yet? Or have ye not
 A sense of loss when he has stripped your leaves,
 Yet tender, and has splintered your fair boughs?
 Does the loud bolt that smites you from the cloud
 And rends you, fall unfelt? Do there not run
 Strange shudderings through your fibres when the ax
 Is raised against you, and the shining blade
 Deals blow on blow, until, with all their boughs,
 Your summits waver and ye fall to earth?
 Know ye no sadness when the hurricane
 Has swept the wood and snapped its sturdy stems
 Asunder, or has wrenched, from out the soil,
 The mightiest with their circles of strong roots,
 And piled the ruin all along his path?

Nay, doubt we not that under the rough rind,
 In the green veins of these fair growths of earth,
 There dwells a nature that receives delight
 From all the gentle processes of life,
 And shrinks from loss of being. Dim and faint
 May be the sense of pleasure and of pain,
 As in our dreams; but, haply, real still.

* * * * *

For still
 The February sunshine steeps your boughs
 And tints the buds and swells the leaves within;

While the song-sparrow, warbling from her perch,
Tells you that spring is near. The wind of May
Is sweet with breath of orchards, in whose boughs
The bees and every insect of the air
Make a perpetual murmur of delight,
And by whose flowers the humming-bird hangs poised
In air, and draws their sweets and darts away.
The linden, in the fervors of July,
Hums with a louder concert. When the wind
Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime,
As when some master-hand exulting sweeps
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn
Of gladness and of thanks. The hermit-thrush
Pipes his sweet note to make your arches ring;
The faithful robin, from the wayside elm,
Carols all day to cheer his sitting mate;
And when the autumn comes, the kings of earth,
In all their majesty, are not arrayed
As ye are, clothing the broad mountain-side
And spotting the smooth vales with red and gold;
While, swaying to the sudden breeze, ye fling
Your nuts to earth, and the brisk squirrel comes
To gather them, and barks with childish glee,
And scampers with them to his hollow oak.

Thus, as the seasons pass, ye keep alive
The cheerfulness of Nature, till in time
The constant misery which wrings the heart
Relents, and we rejoice with you again,
And glory in your beauty; till once more
We look with pleasure on your varnished leaves,
That gayly glance in sunshine, and can hear,
Delighted, the soft answer which your boughs
Utter in whispers to the babbling brook.

Ye have no history. I cannot know
Who, when the hillside trees were hewn away,
Haply two centuries since, bade spare this oak,
Leaning to shade, with his irregular arms,
Low-bent and long, the fount that from his roots
Slips through a bed of cresses toward the bay —
I know not who, but thank him that he left
The tree to flourish where the acorn fell,
And join these later days to that far time
While yet the Indian hunter drew the bow

In the dim woods, and the white woodman first
 Opened these fields to sunshine, turned the soil
 And strewed the wheat. An unremembered Past
 Broods, like a presence, mid the long gray boughs
 Of this old tree, which has outlived so long
 The flitting generations of mankind.

Ye have no history. I ask in vain
 Who planted on the slope this lofty group
 Of ancient pear-trees that with spring-time burst
 Into such breadth of bloom. One bears a scar
 Where the quick lightning scored its trunk, yet still
 It feels the breath of Spring, and every May
 Is white with blossoms. Who it was that laid
 Their infant roots in earth, and tenderly
 Cherished the delicate sprays, I ask in vain,
 Yet bless the unknown hand to which I owe
 This annual festival of bees, these songs
 Of birds within their leafy screen, these shouts
 Of joy from children gathering up the fruit
 Shaken in August from the willing boughs.

Ye that my hands have planted, or have spared,
 Beside the way, or in the orchard-ground,
 Or in the open meadow, ye whose boughs
 With every summer spread a wider shade,
 Whose herd in coming years shall lie at rest
 Beneath your noontide shelter? who shall pluck
 Your ripened fruit? who grave, as was the wont
 Of simple pastoral ages, on the rind
 Of my smooth Beeches some beloved name?
 Idly I ask, yet may the eyes that look
 Upon you, in your later, nobler growth,
 Look also on a nobler age than ours;
 An age when, in the eternal strife between
 Evil and Good, the Power of Good shall win
 A grander mastery.

* * * * * BRYANT.

A man was lately tried at Aberdeen for obstructing a revenue officer; it unfortunately came out on the trial, that the prisoner had been guilty of planting the Tree of Liberty, where no tree had ever grown before, and where Liberty was not in the most flourishing state. The consequence was, a judgment, that he should be publicly whipped, and banished the kingdom for fourteen years.

THOMAS PAINE, 1793.

BOLEHILL TREES.

A conspicuous plantation, encompassing a school-house and play-ground, on a bleak eminence; at Barlow, in Derbyshire.

NOW peace to his ashes who planted yon trees,
 That welcome my wandering eye !
 In lofty luxuriance they wave with the breeze,
 And resemble a grove in the sky.
 On the brow of the mountain, uncultured and bleak,
 They flourish in grandeur sublime,
 Adorning its bald and majestic peak,
 Like the lock on the forehead of Time.

A land-mark they rise; — to the stranger forlorn
 All night on the wild heath delay'd,
 'Tis rapture to spy the young beauties of morn
 Unveiling behind their dark shade.
 The homeward-bound husbandman joys to behold,
 On the line of the gray evening scene,
 Their branches yet gleaming with purple and gold,
 And the sunset expiring between.

* * * * *

Then peace to his ashes who planted those trees !
 Supreme o'er the landscape they rise,
 With simple and lovely magnificence please
 All bosoms, and gladden all eyes.
 Nor marble, nor brass, could emblazen his fame
 Like his own sylvan trophies, that wave
 In graceful memorial, and whisper his name.
 And scatter their leaves on his grave.

Ah ! thus, when I sleep in the desolate tomb,
 May the laurels I planted endure,
 On the mountain of high immortality bloom,
 Midst lightning and tempest secure !
 Then ages unborn shall their verdure admire,
 And nations sit under their shade,
 While my spirit, in secret, shall move o'er my lyre,
 Aloft in their branches display'd.

* * * * *

MONTGOMERY.

Amid them stood the tree of life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold. MILTON'S *Paradise Lost*.

TREE BURIAL.

NEAR our south-western border, when a child
 Dies in the cabin of an Indian wife,
 She makes its funeral couch of delicate furs,
 Blankets and bark, and binds it to the bough
 Of some broad branching tree with leathern thongs
 And sinews of the deer. A mother once
 Wrought at this tender task, and murmured thus :

“ Child of my love, I do not lay thee down
 Among the chilly clods where never comes
 The pleasant sunshine. There the greedy wolf
 Might break into thy grave and tear thee thence,
 And I should sorrow all my life. I make
 Thy burial-place here, where the light of day
 Shines round thee, and the airs that play among
 The boughs shall rock thee. Here the morning sun,
 Which woke thee once from sleep to smile on me,
 Shall beam upon thy bed, and sweetly here
 Shall lie the red light of the evening clouds
 Which called thee once to slumber. Here the stars
 Shall look upon thee — the bright stars of heaven
 Which thou didst wonder at. Here too the birds,
 Whose music thou didst love, shall sing to thee,
 And near thee build their nests and rear their young
 With none to scare them. Here the woodland flowers,
 Whose opening in the spring-time thou didst greet
 With shouts of joy, and which so well became
 Thy pretty hands when thou didst gather them,
 Shall spot the ground below thy little bed.

* * * * *

BRYANT.

The thorns which I reaped are of the tree
 I planted,— they have torn me and I bleed ;
 I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.

BYRON'S *Childe Harold*.

“ O, for a seat in some poetic nook
 Just hid with trees and sparkling with a brook.”

LEIGH HUNT.

VOICES OF THE FOREST.

GUARDING the mountains around
 Majestic the forests are standing,
 Bright are their crested helmets,
 Dark is their armor of leaves ;
 Filled with the breath of freedom
 Each bosom subsiding, expanding,
 Now like the ocean sinks,
 Now like the ocean upheaves,

Planted firm on the rock,
 With foreheads stern and defiant,
 Loud they shouted to the winds,
 Loud to the tempest they call ;
 Naught but Olympian thunders,
 That blasted Titan and Giant,
 Them can uproot and o'erthrow,
 Shaking the earth with their fall.

LONGFELLOW'S *The Masque of Pandora.*

WILD THORN BLOSSOMS.

DEEP within the tangled wildwood,
 Where the tuneful thrushes sing,
 And the dreaming pine trees whisper
 In their sleep a tale of spring ;
 Where the laughing brook goes leaping
 Down the mountain's mossy stair,
 There the wild white thorn is flinging
 Its sweet fragrance everywhere.

Rough and rugged are its branches,
 But its bloom is white as snow ;
 And the roaming bees have found it,
 In their wanderings to and fro ;
 And they gather from its sweetness
 Heavy freights the livelong day,
 And go sailing homeward, singing
 Their thanksgivings all the way.

All unheeded fall the blossoms,
 Like sweet snowflakes through the air,
 And the summer marches onward
 With its fragrance rich and rare ;
 But the grateful bee remembers,
 As he winds his mellow horn,
 That the spring-time was made sweeter
 By the blossoms of the thorn.

JULIAN S. CUTLER.

ARBUTUS.

“ ARBUTUS, thou dost faintly swing
 The subtle censer of the Spring.
 I sip thy wine, I kiss thy lips,
 I softly touch thy pinky tips,
 More than I say thou art to me,
 A past and still a joy to be !
 If e'er I stand of all bereft,
 As they do stand whom Death has left,
 A treasure dearer far than gold
 Mine empty hands will seek and hold

The first arbutus of the Spring,
 A simple thing, a little thing,
 Yet incense-bearer to the King,
 His tidings glad borne on its wing.
 All my lost life 't will backward bring,
 And all the life before 't will touch
 With Spring's young glory, 't will be
 much,
 How much ! Yet such a little thing,
 The first arbutus of the Spring ! ”

A MAY MORNING.

O LADY, leave thy silken thread
 And flowery tapestry ;
 There's living roses on the bush,
 And blossoms on the tree ;
 Stoop where thou wilt, thy careless hand
 Some random bud will meet ;
 Thou canst not tread, but thou wilt find
 The daisy at thy feet.

'Tis like the birthday of the world,
 When earth was here in bloom ;
 The light is made of many dyes,
 The air is all perfume ;
 There's crimson buds, and white and blue —
 The very rainbow showers
 Have turned to blossoms where they fell,
 And sown the earth with flowers.

There's fairy tulips in the east,
 The garden of the sun ;
 The very streams reflect the hues
 And blossom as they run ;
 While morn opes like a crimson rose,
 Still wet with pearly showers ;
 Then, lady, leave the silken thread
 Thou twinest into flowers

PUT FLOWERS IN YOUR WINDOW.

“PUT flowers in your window, friend,
 And summer in your heart ;
 The greenness of their mimic boughs
 Is of the woods a part ;
 The color of their tender bloom
 Is love's own pleasing hue,
 As surely as you smile on them,
 They'll smile again on you.

Put flowers in your window, when
 You sit in idle mood ;
 For wholesome, mental aliment,
 There is no cheaper food.
 For love and hope and charity
 Are in their censer shrined,
 And shapes of loveliest thought grow out
 The flower-loving mind.”

* * * * *

Yes, I love the children of the woodlands, of the highlands and the lowlands. Especially those first heralds of spring that come forth with all her newness and dewy freshness, that quickening of life that makes one's pulses bound. Yes,

“There is to me
 A daintiness about these early flowers,
 That touch me like poetry. They blow out
 With such a simple loveliness among
 The common herbs of pasture, and they breathe
 Their lives so unobtrusively, like hearts
 Whose beatings are too gentle for the world.”

MRS. G. W. FLANDERS.

TREES OF HISTORY AND MYTHOLOGY.

A YOUTH once rode into a forest, and asked of the trees :

<p>“ O, if ye have a singing leaf, I pray you give it me.” But the trees all kept their counsel, They said neither yea or nay ; Only there sighed from the Pine tops</p>	<p>The music of seas far away ; Only the Aspen pattered With a sound like the growing rain, That fell fast and ever faster, Then faltered to silence again.</p>
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Tennyson tells us of the talking Oak, but to us, who are less fortunate in poetic imagery, the trees are speechless ; if the birds understand the language of rustling leaves, they keep it a secret from us, who would fain open and read this page in nature's volume.

Sacred history is full of allusions to trees in their various stages of growth and abundance. The first sin of our common mother was in partaking of the forbidden fruit from the tree in the garden of Paradise. At the foot of Mount Lebanon eight gigantic Cedars stand as the only representatives of the once immense forests. The prophecy concerning them has come to pass, “ They shall be few that a child may count them.” The Olive, the Fig and the Oak are likewise often referred to in the sacred Scriptures. We read of the righteous as representing a tree of life, and they are declared to be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, while the wicked are likened to a Green Bay tree, and the ungodly to an Oak whose leaf fadeth. The Green Bay tree is a species of Laurel. Pliny collected and recorded the information and opinions concerning it current in his time. It was held sacred to Apollo, and used as a symbol of victory. It was used by the Romans to guard the gates of Cæsar, and that worn by Augustus and his successors had a miraculous history. The grove at the Imperial villa having grown from a shoot sent by Livius Drusilla from heaven.

Among the Indians of Brazil there is a tradition that the whole human race sprang from a Palm tree. It has been a symbol of excellence for things good and beautiful. Among the ancients it was an emblem of victory, and, as such, was worn by the early Christian martyrs, and has been found sculptured on their tombs. The Mohammedans venerate it. Certain trees, said to have been propagated from some originally planted by the prophet's daughter, are held sacred and the fruit sold at enormous prices. The day upon which Christ entered Jerusalem, riding upon the colt of an ass, is called Palm Sunday, being the first day of the Holy Week. In Europe real Palm branches are distributed among the people. Goethe says :

“ In Rome on Palm Sunday,
 They have the true Palms,
 The cardinals bow reverently
 And sing old psalms.

Elsewhere these songs are sung 'mid Olive branches ; more southern climes must be content with the sad Willow.

The books relating to the religion of Buddha were nearly all of them written upon the leaves of the Fan Palm, and by missionaries they have been used in the place of paper. The noble aspect of this tree, together with its surpassing utility, has caused it to be called "the prince of the vegetable kingdom," and it has been immortalized in history, mythology and poetry.

A Cypress tree in Somma, Lombardy, is said to have been standing since the time of Julius Cæsar. Napoleon, in making a road over the Simplon, deviated from a straight line, that he might not be obliged to cut it down. Cypress wood is very enduring, and for this reason, no doubt, it was used for mummy cases and statues. Pliny tells us, a statue of Jupiter carved from Cypress wood remained standing for six hundred years. In Turkish cemeteries it is a rule to plant a tree of this variety at every interment.

Cypanissus, a beautiful youth, was transformed into a Cypress by Apollo, that he might grieve all the time. The Cypress is an emblem of mourning, and Scott thus writes :

" When villagers my shroud bestrew
With Pansies, Rosemary and Rue,
Then, lady, weave a wreath for me,
And weave it of the Cypress tree."

There is a familiar legend about the Black Thorn, a species of the Plum. It is said that Joseph, of Aramathea, planted his staff, that it grew, put forth its blossoms every Christmas day afterward until it was destroyed by a Puritan soldier, who was wounded by a splint from the tree and died from its effects.

Branches of the White Thorn were used for the nuptial chaplets of Athenian brides, and a tree of this variety is still alive that was planted by Mary, Queen of Scots.

There is a tradition among the French peasantry that groans and cries issue from the Hawthorn on Good Friday, doubtless arising from the superstition that Christ's crown of thorns was made from this bush.

The legend that the cross of Jesus was made of Aspen wood, and hence its leaves were doomed to tremble, has led an unknown poet to show his ignorance of the true cause in the following lines :

" Ah, tremble, tremble, Aspen tree,
I need not ask thee why thou shakest,
For if, as holy legend saith,
On thee the Saviour bled to death,
No wonder, Aspen, that thou quakest,
And till in judgment all assemble,
Thy leaves, accursed, shall wail and tremble."

The real cause of the mobility depends on the fact that the leaf stalk of the Poplar is flattened laterally, and even the slightest wind produces a motion. Since this is so, we may be sure that the Aspen will continue to wail and tremble, but not because its leaves are accursed.

There is an island in Lake Wetter, Scotland, upon which stood twelve majestic Beach trees, called the twelve apostles. A jealous peasant cut one of them

down, thus effacing from the group the traitor, Judas, who, he declared, should have no lot with the faithful.

In Latin myths, the Fig tree was held sacred to Bacchus, and employed in religious ceremonies. A tree of this variety is said to have overshadowed Romulus and Remus, the twin founders of Rome, in the wolf's cave. The sacred Fig is chiefly planted in India as a religious object, being regarded as sacred by both Brahmas and Buddhists. A gigantic tree of this variety, growing in Ceylon, is said to be one of the oldest trees in the world, and, if tradition is to be trusted, it grew from a branch of the tree under which Gantama Buddha became endued with divine powers, and has always been held in the highest veneration.

Vick's Magazine.

F. L. SHELDON.

A TREE'S RECORD OF ITS LIFE.

IT is not known to every one that a tree keeps a record within its stem of the character of each successive season since it began its growth. If a Peach tree, for instance, be examined after it has been cut down, the ring of wood formed in each year will show by its amount whether the summer of that year was warm or dry, or otherwise favorable or adverse; and by the condition of the wood, the character of the winter will be denoted. Severe early frost will leave a layer of soft, decaying wood; and later frosts will be indicated by a change of color, if nothing more.

If a summer has been so dry as to cause a total rest between the growths of June and September, the annual ring for that year will be a double one, and sometimes barely distinguishable as one, but liable to be taken, by a not very close observer, for two different years' growth.

At a late meeting of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, Sir Robert Christison gave the results of measurements of large trees of different species made annually on lines of girth marked permanently with paint. In the very unfavorable season of 1879, the deficiency in summer temperature was nearly ten degrees. In seven Oak trees, of different species, the deficiency in annual increase of girth was ten per cent. In eleven other deciduous trees, it was forty-two per cent; and in seventeen Pines it was twenty per cent, different species of the same family giving very nearly similar results.

Vick's Magazine.

Nearly all the tributaries of the upper Mississippi have lost one-half of their former supply of water. Inundations in the spring are more frequent, while now in the summer the depth of many of these rivers average hardly more inches than could be measured by feet thirty years ago. The snow-fall is irregular, and the climate is subject to abrupt changes at all seasons of the year. The Legislatures of the North-Western States are being roused to the fact the forests must be preserved.

Arranged for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

HISTORIC TREES.

THE following list includes some of the more prominent trees that have been consecrated by the presence of eminent personages, or by some conspicuous event in the history of our country.

They all have a place in our national history, and are inseparable from it because they were so consecrated. A knowledge of the events associated with their memories cannot but engender patriotic emotions in the breast of every true American citizen.

1. One of the best known trees in American history is the Charter Oak which stood in Hartford, Conn., until 1856, when it was blown down. This tree once preserved the written guarantee of the liberties of the then infant colony of Connecticut. In 1687 Governor Andros, whom King James had sent across the sea to be Governor of all New England, appeared before the Connecticut Assembly, then in session in Hartford, and demanded the Colony's charter. Tradition tells us that the charter was brought in and laid upon the table. In an instant all lights were extinguished and the room was wrapped in total darkness. Not a word was spoken. The candles were again lighted, but the charter had mysteriously disappeared; and though Sir Edmund searched diligently for it, his search was in vain. Captain James Wadsworth had seized the precious charter and concealed it in a hollow in the trunk of this friendly tree.

2. All strangers who visit Cambridge, Massachusetts, look with interest upon the remnants of the venerable Elm tree under which Washington sat, when on the 3rd of July, 1775, he assumed command of the Colonial army. It stands in the center of a great public thoroughfare, its trunk protected by an iron fence from injury by passing vehicles, which for more than a century have turned out for this tree.

3. "The Cary Tree," planted by Alice and Pœbe Cary. As these sisters were returning from school one day they found a small tree in the road, and carrying it to the opposite side they dug out the earth with sticks and their hands, and planted it. When these two children had grown to womanhood and removed to New York city, they never returned to their old home without paying a visit to the tree they had planted. That tree is the large and beautiful Sycamore, which one sees in passing along the Hamilton turnpike from College Hill to Mount Pleasant, Hamilton county, Ohio.

4. A tree interesting from its association with the General of the American Army, is the Washington Oak at Fishkill. Washington's headquarters remained on the west bank of the Hudson, between Newburgh and New Windsor, from the spring of 1782, to August 18, 1783; and during this time he crossed the river frequently for the purpose of visiting the troops in camp upon Fishkill Plain, near the village of that name. The most convenient landing-place on the east bank was upon a long, low point of land formed to the north of the mouth of Fishkill creek, and here, according to the tradition of the locality, under two large Oak trees, Washington always mounted and dismounted from his horse as he started and returned from the camp. The tree is a Chestnut



A CALIFORNIA GIANT.

Oak, still healthy and vigorous, and standing directly at the top of the low river-bank. The trunk girths at the present time, over twenty-one feet, and, judging from the age of its companion, which was blown down a few years since, eight or ten centuries may have passed since the acorn from which it sprang fell to the ground.

5. There is a Weeping Willow in Copp's burying-ground near Bunker Hill, that has grown from a branch taken from a tree that shaded the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena. Under this tree are buried the remains of Cotton Mather, so noted in Salem witchcraft. Copp's burying-ground is so near the Bunker Hill battle-field, that a number of grave-stones can be seen to-day which were pierced through by bullets fired by British soldiers in that battle.

6. It was the custom of our New England ancestors to plant trees in the early settlement of our country, and dedicate them to liberty. Many of these "Liberty Trees," consecrated by our fore-fathers are still standing. "Old Liberty Elm" in Boston, was planted by a school-master long before the Revolutionary war, and dedicated by him to the independence of the Colonies. Around that tree, before the Revolution, the citizens of Boston and vicinity, used to gather and listen to the advocates of our country's freedom. Around it during the war, they met to offer up thanks and supplications to Almighty God for the success of the patriot armies, and after the terrible struggle had ended the people were accustomed to assemble there year after year, in the shadow of that old tree, to celebrate the liberty and independence of our country. It stood till within a few years, a living monument of the patriotism of the people of Boston, and when at last it fell, the bells in all the churches of the city were tolled, and a feeling of sadness spread over the entire State.

7. The Ash trees planted by General Washington at Mt. Vernon. These trees form a beautiful row, which is the admiration of all who visit the home of the Father of his Country.

8. The Elm tree at Philadelphia, under which William Penn made his famous treaty with nineteen tribes of barbarians, the only treaty never sworn to and never broken. This Elm was carefully guarded until 1810, when it was unfortunately blown down. A monument now marks the spot.

Other familiar trees are the wide spreading Oak tree of Flushing, Long Island, under which George Fox, the founder of the society of Friends or Quakers, preached.

"The Burgoyne Elm," at Albany, which was planted on the day the British General Burgoyne was brought a prisoner into the city, the day after the surrender.

The lofty Cypress tree in the Dismal Swamp, under which Washington reposed one night in his young manhood.

The magnificent Black Walnut tree, near Haverstraw on the Hudson, under which General Wayne mustered his force at midnight, preparatory to his successful attack on Stony Point.

The huge French Apple tree near Fort Wayne, Indiana, where Little Turtle, the great Miami Chief, gathered his warriors.

The grand Magnolia tree near Charleston, South Carolina, under which General Lincoln held a council of war previous to surrendering the city.

The tall Pine tree at Fort Edward, New York, under which the beautiful Jane McCrea was slain.

The great Pecan tree at Villere's plantation, below New Orleans, under which a portion of the remains of General Packingham was buried.

The Pear trees planted respectively by Governor Endicott of Massachusetts, and Governor Stuyvesant of New York, more than two hundred years ago, and the Tulip tree on King's mountain battle-field, in South Carolina, upon which ten Tory murderers were hung at one time.

Sodus Centre, N. Y.

EDWARD C. DELANO.

THE USE OF ARBOR DAY.

THE subject of forestry is, of course, an appropriate one for Arbor Day, if there is any person available who is competent to present or discuss it. Almost any time would be suitable for the intelligent treatment of this topic, if people will come together to hear and consider it. It is vitally related to the public welfare in a variety of ways, and serious injury to the prosperity and civilization of our country is almost certain to result from the lack of sufficient knowledge to enable our people justly to estimate its importance. Oratory without knowledge is of little value, and will not long be found entertaining; but knowledge regarding the subjects which are appropriate for Arbor Day can be acquired only as knowledge of other important subjects is acquired, by serious interest and application, by study and adequate observation.

The planting of trees by a person able to use it as an object-lesson for popular instruction by describing the structure and functions of the various parts of the tree, and their relations to each other in its life, would in many places be an admirable use to make of Arbor Day. The proper care of trees and shrubs in villages and along country road-sides, their economic value as related to bird-life and insect-life, their influence on health, and on the interest and happiness of human life, their value as a means of seclusion, and their effect in landscape everywhere, are all good subjects for consideration on Arbor Day, if they are seriously and intelligently presented.

If a few public-spirited young men and women in every town will read the new literature regarding these and similar subjects, they will soon be able to supply competent direction for Arbor Day observances, and, what is more important, to give good counsel, and to act intelligently when questions of pruning trees, widening streets and destroying road-sides are under discussion.

Garden and Forest. April 17, 1889.

Germany has made great progress in tree-planting. It was a part of the national policy of Frederick the Great by which Germany was raised from a small power to a great one. Where once the sandy deserts would not nourish a flock of goats, vast armies have been maintained, and regiments of hardy soldiers have poured forth from the fertile soil, where two hundred years ago the thorn and the thistle overspread an impoverished land.

Written for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL"

PRUNING TREES.

AS trees grow thickly together in the forest, the lower limbs die and drop off, while they are small; but in case of isolated trees, the conditions are so different, that unless pruned, they are often ill shaped and unsightly.

Many people erroneously imagine that as a tree grows, the limbs will be raised higher, whereas, from increased weight, they droop and become really lower.

The common practice is to neglect pruning shade trees till the view is obstructed by large low limbs which are then heroically sawed off, leaving large knots and scars which must ever remain to offend the eye. These useless branches were grown at the expense of the main trunk; such trees can never present the fine and majestic appearance of those which have a nearly uniform diameter from the ground to the lowest limbs.

In imitation of nature's process in the forest, all limbs and sprouts should be removed as soon as possible up to a desired point; this can usually be done with an ordinary knife, or even the hand. In considering the removal of a sprout, the question should be: Will a branch be desirable at that point? If not, let it not remain to rob desirable parts. The height at which branching should be allowed to commence must be decided by individual taste which will also indicate the lopping off, at other points, of those branches which are ill-formed, and not in harmony with the general appearance. Dead and decaying limbs should be promptly removed.

H. R. SANFORD, A. M.

THE BLUE-BIRD.

WHEN Nature made the blue-bird she wished to propitiate both the sky and the earth, so she gave him the color of the one on his back and the hue of the other on his breast, and ordained that his appearance in spring should denote that the strife and war between these two elements was at an end. He is the peace-harbinger; in him the celestial and the terrestrial strike hands and are fast friends. He means the furrow and he means the warmth; he means all the soft, waving influences of the spring on the one hand, and the retreating footsteps of winter on the other. After you have seen the blue-bird you will see no more cold, no more snow, no more winter. He brings soft skies and the ruddy brown of the fields. It is sure to be a bright March morning when you first hear his note; and it is as if the milder influences up above had found a voice and let a word fall upon the ear, so tender is it and so prophetic a hope tinged with a regret.

Scribner's Magazine, August, 1873.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

Owing to the destruction of forests, that part of Italy that was once adorned with villas, parks, flower and fruit gardens, is now an unhealthy uninhabitable region. The malarious gases were formerly absorbed by the leaves of the numerous trees, but now they fill the air, and infect even the heart of the city.

THE PALM TREE.

IS it the palm, the cocoa palm,
On the Indian sea, by the isles of balm?
Or is it a ship in the breezeless calm?

A ship whose keel is of palm beneath,
Whose ribs of palm have a palm-bark sheath,
And a rudder of palm it steereth with.

Branches of palm are its spars and rails,
Fibers of palm are its woven sails,
And the rope is of palm that idly trails!

What does the good ship bear so well?
The cocoa-nut with its stony shell,
And the milky sap of its inner cell.

What are its jars, so smooth and fine,
But hollowed nuts, filled with oil and wine,
And the cabbage that ripens under the Line?

Who smokes his nargileh, cool and calm?
The master whose cunning and skill could charm
Cargo and ship from the bounteous palm.

In the cabin he sits on a palm mat soft,
From a beaker of palm his drink is quaffed,
And a palm thatch shields from the sun aloft.

His dress is woven of palmy strands,
And he holds a palm-leaf scroll in his hands,
Traced with the Prophet's wise commands!

The turban folded about his head
Was daintily wrought of the palm-leaf braid,
And the fan that cools him, of palm was made.

Of threads of palm was the carpet spun
Whereon he kneels when the day is done,
And the foreheads of Islam are bowed as one.

To him the palm is a gift divine
Wherein all uses of man combine, —
House, and raiment, and food, and wine!

And in the hour of his great release,
His need of the palm shall only cease
With the shroud wherein he lies at peace.

"Allah il Allah!" he sings his psalm,
On the Indian sea, by the isles of palm;
"Thanks to Allah who gives the palm!"

WHITTIER.

WELCOME TO MAY.

HAIL! hail! hail to the beautiful May;
 Now while nature's green carpet is spread on the ground,
 With verdure and beauty the hill-sides are crowned,
 So with music, sweet music, we'll make the wood ring,
 While nature is smiling, this song we will sing:
 Welcome to May, beautiful May,
 Join in the song gladly to-day,
 With happy voices and with hearts so gay,
 Sing we a welcome, thrice welcome to May.

Hail! hail! hail to the beautiful May;
 Lovely May thou art welcome, we greet thee to-day,
 For winter's cold winds thou hast driven far away,
 While the birds sing so gayly, and flow'rs bloom so bright,
 We'll join in the chorus and sing with delight:
 Welcome to May, beautiful May,
 Join in the song gladly to-day,
 With happy voices and with hearts so gay,
 Sing we a welcome, thrice welcome to May.

Written for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

SONG OF CONSECRATION.

RELEASED from her fetters, all nature rejoices,
 With music and mirth from her captives set free,
 We join the grand anthem, and lift our glad voices
 In praise and thanksgiving, Great Giver, to thee.

Earth green, 'neath our feet, thy warm sun shining o'er us,
 With birds and the bowers and the blossoms of spring,
 The landscape of life stretching onward before us,
 'Tis meet that our Arbor Day off'ring we bring.

From winter's cold sleep, see the myriads awaken;
 To slumber no longer in silence and gloom,
 Not a life, not a germ, not a bud is forsaken,
 But all are remembered in nature's first bloom.

While 'neath the green foliage the shadows are dancing,
 Our hearts swayed with love as the leaves on the tree,
 And feel the warm zephyrs of summer advancing
 We lift our glad spirits, Great Giver, to thee!

Written for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

ARBOR DAY.

ITS EDUCATING INFLUENCE.

THE observance of Arbor Day has already led to the planting of myriads of trees in this country. Important as is this result, *the educating influence* of this work is of still higher value. One of these educating forces begins when children are thus led to plant not only trees, but tree-seeds, acorns, nuts, drupe-stones or pits, and then to observe the wonderful miracles which the tree-life *they have started* is working out before them. What interest and profit, what growth of mind and heart they will gain, as they watch the mysterious forces of these living germs, their marvelous assimilating power, carrying on a curious chemistry in their underground laboratory, linked with the mysterious apparatus of the leaves above, transforming coarse earth and even offensive filth into living forms of surpassing beauty and fragrance. It is something for a child, who has dropped such a germ in the earth, to feel that he has made a lasting contribution to the natural beauty around him, for there is nothing more ennobling than the consciousness of doing something for future generations, which may prove a growing benefaction in coming years—a better monument than any in bronze or marble. The trees which children plant around the homestead and watch from seed to shoot, from bud to limb, and from flower to fruit, will be increasingly prized with a sentiment of companionship and almost of kinship as they grow into living memorials of happy, youthful days. Thus, the educating influences of Arbor Day will manifest themselves more and more as the years go by, especially to all who apply Dr. Holmes' advice, and "make trees monuments of history and character," or appreciate his saying, "I have written many verses, but the best poems I have produced are the trees I have planted," or the striking words of Sir Walter, "Planting and pruning trees I could work at from morning till night. There is a sort of self-congratulation, a little tickling self-flattery in the idea that while you are pleasing and amusing yourself, you are seriously contributing to the future welfare of the country."

As a result of Arbor Day, talks on trees and tree-planting are now common in our best schools. Every pupil should be led to observe, recognize and admire our common trees, and thus come to realize that they form the finest drapery that adorns this earth in all lands. Such love of trees will tend to make them practical arborists. Let the parent as well as teacher, then, encourage every child—girl or boy—to plant, or help in planting, if too young to work alone, some flower, shrub, vine or tree, to be known by his or her name. Such offspring they will watch with pride, as every month or year new beauties appear, and find a peculiar pleasure in the parentage of trees, whether forest, fruit or ornamental, a pleasure that never cloy, but grows with their growth. Such tree-planting is a grand discipline in foresight. Mental myopia means weakness and folly, while the habit of forecasting consequences is the condition of wisdom. Many youth will sow only where they can quickly reap. With them a meagre crop soon in hand outweighs a golden

harvest long in maturing. The tree-planter can appreciate the apothegm, "To patiently work and wait, year after year, for the attainment of some far-off end, shows a touch of the sublime, and implies moral no less than mental heroism."

Clinton, Conn.

B. G. NORTHROP.

ARBOR DAY.

OUR modern institution — Arbor Day — is a public acknowledgment of our dependence upon the soil of the earth for our daily, our annual, bread. In recognition of the same fact the Emperor of China annually plows a furrow with his own hand, and in the same significance are the provisions in the ancient law of Moses, to give the land its seven-year Sabbath, as well as to man his seventh day for rest and recreation. Our observance is a better one, because it calls on all, and especially on the impressible learners in the schools to join in the duty which we owe to the earth and to all mankind, of doing what each of us can to preserve the soil's fertility, and to prevent, as long as possible, the earth, from which we have our being, from becoming worn out and wholly bald and bare. And we do this by planting of any sort, if only by making two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, and by learning to preserve vegetation. We give solemnity to this observance by joining in it on an appointed day, high and low, old and young, together.

Vick's Magazine.

DESTRUCTION OF THE FORESTS.

SOME of the figures presented to the Forestry Congress, recently held at Philadelphia, are, to say the least, impressive. From them it appears that the woodland of the United States now covers 450,000,000 acres, or about twenty-six per cent of the area. Of this not less than 25,000,000 acres are cut over annually, a rate of destruction that will bring our forests to an end in eighteen years, if there is no replanting. It was also stated that while the wood growing annually in the forests of the United States amounts to 12,000,000,000 cubic feet, the amount cut annually is 24,000,000,000 cubic feet, and this does not include a vast amount destroyed by fire. The country's supply of timber, therefore, is being depleted at least twice as fast as it is being reproduced, and this is another way of showing that a timber famine is approaching rapidly. It will be very serious when it comes, and it will not be relieved very easily or very soon.

Newspaper Extract, Nov., 1889.

Mouldering and moss grown through the lapse of years in motionless beauty stands the giant oak — while those that saw its green and flourishing youth are gone and forgotten.

LONGFELLOW.

ASPEN.

AT that awful hour of the passion, when the Saviour of the world felt deserted in His agony, when —

"The sympathizing sun his light withdrew,
And wonder'd how the stars their dying Lord could view —"

when earth, shaken with horror, rung the passing bell for Deity, and universal nature groaned; then from the loftiest tree to the lowliest flower all felt a sudden thrill, and trembling, bowed their heads, all save the proud and obdurate aspen, which said, "Why should we weep and tremble? we trees, and plants, and flowers are pure and never sinned!" Ere it ceased to speak, an involuntary trembling seized its every leaf, and the word went forth that it should never rest, but tremble on until the day of judgment.

Old Legend.

MAPLE.

THAT was a day of delight and wonder,
While lying the shade of the maple trees under —
He felt the soft breeze at its frolicsome play;
He smelled the sweet odor of newly mown hay,
Of wilding blossoms in meadow and wood,
And flowers in the garden that orderly stood;
He drank of the milk foaming fresh from the cow,
He ate the ripe apple just pulled from the bough;
And lifted his hand to where hung in his reach,
All laden with honey, the ruddy-cheeked peach;
Beside him the blackberries juicy and fresh;
Before him the melon with odorous flesh;
There he had all for his use or his vision,
All that the wishes of mortal could seize —
There where he lay in a country elysian,
Happily, dreamily,
Under the trees.

THO'S DUNN ENGLISH.

Ye field flowers! the gardens eclipse you 'tis true;
Yet, wildings of nature, I doat upon you;
For ye waft me to summers of old,
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,
Like treasures of silver and gold.

CAMPBELL.

THE LILAC.

THE sun shone warm, and the lilac said,
 "I must hurry and get my table spread,
 For if I am slow, and dinner late,
 My friends, the bees, will have to wait."

So delicate lavender glass she brought
 And the daintiest china ever bought,
 Purple tinted, and all complete;
 And she filled each cup with honey sweet.

"Dinner is ready!" the spring wind cried;
 And from hive and hiding, far and wide,
 While the lilac laughed to see them come,
 The little gray-jacketed bees came hum-m!

They sipped the syrup from every cell,
 They nibbled at taffy and caramel;
 Then, without being asked, they all buzzed: "We
 Will be very happy to stay to tea."

CLARA DOTY BATES.

THE RHODORA.

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
 I found the fresh rhodora in the woods,
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
 To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
 The purple petals fallen in the pool,
 Made the black water with their beauty gay;
 Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
 And court the flower that cheapens his array.
 Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
 This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
 Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
 Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
 Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
 I never thought to ask, I never knew;
 But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
 The self-same power that brought me there brought you.

EMERSON.

Who that has loved knows not the tender tale
 Which flowers reveal, when lips are coy to tell.

BULWER-LYTTON.

THE BIRCH TREE.

RIPPLING through thy branches goes the sunshine,
 Among thy leaves that palpitate forever;
 Ovid in thee a pining nymph had prisoned,
 The soul once of some tremulous inland river,
 Quivering to tell her woe, but, ah! dumb, dumb forever!

While all the forest, witched with slumberous moonshine,
 Holds up its leaves in happy, happy silence,
 Waiting the dew, with breath and pulse suspended,
 I hear afar thy whispering, gleamy islands,
 And track thee wakeful still amid the wide-hung silence.

Upon the brink of some wood-nestled lakelet,
 Thy foliage, like the tresses of a Dryad,
 Dripping about thy slim white stem whose shadow
 Slopes quivering down the water's dusky quiet,
 Thou shrink'st as on her bath's edge would some startled Dryad.

Thou art the go-between of rustic lovers;
 Thy white bark has their secrets in its keeping;
 Reuben writes here the happy name of Patience,
 And thy lithe boughs hang murmuring and weeping
 Above her as she steals the mystery from thy keeping.

Thou art to me like my beloved maiden,
 So frankly coy, so full of trembly confidences;
 Thy shadow scarce seems shade, thy pattering leaflets
 Sprinkle their gathered sunshine o'er my senses,
 And nature gives me all her summer confidences.

Whether my heart with hope or sorrow tremble,
 Thou sympathizest still; wild and unquiet,
 I fling me down; thy ripple, like a river,
 Flows valleyward, where calmness is, and by it
 My heart is floated down into the land of quiet.

LOWELL.

Behold the trees unnumbered rise,
 Beautiful, in various dyes;
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
 The yellow beech, the sombre yew,
 The slender fir that taper grows,
 The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.

DYER.

CUTTING OFF THE FORESTS.

EFFECT IN CENTRAL NEW YORK.

THERE is abundant evidence in America of the effects of cutting off the forests. In Central New York streams that thirty or forty years ago kept the ponds well filled for the saw-mill and grist-mill, and furnished a never-failing supply of running water for the farm, are now dry in summer, with the exception of here and there a stagnant pool; the dam is decayed and washed away, the mills gone, and the once picturesque scene is changed to that of desolation. Yet, with the warm rains of spring and the melting snows, the streams overflow their banks, the swift waters carry away fences, bridges, and embankments. Spring opens later. The young cattle were wont to be turned into the wood-sheltered pasture about the first of April; now they are kept shut up until the middle of May. Peach orchards that were sure to be loaded every year with luscious fruit have almost disappeared, and the crop is the exception rather than the rule. The extremes of heat and cold are greater, and droughts in summer and floods in springtime are more frequent and more destructive. Trace the stream* from its source to the lake† and the cause of these things is apparent. The old tamarack swamp that used to supply the boys and girls with aromatic gum, and in which the creek had its source, has all been cut away. The thickly-wooded black-ash swamps, through which the stream ran in its course to the lake, have been cleared, and their marshy areas have given place to cultivated fields and pastures. The cutting away the forests from the headwaters and the banks of this stream accounts for the changes I have noted, and this picture, I doubt not, is a very familiar one in the New England and Middle States. It is not difficult for men who know the effects of cutting the timber from small areas around the headwaters of the smaller streams to understand why summer navigation in the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the Ohio, has become difficult and at times impossible where it was easy and constant a few years ago; or why the Hudson and the Connecticut are much lower in summer and higher in spring than in former years. The partial deforesting of the Adirondack region has materially affected the flow of the Hudson, the Mohawk, the Black, and other rivers, and sufficiently demonstrated the fact that were this great watershed of New York stripped of its forest covering, the Empire State would lose her prestige, and New York city her rank as the first commercial city of the New World.

WARREN HIGLEY, *President American Forestry Congress, 1885.*

“In such green palaces the first kings reigned;
 Slept in their shade, and angels entertained.
 With such old counsellors they did advise,
 And by frequenting sacred shades grew wise.”

*Owasco creek in Cayuga county.

†Owasco lake.

ARBOR DAY.

TREE planting on Arbor Day, for economic purposes in the great West, has given to the prairie States many thousand acres of new forests, and inspired the people with a sense of their great value, not only for economic purposes, but for climatic and meteorological purposes as well. The celebration of Arbor Day by the public schools in several of the older States by the planting of memorial trees, as originated at Cincinnati in the spring of 1882, and generally known as the "Cincinnati plan," has done much also to awaken a widespread interest in the study of trees; and this annual celebration promises to become as general in the public schools and among the people as the observance of May day in England. "Whatever you would have appear in the Nation's life you must introduce into the public schools." Train the youth into a love for trees, instruct them in the elements of forestry, and the wisdom of this old German proverb will be realized.

WARREN HIGLEY, 1885.

The trees which the children plant, or which they assist in dedicating, will become dearer to them as year after year rolls on. As the trees grow, and their branches expand in beauty, so will the love for them increase in the hearts of those by whom they were planted or dedicated, and long before the children reach old age they will almost venerate these green and living memorials of youthful and happy days; and as those who have loved and cared for pets will ever be the friends of our dumb animals, so will they ever be the friends of our forest trees. From the individual to the general, is the law of our nature. Show us a man who in childhood had a pet, and we'll show you a lover of animals. Show us a person who in youth planted a tree that has lived and flourished, and we'll show you a friend of trees and of forest culture.

JOHN B. PEASLEE.

FOREST SILENCE.

THERE is a soft green darkness 'round
 Wherein the noon sleeps hushed and still,
 Only a little hidden rill
 Moves murmuring through mossy ground;
 The doves are silent, and the bees
 Hum here no more; the green branched trees
 Are moveless in the windless air,
 And silence broodeth everywhere.

Harper's Magazine, September, 1884.

"Large streams from little fountains flow
 Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

ARBOR DAY ACROSTIC.

FOR A CLASS OF SEVEN GIRLS.

EACH girl should be dressed in white, with shoulder sash of red, white and blue, and should wear real or imitation flowers of the kind represented.

If flowers cannot be obtained, each girl should wear a coronet made of card-board covered with pink tissue-paper on which appears the name of the flower represented. The letters for the name may be cut out of gilt paper and attached with mucilage.

Each girl should be provided with one of the seven letters comprised in A-R-B-O-R D-A-Y. These letters should be from eight to ten inches long, cut from heavy card-board and covered with evergreen.

Girl representing ARBUTUS enters, carrying letter A,— comes well down in front, and recites her selection; then places letter in position on wall back of stage, for which previous preparation may have been made, and takes her place at left center. ROSE then enters, recites selection, places letter R in position on wall, and takes her place next to Arbutus. Others follow in order. After the last letter has been placed in position all recite in concert.

A-RBUTUS.

I am the Arbutus.

If Spring has maids of Honor —
And why should not the Spring,
With all her dainty service,
Have thoughts of some such thing?

If Spring has maids of Honor —
Arbutus leads the train:
A lovelier, a fairer,
The Spring would seek in vain.

R-ROSE.

I am the Rose.

If Jove would give the leafy bowers
A queen for all their world of flowers,
The Rose would be the choice of Jove
And blush, the queen of every grove,
Gem, the vest of earth adorning,
Eye of gardens, light of lawns,

Nursling of soft summer dawns;
Love's own earliest sigh it breathes,
Beauty's brow with lustre wreathes,
And to young zephyr's warm caresses,
Spreads abroad its verdant tresses.

B-BUTTERCUP.

I am the Buttercup.

I'm homely and I wear the dress
That once my mother wore;
You may remember having seen
A Buttercup before;

They say I'm but an idle weed,
As useless as I'm gay;
But there was never yet a flower
More loyal to the May.

OX-EYE DAISY.

I am the Ox-eye Daisy.

Oh welcome, welcome, queenly May
The Ox-Eye daisy am I;
I kept my blossoms folded close
Beneath the April sky;

But when the air grew doubly sweet
With music and perfume,
I knew that you had come indeed,
And it was time to bloom.

R-RHODORA.

I am the Rhodora.

In May when sea-winds pierce our solitudes,
We find the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blossoms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.

The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Make the dark water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.

D—AFFODIL.

I am the Daffodil.

The dainty Lady Daffodil
Hath donned her amber gown,
And on her fair and sunny head
Sparkles her golden crown.

Her tall green leaves, like sentinels,
Surround my Lady's throne,
And graciously in happy state,
She reigns a queen alone.

A—STER.

I am the Aster.

The Autumn woods the Aster knows,
The empty nest, the wind that grieves,
The sunlight breaking thro' the shade,
The squirrel chattering overhead,
The timid rabbits lighter tread
Among the rustling leaves.

And still beside the shadowy glen
She holds the color of the skies:
Along the purpling wayside steep
She hangs her fringes passing deep,
And meadows drowned in happy state
Are lit by starry eyes!

Y—ELLOW COWSLIP.

I am the Yellow Cowslip.

Welcome, thrice welcome! all our friends,
I have not much to bring,
I'm but the Yellow Cowslip,
The humblest flower of Spring;

But since before the fairest bloom,
It must be mine to die,
Oh, give to me one gentle smile,
Pray, do not pass me by.

A-R-B-O-R D-A-Y.

All

We are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
(Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith);
Utterance, mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,

We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath,
All who see us love us —
We benefit all places;
Unto sorrow we give smiles — and unto graces, races.

Arranged by EDWARD C. DELANO.

THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.

* * * *

HE took the children by the hand,
Tears standing in their eye,
And bade them straightway follow him,
And look they did not cry;
And two long miles he led them on,
While they for food complained;
Staye here, quoth he, I'll bring you bread,
When I come back againe.

These pretty babes, with hand in hand
Went wandering up and downe;
But never more could see the man
Approaching from the town;
Their prettye lippes with black-berries,
Were all besmeared and dyed,
And when they sawe the darksome night,
They sat them downe and cryed.

Thus wandered these poor innocents,
Till deathe did end their grief,
In one another's arm's they dyed,
As wanting due relief;
No burial this "pretty pair"
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast piously
Did cover them with leaves.

* * * *

THOMAS PERCY, 1765.

ROCK-A-BYE, BABY, ON THE TREE TOP.

ROCK-A-BYE, baby, on the tree top,
 When the wind blows the cradle will rock,
 When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
 And down will come baby, cradle and all.

CHORUS.— Oh, rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, mother is near,
 Then rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, nothing to fear,
 For angels of slumber are hovering near,
 So rock-a-bye, baby, mother is here.

Rock-a-bye, baby, the meadows in bloom
 Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room ;
 Echo the birds with your own baby tune
 Coo in the sunshine and flowers of June.

CHORUS.— Rock-a-bye, baby, etc.

Rock-a-bye, baby, so cloudless the skies,
 Blue as the depths of your own laughing eyes,
 Sweet is the lullaby over your nest,
 That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

CHORUS.— Rock-a-bye, baby, etc.

Rock-a-bye, baby, the meadows in bloom
 May never the frosts pall the beauty in gloom ;
 Be thy world ever bright as to-day it is seen ;
 Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green.

CHORUS.— Rock-a-bye, baby, etc.

“ A wonderful thing is a seed —
 The one thing deathless forever !
 The one thing changeless, utterly true,
 Forever old, forever new,
 And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, and blessings will bloom !
 Plant hate, and hate will grow.
 You can sow to-day, to-morrow shall bring
 The blossoms that prove what sort of thing
 Is the seed — the seed that you sow.”

“ The fair maid who, the first of May,
 Goes to the fields at break of day,
 And washes in dew from the hawthorn tree,
 Will ever after handsome be.”

These woods were first the seat of sylvan powers,
 Of nymphs and fawns, and savage men who took
 Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.

VIRGIL.

MYSELF.

* * * * *

AND I "was smart," and all the springs
On all the hills could show ;
And if there were some grammar things
I didn't care to know,

I knew the trees where slept the crows ;
And, on the water's brim,
I climbed among the hemlock boughs
To watch the fishes swim.

I always knew how many boughs
The latest tempest broke,
And just how far the woodpecker
Had girdled 'round the oak.

I knew beside the swollen rill,
What flowers to bloom had burst ;
And where, upon the south sloped hill,
The berries ripened first.

Each violet tuft, each cowslip green,
Each daisy on the lea,
I counted one by one, for they
Were kith and kin to me.

* * * * *

Published by James Vick, Rochester.

HARRIET ELLEN AREY.

IF I WERE A BIRD.

IF I were a bird I would warble a song,
The sweetest and finest that ever was
heard,
And build me a nest on the swinging elm
tree ;
Oh, that's what I'd do if were a bird.

If I were a flower I'd hasten to bloom,
And make myself beautiful all the day
through,
With drinking the sunshine, the wind, and
the rain ;
Oh, if I were a flower, that's what I'd do.

* * * * *

"Once as our Saviour walked with men below,
His path of mercy through a forest lay ;
And mark how all the drooping branches show
What homage best a silent tree may pay.

Only the aspen stood erect and free,
Scorning to join the voiceless worship pure.
But see ! He casts one look upon the tree,
Struck to the heart she trembles evermore."

German Legend.

Full in the midst a spreading elm displayed
His aged arms, and cast a mighty shade ;
Each trembling leaf with some light vision teems,
And leaves impregnated with airy dreams.

VIRGIL.

BEAUTIFUL TREES.

NATURE'S children, beautiful trees !
 Whose branches bow to the gentle breeze ;
 Maple, beech, oak and elm,
 In every country, in every realm,
 In lonely valley, on mountain side,
 They tower aloft in stately pride,
 In pasture, meadow and forest dell,
 Dear old landmarks ! we love them well.

Along the highway dusty and dreary,
 How welcome their shade to the trav'ler weary ;
 Beneath their green boughs in the dim twilight,
 Youth and maid oft linger their vows to plight,
 And the old, old story that ever is new
 Is told 'neath the hawthorn, maple and yew.

Where would the birds build their curious nests,
 Humming-bird, oriole, robin red-breast ;
 Away from the school boys' eyes so keen,
 Save in the tree-top's leafy screen.
 How could we build our houses grand,
 If trees grew not in every land ?
 Our beautiful trees stately and tall
 Must help to build school-house, church and hall.

They've waved their green banners since the beginning of time,
 Their uses are many, their missions sublime,
 Pure and noble as all men should be,
 Honest and upright like a proud forest tree ;
 Let us ever be grateful for blessings like these,
 Let us honor and love God's beautiful trees.

Smithville, N. Y., Arbor Day, 1889.

A. L. R.

ARBOR DAY.

OFF to the woods ! Off to the woods ! Scamper and frolic ! Gather the flowers,
 Boys it's a grand new holiday ! Shouting our merriest roundelay ;
 Off to the woods for a green young tree, The buds shall bloom, and the birds shall sing
 And we'll plant it ourselves, on Arbor Day. In the tree we plant on Arbor Day.

Joy to the thought of our own, own tree !
 Long may its branches shade our way ;
 This task shall ever our pleasure be,
 Planting a tree on Arbor Day.

A MONUMENT OF TREES.

EXTRACT from remarks by Prof. J. P. McCaskey, of Lancaster, Pa., editor of the Pennsylvania School Journal, and Principal of High School, at Lancaster, April 26, 1889:

The people of a certain locality in Japan, it is said, love to tell this story of what is perhaps the most beautiful road in the Japanese Empire. When the great general and law-giver Iyecsasu died, his former tributary princes vied with one another in rich mortuary gifts to perpetuate his memory. One daimio, loving and loyal, instead of the customary gift of rare bronze or wrought stone, to honor his dead lord, gave from his forest land, thousands of cryptomeria trees, which he wisely knew would be an ever-growing delight for generations in a densely populated region.

These young trees, which were then but eighteen inches or more in height, he planted at equal distances along the two roads leading to Nikko, where the body of the dead prince was interred. Two hundred years have passed, and the trees, so small when planted, are giants now, whose branches interlock across the wide roadway, presenting to the traveler in either direction a vista of green as far as the eye can reach. Extending for thirty miles in one direction, and for twenty miles in another, these rows of noble trees meet seven miles from the temple where lie the ashes of the honored dead, and for this last seven miles a double row of trees is found on each side of the roadway. In describing this unique and very beautiful tribute of respect and affection, a recent traveler says:

"Many who visit Nikko may forget the loveliness of the mountain scenery, the waterfalls and rushing streams, the carving and gilding of the temples, the soft low tone of the bells, the odor of incense and the chanting of priests, but few will forget their twenty miles' ride beneath the over-arching branches of the stately trees. What more beautiful memorial could be suggested than this, which benefits rich and poor, prince and coolie, alike, while mere bronze lanterns and costly but dead memorial stones are of no service except as reminders of a bygone age?"

One of the most useful trees of tropic climes is the cocoa palm. It has a straight, erect stem, surmounted by a tuft of great leaves. The natives obtain drinking water from the fruit before it is ripe; almonds of a delicate flavor from the ripe fruit, milk from the nut, and a substance resembling cabbage from the tree. It also furnishes a delicious wine, and sugar is made from the sap. The wood is used to make houses, the leaves to thatch them, and to make sails, the net fiber to calk ships, and the oil to season meats and burn in lamps. Without this tree many otherwise barren and desolate coral islands of the Pacific would be uninhabitable by man, bird or beast.

"He who plants trees loves others besides himself."

A CONVENTION OF MICHIGAN TREES.

[Prepared by the Department of Botany and Forestry of the Agricultural College of Michigan, W. J. BEAL, Prof. of Botany and Forestry.]

Norway Pine (Louie). — Fellow trees of Michigan, to organize this meeting I move the election of White Oak as chairman. (Seconded.) All who favor this motion please say aye. (Unanimous vote.) Those who are opposed will say no. The ayes have it, and White Oak will take the chair.

White Oak (Julius). — Fellow trees, the object of our meeting is to consider whatever may be to our best interests in the forests of Michigan. It is a subject of great importance to the State and to all of us, and we hope to gain much valuable information from each other and to hear from every one present.

We have gathered from all parts of the State for this conference. As we should keep a permanent record of our proceedings, and as the newspapers will probably wish to publish our papers and discussions, I think a secretary will be needed to take the minutes of this meeting.

Beech (Harry). — I nominate Chestnut (Lillie) to act as secretary. (Seconded.)

White Oak. — All who favor the nomination last made will say aye. Those who are opposed will say no. The ayes have it, and Chestnut is elected secretary. (She takes her place.)

White Oak. — Our musician, Pine (Bessie), has kindly arranged the music for us. She sings only when the spirits move her. We may know when that is by the peculiar swaying of her head. At the swaying let us suspend business and listen. She moves — we will hear "The echoes from the Forest."

White Oak. — We are now ready for discussion. (Several trees rising at once.)

White Oak. — Tulip tree has the floor.

Tulip Tree (Herman). — Fellow trees, I am glad to have this opportunity to plead my qualifications as an ornamental tree. I grow to a great size and height and have shining, queer-shaped leaves and large, tulip-shaped blossoms which remind you of the sunny South, where my sisters, the Magnolias, live.

Burr Oak (Joseph). — I should like to ask Tulip tree of what use he is? Michigan people have a right to demand of us both usefulness and beauty.

Tulip Tree. — I am not only valuable as an ornamental shade tree, but I also furnish excellent timber for carriage bodies, furniture and finishing houses. Years ago my forefathers were numerous south of the Grand River Valley, and supplied wood for laths, shingles and lumber in the place of the white pine. Our family is a small one, represented in Michigan by a single species.

White Oak. — We shall be glad to hear from any members of the Oak family who live in Michigan. (Sixteen members rise.)

White Oak. — This is certainly a large family. I recognize Chestnut as entitled to the floor. What claims have you to rank in the Oak family?

Chestnut. — All botanists of the present day agree that the Beech, the Ironwood, the blue Beech, and the Hazels and Chestnuts are first cousins to the Oaks. I live in four counties in the south-east part of the State and am well known for valuable timber and a good crop of edible nuts.

Beech. — Upon my smooth, gray bark many a heart history has been carved. The poet Campbell tells it so beautifully:

"Thrice twenty summers have I stood,
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture paid,
And, on my trunk's surviving frame,
Carved many a long forgotten name."

And here is another beautiful thing from Whittier:

"I have always admired the taste of the Indians around Sebago Lake, who, when their chief died, dug round the beech tree, swaying it down, and placed his body in the rent, and then let the noble tree fall back into its original place, a green and beautiful monument for a son of the forest."

I am one of the commonest and well-known trees of Michigan.

Burr Oak. — Ten of us Oaks, out of about 300, live in this State. Brother White Oak is by far the most common and well known. He is the senior member of our family and has attained a very great age. He never thrives in perfection except in a good soil and in a temperate climate. The Michigan people are proud that so many of our family live with them.

Tulip Tree. — White Oak is certainly loyal to his family, but I should like to hear the uses of his tree.

Burr Oak.—Every particle of him is useful, even to his ashes. His bark is used for tanning leather; his wood is hard, compact, heavy, tough and durable, good for heavy wagons, plows, railroad ties, fence posts, ship timber, furniture, and finishing the interior of houses.

Swamp White Oak (Leona).—As much of my timber is so nearly like that of White Oak, and often passes for it, I will say, as a tree, "I am beautiful in every stage of my growth; at first, light, slender, delicate and waving; at last, broad, massive and grand, but always graceful."

Chestnut Oak (James).—Emerson says of White Oak: "As an ornament to the landscape, or as a single object, no other tree is to be compared with it, in every period of its growth, for picturesqueness, majesty, and inexhaustible variety of beauty. When standing alone it throws out its mighty arms with an air of force and grandeur which have made it everywhere to be considered the fittest emblem of strength and power of resistance. Commonly the oak braves the storm to the last, without yielding, better than any other tree. The limbs go out at a great angle and stretch horizontally to a vast distance."

Laurel Oak (John).—The famous A. J. Downing said: "There are no grander or more superb trees than our American oaks. We are fully disposed to concede it the first rank among the denizens of the forest. As an ornamental object we consider the oak the most varied in expression, the most beautiful, grand, majestic and picturesque of all deciduous trees."

Black Jack Oak (Herbert).—Poetry, history, mythology and romance abound in references to the oak. I should like to hear from our fellow trees some common quotations in reference to the oak.

White Ash (Myrtie).—"The unwedgeable and gnarled oak."

Black Ash (Ella).—"The old oaken bucket."

Sugar Maple (Louise).—"Jove's own tree that holds the woods in awful sovereignty."

Red Maple (Anna).—"A goodly oak, whose boughs were mass'd with age."

Scarlet Oak (Ben.).—"King of the woods."

Blue Ash (Amy).—"Thy guardian oaks, my country, are thy boast."

Silver Maple (Kate).—"The monarch oak, the patriarch of trees."

Butternut (Burke).—"The oak for grandeur, strength and noble size, excels all trees that in the forest grow."

Black Walnut (Frank).—"Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

Buttonwood (Harrison).—

"Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now towering to the skies!"

Sassafras (Henry).—

"Behold yon oak,
How stern he frowns."

Pepperidge (Walter).—"The glory of the woods."

Buckeye (Samuel).—

"Proud monarch of the forest!
That once, a sapling bough,
Didst quail far more at evening's breath
Than at the tempest now.
Strange scenes have passed, long ages roll'd
Since first upon thy stem,
Then weak as osier twig, spring set
Her leafy diadem."

Red Oak (Lulu).—I begin to feel my pride rising and hope White Oak will give me a chance to quote a poem written in honor of one of our family.

White Oak — (Bows).

Red Oak.—

"A glorious tree is the old gray oak."

(From "The Oak" by Geo. Hill. See Index.)

Scarlet Oak (Otto).—That poem which Red Oak quoted reminded me of an old saying of Dr. Holmes: He says: "I wonder if you ever thought of a single mark of supremacy which distinguishes this tree from those around it? The others shirk the work of resisting gravity, the Oak defies it. It chooses the horizontal direction for its limbs so that their whole weight may tell, and then stretches them out fifty or sixty feet so that the strain may be mighty enough to be worth resisting. You will find that in passing from the extreme downward droop of the branches of the Weeping Willow to the extreme upward inclination of those of the Poplar, they sweep nearly half a circle. At ninety degrees the Oak stops short; to slant upward another degree would mark infirmity of purpose; to bend downward weakness of organization."

Black Oak (Ruby).—What the Oak said sounds scientific. I want to tell you something that begins with "once upon a time." Once upon a time the devil agreed with a

man that he should have the latter's soul at the time when the oak leaves fell ; but when he came to look at the oak in the autumn he found it still in leaf, nor did it part with its old leaves till the new ones began to sprout. In his rage and disappointment he scratched the leaves so vehemently that they have been in consequence jagged ever since.

White Oak. — These are certainly good words for the Oak family. We will next listen to some music from the little birds — our very dear friends.

White Oak. — We shall next hear from the Maples, of which there are six in our State. They are cousins to the Buckeye, Bladdernut, and Box-elder, all of which belong to the Maple family.

Sugar Maple (Louise). — I am a favorite ornamental tree. Poets of all ages have sung about the Oak. I am no sweet Singer of Michigan, but I am possessed of sweetness. I claim to have made more boys and girls happy than any other tree. I have many changes in dress — wearing in spring the softest shade of every color ; in the summer the purest emerald, and in the autumn the most brilliant yellow. My wood is used for furniture, floors, and for furnishing the interior of houses, and after the houses are finished few can warm them better than I.

Red Maple (Mary). — I am often called Soft Maple, a name also applied to one of my sisters. I beautify the country in spring with early red blossoms, and in autumn my leaves are streaked with scarlet.

Silver Maple (Jennie). — My sister Red Maple and myself are both called Soft Maple. I make a very rapid growth and am found by the side of streams. I am often planted as a shade tree, and in the far West many are planted for shelter belts and for timber.

Bass Wood (Maud). — I am a fine shade tree, my home a moist, rich soil. My fragrant flowers furnish a great amount of excellent honey for the bees at a time when most other flowers have disappeared. My timber is soft, light and tough, and not apt to split, good for cabinet work, boxes, broom handles, etc.

Black Cherry (Ethel). — With our beautiful blossoms we need not be envious of the orange groves of California. I am one large snowball of blossoms in the spring. My fruit is much liked by the birds, and my wood is fine, light, durable and looks much like mahogany. My cousins are the wild plum, crab-apple, mountain ash, hawthorn, June-berry, spiræa, the apple, pear, quince, and the peach, and we all belong to the Rose family.

Black Walnut (Frank). — I am not ornamental, nor am I a good neighbor, for I sometimes poison other trees that live near me. In spite of my bad qualities, I am liked because I can be converted into cash at any moment. Some of my brothers have sold as high as \$2,000. Those who care for us care for a fortune. My relative, the Butternut, is much loved by boys and girls. It was round my brother at Haverstraw, on the Hudson, that General Wayne mustered his forces at midnight, preparatory to his attack on Stony Point.

Hickory (Ray). — There are four brothers of us in Michigan, but I am the least worthy of them all, and am the only one present at this convention. We are cousins of the Walnut and Butternut and all belong to the Walnut family. If you want a wood that is good for buggies, ax handles, barrel-hoops, a wood like iron, call upon my brother the Shagbark. You will have all the nuts you want thrown into the bargain. Once upon a time there was a president of the country who had so many of my qualities that they called him Old Hickory.

White Oak. — We will sing about the "echo which in the forest dwells."

White Oak. — We will next hear a few words from the Ashes. (Three rise and stand till all are through.)

White Ash (Myrtie). — I am a tall tree and have often been complimented for my usefulness. I have been told that I have a graceful top and beautiful pinnate leaves. My wood is heavy, hard, strong, coarse-grained, compact, and of a brown color, and is much used for cabinet ware, farm implements, and house finishing. I thrive on rich moist soil.

Blue Ash (Amy). — I am not often found in Michigan. I grow slowly and attain a good size. My wood is valuable for lumber, posts and sills. I may be distinguished from all other Ashes by the square branches of a year's growth.

Black Ash (Ella). — I thrive in swamps and along streams, and become a large, useful tree. My wood is used for furniture, barrel-hoops and baskets. When well cared for, I become one of the finest ornamental trees. For this purpose I have never been fully appreciated. The Ashes belong to the Olive family. We have been called musical, as in this quotation:

"Ye Ashes wild resounding o'er the steep,
Delicious is your music to the soul!"

White Oak. — Who will speak next? (A number rise.) Birch has the floor.

Birch (William). — I am a useful factor in the cause of education, though not now so commonly found in the school-room as in former years. There are five sisters of us Birches in Michigan. The Alders are our cousins. Probably you are best acquainted with the

Canoe Birch, whose white wood you see in spools and shoe pegs. It gives up its beautiful white dress without any injury to itself. Longfellow has made us a celebrated family in Hiawatha. He says of us:

"Give me of your bark, O Birch tree!"

(From "The Story of Hiawatha." See Index.)

White Oak.—Let us hear from the Elms.

American Elm (Lida).—I have been called the Queen of the Forest, and stand without a rival at the head of the list of ornamental deciduous leaved trees. I claim this rank on account of hardiness, rapid growth, and the graceful and majestic beauty of my drooping branches. We are very proud of our Massachusetts relative under whose venerable shade Washington first took command of the Continental army, July 3, 1775. How the affection of every lover of his country clings around that tree! What care has been taken of it, what marks of esteem have been shown it by the citizens of Cambridge, may be judged by those who have seen it standing, as it does, in the center of a great public thoroughfare, its trunk protected by an iron fence from injury by passing vehicles, which for more than a century have turned out in deference to this monarch of the Revolution.

Red Elm (Claude).—I am well known for my durable red wood and mucilaginous bark and am often called "Slippery Elm." My sister, Rock Elm, is a fine tree with corky branches, and the wood is valuable for farm implements.

Hackberry (Otis).—I am one of the poor cousins of the Elms, and am little known. I am sometimes called the Nettle tree, and I am afraid Michigan people are not on speaking terms with me. Allow me to tell you about my German relative, the Luther Elm, near Worms. It is said to have been planted as follows: A bigoted old Catholic lady, thrusting a stick in the ground, declared her resolution not to accept the new faith till that dry stick became green. The fact that it did so proved the interest taken by trees in the preservation of orthodoxy.

Red Mulberry (Robert).—I am another obscure cousin of the Elms and not often seen in Michigan. The birds are fond of my berries and the wood is as valuable as cedar for posts. Let me praise the Elm.

"Hail to the Elm! the brave old Elm!
Our last lone forest tree,
Whose limbs outstand the lightning's brand,
For a brave old Elm is he!
For fifteen score of full-told years,
He has borne his leafy prime,
Yet he holds them well, and lives to tell
His tale of the olden time!"

White Oak.—Let us all repeat the lines of N. S. Dodge in praise of the Queen of the Forest.

"Then hail to the Elm! the green-topp'd Elm!
And long may his branches wave,
For a relic is he, the gnarl'd old tree,
Of the times of the good and brave."

White Oak.—We will have another song about the birds (or any other subject).

White Oak.—We have heard nothing from the Willows.

Willow (Marion).—I live near the water and my wood is made into the strangest things, artificial limbs, tooth-picks, ball clubs and gunpowder. Some of us are called "Pussy Willows."

Elizabeth Allen has written this lovely poem to my sister, the Weeping Willow of Europe, who has been for years mourning something to us unknown.

"O, Willow, why forever weep,
As one who mourns an endless wrong?
What hidden woe can lie so deep?
What utter grief can last so long?
Mourn on forever, unconsoled,
And keep your secret, faithful tree
No heart in all the world can hold
A sweeter grace than constancy."

The Poplar (Cara).—There are five sisters of us Poplars who live in Michigan. One is called Cotton Wood, and two are called Aspens. We are cousins of the Willows and all belong to the Willow family. I will read some lines of the poets:

"Why tremble so, broad Aspen-tree?
Why shake thy leaves ne'er ceasing?
At rest thou never seem'st to be,
For when the air is still and clear,
Or when the nipping gale, increasing,
Shakes from thy boughs soft twilight's tear,
Thou tremblest still, broad Aspen-tree,
And never tranquil seem'st to be."

White Oak.—We ought to hear from Red Bud and Sassafras and Pepperidge and Buttonwood or Sycamore, who live in our forests, but they do not appear to be present at this convention. Our exercises would not be complete without hearing from the members of the Pine family or cone-bearing trees.

White Pine (Sylvia).—I am one of the tallest and largest, most common, well-known and valuable trees of the State. In Europe, where some of my number have been introduced, they often call me Weymouth Pine. My leaves are long, light green and in clusters of five. As a long-lived and beautiful tree for ornamenting rural grounds and parks, I take a high rank, while an immense amount of valuable lumber is cut from my wood.

White Oak.—Let us hear from another Pine of Michigan.

Red Pine (Naoma).—I am often called Norway Pine, though I do not know why. I never lived in Norway but am only found in North America. I am a tall, straight tree, with long evergreen leaves in clusters of two. I grow slowly, making valuable timber which is much harder than that of White Pine. For ornamental purposes, I much resemble Austrian Pine, though much superior to that tree, if we rely on the opinions of noted horticulturists.

White Oak.—The White Pine and Red Pine have a sister Pine in Michigan. We shall now give her an opportunity to speak.

Gray Pine (Rose).—I am a tree of small size, found on poor land in Northern Michigan. When young my growth is rapid; my leaves grow in pairs and are quite short. My wood abounds in pitch. I am known by a variety of names, as Scrub Pine, Jack Pine, Buckwheat Pine, Black Pine, Crocodile Pine, but the name I like the best is *Pinus Banksiana*.

I want to tell you what Ruskin says: "The tremendous unity of the pine absorbs and molds the life of a race. The pine shadows rest upon a nation. The Northern people, century after century, lived under one or other of the two great powers of the pine and the sea, both infinite. They dwelt amidst the forests or they wandered on the waves, and saw no end or any other horizon. Still the dark green trees, or the dark green waters jagged the dawn with their fringe or their foam, and whatever elements of imagination or of warrior strength or of domestic justice were brought down by the Norwegian or the Goth against the dissoluteness or degradation of the south of Europe, were taught them under the green roofs and wild penetralia of the pine."

White Oak.—We have another cone-bearing tree in attendance. I call on

Hemlock Spruce (Agnes).—I have been called by students in art and botany and horticulture "the most beautiful coniferous hardy tree yet known." I grow to a good height and acquire a large size. My evergreen leaves have delicate tints, my young branches droop gracefully. As a timber tree I do not claim the highest honor. My bark is valuable for tanning leather.

White Oak.—There are two other sister evergreens called "Spruces" I see in the audience.

Black Spruce (Rhoda).—I abound in swamps in Northern Michigan. I am often used for Christmas trees on festive occasions, and boys and girls search me over for a supply of first-class gum. I am not responsible, though, for all the gum that goes by my name. Within a few years my wood has been largely used to make white paper.

White Oak.—I recognize another evergreen. I call on

Red Cedar (Clara).—In summer my leaves are beautiful, but in winter they become brown. I am found only sparingly in any part of the world, though I am the most widely distributed of any tree in the United States. I grow slowly and produce a beautiful red, fragrant wood, which is soft and very durable. My wood is now mainly limited to the making of lead pencils.

White Oak.—Let us next hear from

Balsam Fir (Alice).—I am a rather small, slender evergreen found in swamps, though often cultivated as an ornament about dwellings. I arrive at my prime when about fourteen years old.

White Oak.—I shall now call on

Arbor Vitæ (Maud).—I thrive in the swamps of the North and afford shelter to wild animals. I am often called white cedar and I furnish most of the telegraph poles, some fence posts, railway ties and blocks for paving streets. I take a high place as an ornamental tree.

White Oak.—We have now heard from all of the cone-bearing evergreen trees who are present. There is another tree of the State, not here present, which is cone-bearing, and belongs to the Pine family. I refer to the Tamarack.

There are some other matters appropriate to Arbor Day which should demand our attention at this time. How do the trees of Michigan compare in beauty and variety with those of Great Britain of which we read so much?

Susie.—The farther north we go the fewer kinds of trees we find; the farther south, the greater the variety. Great Britain and Ireland contain more than twice the area of Michigan. They have one basswood, not so good as ours; one very small maple, one

cherry, one small ash, two elms, two poplars, one beech, one small birch, one pine, one oak much like our white oak. Great Britain has about ten species of trees native to her soil, while Michigan, with half the territory, has about ninety species, or nine times as great a variety.

White Oak.—For some interesting points in reference to nuts and seeds I call on

Red Maple.—Last autumn the hazels, beeches, chestnuts, oaks, hickories, walnuts and buckeyes matured their fruit, and with this maturing the burs, or cups, or husks, opened or the stems snapped in two at a joint which began to form months before. If a bur or nut held fast too tenaciously, the frost made it willing to drop, and down it went with hundreds of others, among the leaves.

The leaves, with the help of, the shifting winds, gently covered the fruit—or some portions of it. The leaves make the best kind of protection from dry air and severe cold, and they come just at the right time. All the seeds are not covered, but Dame Nature is generous. She produces an abundance; enough for seed and enough to feed the birds, squirrels, and other animals.

White Oak.—We want to hear a word about Nature's tree-planters, the squirrels, birds and other animals.

Basswood.—The squirrels eat many nuts, but carry a portion to some distance in every direction, where they plant one or two in a place. It may be the thought of the squirrel to return at some future time of need, but his bump of locality is not well developed or he has laid up more than he needed. At all events some of the nuts are allowed to remain where he planted them. In this way he is a benefit to the trees, and pays for the nuts which he eats. He has not lived in vain, for he is a tree-planter and believes in arboriculture. His Arbor days come in autumn, and he needs no gubernatorial message to stimulate him to work.

White Oak.—This subject will be continued by

White Spruce (Adeline).—Many of our trees and shrubs produce a fleshy fruit or berry. Among them are the mountain ash, service berry, wild crab apple, hawthorn, cherry, holly, viburnum, pepperidge, hackberry, mulberry, sassafras, wild plum, persimmon, paw paw, cedars and junipers. Many of these when ripe are rendered conspicuous by brilliant colors. The fruits are eagerly sought by grouse, turkeys, deer, bear, and other animals. In most cases the seeds of such fruits are protected by a very firm covering and are not digestible. They are sown broadcast by wild animals under circumstances most favorable for germination. The birds, too, belong to the society of tree planters.

White Oak.—We will next listen to some accounts of the wind as a sower of seeds.

Sassafras (Iona).—Some trees produce dry seed or seed-pods, and usually drop only a portion in autumn. They hold on to some seeds with considerable tenacity. Among these are the buttonwood, basswood, ironwood, blue beech, box-elder, hop tree, tulip tree, the ashes, catalpa, locust, Judas tree, birches, alders, larches, pines, spruces. The fruit or the seed is thin, or provided with wings, which distribute them as they fall, or after they have fallen. In winter it needs but a slight packing of the snow to bear up the seeds. At such times, some of the seeds are torn from the trees by the wind, and may be seen sliding along like miniature ice boats, often half a mile or more from the nearest tree. The wind also aids in transporting the seeds of our elms, maples, willows and poplars.

White Oak.—Next listen to something more about seeds.

Red Bud (Cynthia).—A seed is a young plant and is packed ready for transportation. It has a tiny stem, some seed leaves and a terminal bud. The mother tree before casting off her progeny into the world, did not fail to give it a little outfit in the form of starch for food stored up in or surrounding the thick seed leaves. As the young chicks while in the shell are nourished by the yolk of the egg, so the young oak or maple subsists on the starch stored up before ripening.

White Oak.—When do our trees make their growth and how do they get ready for the next year?

Box Elder (Nina).—Most of our trees put forth their new growth during a few weeks in spring or early summer. Do you wonder what they are doing during the rest of the warm weather? They are by no means idle. They may be perfecting flowers and seeds, but all of them are getting ready for the next winter and spring. Through the influence of light and heat, the green leaves are forming starch, which is transported and stored in the pith, young wood and bark. The young leaves and stems are started and arranged, packed in cotton, covered by scales and in some cases the scales are protected by pitch or varnish.

White Oak.—Next in order will be a few words in regard to the tree as a community.

Buckeye (Douglass).—A tree is a composite being, a kind of community by itself. The leaves and limbs are all the time striving with each other to see which shall have the most room and the most sunshine. Each strives for all it can get. While some perish in the attempt or meet with only very indifferent success, the strongest of the strongest

buds survive. Each leaf helps to sustain the limb which carries it, and each limb furnishes some nourishment to the common trunk for the common welfare. The tax is always adjusted according to the ability of each to contribute. As the limbs of a tree are striving for the mastery, so each bush and tree in grove or forest is striving with others for the mastery. The weakest succumb to the strongest; some perish early, some lead a feeble existence for many years, while even the strongest are more or less injured. With plenty of room, the trunk will be short, the branches many and widespread; where crowded the lower limbs perish for want of light. Dead limbs fall to the ground to protect and enrich it for nourishing the surviving limbs and the trunk. The scars heal over, more limbs perish as new ones creep upward, and thus we find tall, clean trunks in a dense forest.

White Oak.—To be successful, it is very important to know how to gather and care for seeds and nuts.

Yellow Wood (Robert).—Gather the seeds or nuts of trees when ripe and, if convenient, plant them where the trees are expected to remain. In this list we include especially the trees which have long tap roots, and do not easily transplant, such as the tulip tree, the hickories, the oaks, the walnuts and chestnuts. The seeds of elms and maples are not easily kept over winter. Seeds of evergreens, the larch, and the locusts may be dried and kept as grain is kept. Many seeds and nuts may be mixed with an equal bulk of sand as it is dug from a knoll, and buried a few inches or a foot below the surface. In spring they may be carried to the garden and planted. Soak seeds of locust and honey locust in hot water till the outer covering softens, and then plant. Soak seeds of evergreens three or four days in water, changed daily, and then plant very shallow in rows a few inches apart in rich loam, well screened by lath, brush or muslin. See that weeds do not rob the young plants of light, room and nourishment. Evergreens in small quantity, when small and two or three years old, can be purchased of experts more cheaply than they can be raised at home. These can be set in rows and cultivated for a few years like Indian corn. For further details you are advised to read copies of our State horticultural reports, take lessons of a nurseryman, or go to the Agricultural College.

White Oak.—It is of little use to plant seeds or buy trees, unless we know how to handle them while moving.

Kentucky Coffee Tree (Hiram).—In taking up a tree, whether large or small, do not twist it about so as to break or bend the roots abruptly. Get all the roots you can afford to, remembering that a tree will not grow without roots.

When out of the ground keep the roots constantly covered with soil, moss, damp straw or something else. The roots are far more sensitive to dry air than the parts above ground. No one need wonder that trees carted into town with short roots exposed to dry air, often fail to grow, or lead a precarious life for years. Study the structure and the physiology of a tree and treat it as one who always makes every thing thrive which he cares for.

White Oak.—How shall we care for the trees after planting?

Apple Tree (Hannah).—To set a tree so as to insure its thrifty growth, place it but little deeper than it was while growing. Have the soil well pulverized and pack it closely about the tree.

After all this trouble, do not court disappointment in the slow growth or in the death of a favorite tree, but dig or rake the ground every week or two, all summer for three to five years, for a distance of four feet or more each way from the tree. If this is impracticable, place a mulch of something covering the space above mentioned.

White Oak.—After planting, trees sometimes become too thick. What shall we do?

Pear Tree (Andrew).—A tree, like a child, is a living, organized being and keeps changing as long as life lasts. It is not best merely to set as many trees as we expect to remain for a life-time, but plant them more thickly with a view to removal. Here is where ninety-nine out of one hundred fail. They do not keep an eye on the growth and trim or remove trees until they have crowded and damaged each other beyond recovery. In most instances, a few large, well-developed trees should grow where many small ones were planted years before. It needs courage and judgment to remove some favorite trees that others may continue to spread and make a symmetrical growth.

White Oak.—Next will follow something in reference to the flowers of trees.

Bitternut (Silas).—With rare exceptions, our trees bear flowers which are inconspicuous. The elms and the maples produce flowers in spring before the leaves appear. Most have the staminate and pistillate flowers on different parts of the tree or on different trees. The wind or gravity carries the pollen to the pistil, so there is no need of sweet odors or a gay display of flowers to attract bees and butterflies and moths to carry the pollen. Compensation is well displayed in nature. If the tree has not gorgeous or fragrant flowers, it has a large size and often a beautiful form.

White Oak.—We should learn to love trees and to associate them with the generous hand who planted and cared for them.

Wild Plum (Ezra).—I will tell you something which was written by Washington Irving: "There is something noble, simple and pure in a taste for trees. It argues, I think, a

sweet and generous nature to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is worthy of liberal and free-born and aspiring men. He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade nor enjoy its shelter; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing and increasing and benefiting mankind long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields."

White Oak.—We will hear what O. W. Holmes says on this subject.

Tamarack (Elias).—Dr. O. W. Holmes says: "I have written many verses, but the best poems I have produced are the trees I planted on the hill-side which overlooks the broad meadows, scalloped and rounded at their edges by loops of the sinuous Housatonic. Nature finds rhymes for them in the recurring measures of the seasons. Winter strips them of their ornaments and gives them, as it were, in prose translation, and summer reclothes them in all the splendid phrases of their leafy language.

"What are these maples and beeches and birches but odes and idyls and madrigals? What are these pines and firs and spruces but holy rhymes, too solemn for the many-hued raiment of their gay deciduous neighbors?

"As you drop the seed, as you plant the sapling, your left hand hardly knows what your right hand is doing. But nature knows, and in due time the power that sees and works in secret will reward you openly."

White Oak.—This concludes what we had on the program for this convention.

Hemlock.—I move we have some more music and then adjourn.

White Oak.—If there be no objections we shall have the music.

White Oak.—This convention stands adjourned until again convened by the proper authorities.

Written for the "ARBOR DAY MANUAL."

PLANT THE OAK.

COME plant the Oak, the grand old Oak, Her flag is known in every land,
 England's ancestral tree! Her ships plow every sea;
 They call her sailors "hearts of oak," She pays no tribute, holds no slaves,
 For bravery on the sea. Her children all are free.

America, the rebel child, Then plant the Oak, the brave young Oak!
 Outgrown the Mother's hand, 'T will thrive in freedom's clime
 May call her soldiers "hearts of oak," And spread its greenest banners out
 For bravery on the land. To the breeze in glad spring-time.

South Sodas, N. Y.

MRS. ADDIE V. McMULLEN.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

WHEN to the flowers so beautiful It said, in low and trembling tones:
 The Father gave a name, "Dear God, the name thou gavest me,
 Back came a little blue-eyed one Alas! I have forgot,"
 (All timidly it came;) Kindly the Father looked him down
 And standing at its Father's feet And said: "Forget-me-not."
 And gazing in His face

I know not which I love the most, The pansy in her purple dress,
 Nor which the comeliest shows, The pink with cheek of red,
 The timid, bashful violet, Or the faint fair heliotrope, who hangs,
 Or the royl hearted rose: Like a bashful maid, her head;

For I love and prize you one and all,
 From the least low bloom of spring
 To the lily fair, whose clothes outshine
 The raiment of a king.

PHCEBE CARY.

TREES.

TREES are indeed the glory, the beauty, and the delight of nature. * * *
 In what one imaginable attribute, that it ought to possess, is a tree, pray, deficient? Light, shade, shelter, coolness, freshness, music, all the colors of the rainbow, dew and dreams dropping through their umbrageous twilight at eve or morn, dropping direct, soft, sweet, soothing, and restorative, from heaven. * * *

We love you all! And love you all we shall; while our dim eyes can catch the glimmer, our dull ears the murmur, of the leaves, or our imagination hear, at midnight, the far-off swing of old branches groaning in the tempest. * * *

Not that we hold it to be a matter of pure indifference how people plant trees. We have an eye for the picturesque, the sublime, and the beautiful, and cannot open it without seeing at once the very spirit of the scene. O, ye who have had the happiness to be born among the murmurs of hereditary trees! Can ye be blind to the system pursued by that planter — Nature? Nature plants often on a great scale, darkening, far as the telescope can command the umbrage, sides of mountains that are heard roaring still with hundreds of hidden cataracts. And Nature often plants on a small scale, dropping down the stately birk so beautiful, among the sprinkled hazels, by the side of the little waterfall of the wimpling burnie, that stands disheveling there her tresses to the dew-wind, like a queen's daughter, who hath just issued from a pool of pearls and shines aloft and aloof from her attendant maidens.

But man is so proud of his own works that he ceases to regard those of Nature. Why keep poring on that book of plates, purchased at less than half price at a sale, when Nature flutters before your eyes her own folio, which all who run may read; although to study it as it ought to be studied, you must certainly sit down on mossy stump, ledge of an old bridge, stone-wall, stream-bank, or broomy brae, and gaze, and gaze, and gaze, till woods and sky become like your very self, and your very self like them, at once incorporated together and spiritualized. After a few years' such lessons you may become a planter; and under your hands not only shall the desert blossom like the rose, but murmur like the palm, and if "southward through Eden goes a river large," and your name be Adam, what a sceptic not to believe yourself the first of men, your wife the fairest of her daughters Eve, and your policy Paradise!

PROFESSOR WILSON.

Let dead names be eternized by dead stone,
 Whose substance time cannot increase nor mar;
 Let living names by living shafts be known,
 That feel the influence of sun and star.
 Plant thou a tree, whose griefless leaves shall sing
 Thy deed and thee, each fresh unfolding spring.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

WHAT DO WE PLANT?

WHAT do we plant when we plant the tree?
 We plant the ship, which will cross the sea.
 We plant the mast to carry the sails;
 We plant the plank to withstand the gales.
 The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee;
 We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
 We plant the houses for you and me.
 We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
 We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
 The beams and siding, all parts that be;
 We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
 A thousand things that we daily see.
 We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
 We plant the staff for our country's flag.
 We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
 We plant all these when we plant the tree.

HENRY ABBEY.

DEAR ELM, IT IS OF THEE.

DEAR Elm it is of thee,
 Emblem of dignity,
 Of thee we sing.
 Now do we children raise,
 Songs of most joyful praise.
 To thee our choicest lays,
 We now do bring.

Let hills and vales resound,
 Our hearts with rapture bound,
 As round thee cling,
 More graceful than the vine,
 More cheering than the wine,
 School joys of '89
 Our mem'ries bring.

Hail our dear school to thee,
 May Buffalo never see
 Thy prestige less;
 May true ones throng thy halls,
 May trained ones leave thy walls,
 Summoned by world-wide calls,
 Mankind to bless.

Sung at the Le Couteux St. Mary's Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, Buffalo, May 3, 1889.

"There is an Arabian proverb that, with the planting of a tree, a blessing comes to him who drops the seed."

ARBOR DAY.

NOW a strong, fair shoot, from the forest bring,
Gently the roots in the soft earth lay;
God bless with His sunshine, and wind and rain,
The tree we are planting on Arbor Day.

May it greenly grow for a hundred years;
And our children's children beneath it play,
Gather the fruit and rest in the shade
Of the tree we are planting on Arbor Day.

So may our life be an upward growth,
In wisdom's soil every rootlet lay,
And every tree bearing precious fruit,
Like the tree we are planting on Arbor Day.

ARBOR DAY AND THE CHILDREN.

EXTRACT from an address delivered at Lancaster, Pa., April 16, 1885, by
Hon. E. E. Higbee, late State Superintendent of Public Instruction of
Pennsylvania :

While we would by no means neglect on such an occasion to call attention to the great economic use of forests, the perils attending their wanton destruction, the necessity of prompt and watchful care lest through the rapid march of civilization we bring upon ourselves the very evils we seek to avoid, and consume what earth so freely gives us without any thought that she may be so impoverished at last as to seek alms of us—for the growth of forests requires years, but their destruction scarcely a day—while we would not neglect reflections such as these, and would keep up from year to year a spirited and concerted action against our dangers by planting along roadsides, in parks and yards, and around every school building, trees, and shrubs, and vines, and flowers; yet we would, with special emphasis, call the children to a wholesome converse with Nature herself; would withdraw them from the restraints of books and recitation tasks, and woo them to her shady haunts, her valleys and hills, to deepen in their souls a sense of her life and a delight in her beauty, and some clear and sympathetic feeling of perpetual companionship; * * * they should learn to love Nature with such tender reverence as never to abuse or profane her; and, inspired by such love, they should seek her help in making home, or school, or village, or city, a comforting delight, a culturing power, a presence of beauty through life.

“Jock, when ye hae naething else to do, ye may be sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping.”

Highland Laird of Scotland.

A DISCOURSE ON TREES.

TO the great tree-loving fraternity we belong. We love trees with universal and unfeigned love, and all things that do grow under them, or around them — “the whole leaf and root tribe.” Not alone where they are in their glory, but in whatever state they are — in leaf, or ruined with frost, or powdered with snow, or crystal-sheathed in ice, or in severe outline stripped and bare against a November sky — we love them. Our heart warms at the sight of even a board or a log. A lumber yard is better than nothing. The smell of wood, at least, is there, the savory fragrance of resin, as sweet as myrrh and frankincense ever was to a Jew. If we can get nothing better, we love to read over the names of trees in a catalogue. Many an hour have we sat at night, when after exciting work, we needed to be quieted, and read nurserymen’s catalogues, and London’s Encyclopedias, and Arboretum, until the smell of the woods exhaled from the page, and the sound of leaves was in our ears, and sylvan glades opened to our eyes that would have made old Chaucer laugh and indite a rapturous rush of lines.

But how much more do we love trees in all their summer pomp and plenitude. Not for their names and affinities, not for their secret physiology, and as material for science, not for any reason that we can give, except that when with them we are happy. The eye is full, the ear is full, the whole sense and all the tastes solaced, and our whole nature rejoices with that various and full happiness which one has when the soul is suspended in the midst of Beethoven’s symphonies and is lifted hither and thither, as if blown by sweet sounds through the airy passage of a full heavenly dream.

Our first excursion in Lenox was one of salutation to our notable trees. We had a nervous anxiety to see that the axe had not hewn, nor the lightning struck them; that no worm had gnawed at the root, or cattle at the trunk; that their branches were not broken, nor their leaves failing from drought. We found them all standing in their uprightness. They lifted up their heads towards heaven, and sent down to us from all their boughs a leafy whisper of recognition and affection. Blessed be the dew that cools their evening leaves, and the rains that quench their daily thirst! May the storm be as merciful to them when in winter it roars through their branches, as is a harper to his harp! Let the snow lie lightly on their boughs, and long hence be the summer that shall find no leaves to clothe these nobles of the pasture!

First in our regard, as it is in the whole nobility of trees, stands the white elm, no less esteemed because it is an American tree, known abroad only by importation, and never seen in all its magnificence, except in our own valleys. The old oaks of England are very excellent in their way, gnarled and rugged. The elm has strength as significant as they, and a grace, a royalty, that leaves the oak like a boor in comparison. Had the elm been an English tree, and had Chaucer seen and loved and sung it; had Shakespeare and every English poet hung some garlands upon it, it would have lifted up its head now, not only the noblest of all growing things, but enshrined in a thousand rich associations of history and literature.

Who ever sees a hawthorn or a sweet brier (the eglantine), that his thoughts do not, like a bolt of light, burst through ranks of poets, and ranges of sparkling conceits which have been born since England had a written language, and of which the rose, the willow, the eglantine, the hawthorn, and other scores of vines or trees, have been the cause, as they are now and forevermore the suggestors and remembrancers? Who ever looks upon an oak, and does not think of navies, of storms, of battles on the ocean, of the noble lyrics of the sea, of English glades, of the fugitive Charles, the tree-mounted monarch, of the Herne oak, of parks and forests, of Robin Hood and his merry men, Friar Tuck not excepted; of old baronial halls with mellow light streaming through diamond-shaped panes upon oaken floors, and of carved oaken wainscotings. And who that has ever traveled in English second-class cushionless cars has not other and less genial remembrances of the enduring solidity of the impervious unelastic oak?

One stalwart oak I have, and only one, yet discovered. On my west line is a fringe of forest, through which rushes, in spring, trickles in early summer, and dies out entirely in August, the issues of a noble spring from the near hill-side. On the eastern edge of this belt of trees stands the monarchical oak, wide-branching on the east toward the open pasture and the free light, but on its western side lean and branchless from the pressure of neighboring trees; for trees, like men, cannot grow to the real nature that is in them when crowded by too much society. Both need to be touched on every side by sun and air, and by nothing else, if they are to be rounded out into full symmetry. Growing right up by its side, and through its branches is a long wifely elm — beauty and grace imbosomed by strength. Their leaves come and go together, and all the summer long they mingle their rustling harmonies. Their roots pasture in the same soil, nor could either of them be hewn down without tearing away the branches and marring the beauty of the other. And a tree, when thoroughly disbranched, may, by time and care, regain its health again, but never its beauty.

Under this oak I love to sit and hear all the things which its leaves have to tell. No printed leaves have more treasures of history or of literature to those who know how to listen. But, if clouds kindly shield us from the sun, we love as well to crouch down on the grass some thirty yards off, and amidst the fragrant smell of crushed herbs, to watch the fancies of the trees and clouds. The roguish winds will never be done teasing the leaves, that run away and come back, with nimble playfulness. Now and then a stronger puff dashes up the leaves, showing the downy under surfaces that flash white all along the up-blown and tremulous forest edge. Now the wind draws back his breath, and all the woods are still. Then some single leaf is tickled, and quivers all alone. I am sure there is no wind. The other leaves about it are still. Where it gets its motion I cannot tell, but there it goes fanning itself and restless among its sober fellows. By and by one or two others catch the impulse. The rest hold out a moment, but soon catching the contagious merriment, away goes the whole tree and all its neighbors, the leaves running in ripples all down the forest side. I expect almost to hear them laugh out loud. A stroke of wind upon the forest, indolently swelling and subsiding, is like a stroke upon a hive

of bees, for sound; and like stirring a fire full of sparks for upspringing thoughts and ideal suggestions. The melodious whirl draws out a fluttering swarm of sweet images that play before the eye like those evening troops of gauzy insects that hang in the air between you and the sun, and pipe their own music, and flit in airy rounds of mingled dance as if the whole errand of their lives was to swing in mazes of sweet music.

Different species of trees move their leaves very differently, so that one may sometimes tell by the motion of shadows on the ground, if he be too indolent to look up, under what kind of tree he is dozing. On the tulip-tree (which has the finest name that ever tree had, making the very pronouncing of its name almost like the utterance of a strain of music — *liriodendron tulipifera*) — on the tulip-tree, the aspen, and on all native poplars, the leaves are apparently Anglo-Saxon or Germanic, having an intense individualism. Each one moves to suit itself. Under the same wind one is trilling up and down, another is whirling, another slowly vibrating right and left, and others still, quieting themselves to sleep, as a mother gently pats her slumbering child; and each one intent upon a motion of its own. Sometimes other trees have single frisky leaves, but, usually, the oaks, maples, beeches, have community of motion. They are all acting together, or all are alike still.

What is sweeter than a murmur of leaves, unless it be the musical gurgling of water that runs secretly and cuts under the roots of these trees, and makes little bubbling pools that laugh to see the drops stumble over the root and plump down into its bosom! In such nooks could trout lie. Unless ye would become mermaids, keep far from such places, all innocent grasshoppers, and all ebony crickets! Do not believe in appearances. You peer over and know that there is no danger. You can see the radiant gravel. You know that no enemy lurks in that fairy pool. You can see every nook and corner of it, and it is as sweet a bathing pool as ever was swam by long-legged grasshoppers. Over the root comes a butterfly with both sails a little drabbled, and quicker than light he is plucked down, leaving three or four bubbles behind him, fit emblems of a butterfly's life. There! did I not tell you? Now go away all maiden crickets and grasshoppers! These fair surfaces, so pure, so crystalline, so surely safe, have a trout somewhere in them lying in wait for you!

But what if one sits between both kinds of music, leaves above and water below? What if birds are among the leaves, sending out random calls, far-piercing and sweet, as if they were lovers saying, "My dear, are you there?" If you are half reclining upon a cushion of fresh new moss, that swells up between the many-plyed and twisted roots of a huge beech tree, and if you have been there a half an hour without moving, and if you will still keep motionless; you may see what they who only walk through forests never see. * * *

Thus do you stand, noble elms! Lifted up so high are your topmost boughs, that no indolent birds care to seek you; and only those of nimble wings, and they with unwonted beat, that love exertion, and aspire to sing where none sing higher. Aspiration! so Heaven gives it pure as flames to the noble bosom. But debased with passion and selfishness it comes to be only Ambition!

It was in the presence of this pasture-elm, which we name the Queen, that we first felt to our very marrow, that we had indeed become owners of the

soil! It was with a feeling of awe that we looked up into its face, and when I whispered to myself, "This is mine," there was a shrinking as if there were sacrilege in the very thought of *property* in such a creature of God as this cathedral-topped tree! Does a man bare his head in some old church? So did I, standing in the shadow of this regal tree, and looking up into that completed glory, at which three hundred years have been at work with noiseless fingers! What was I in its presence but a grasshopper? My heart said "I may not call thee property, and that property mine! Thou belongest to the air. Thou art the child of summer. Thou art the mighty temple where birds praise God. Thou belongest to no man's hand, but to all men's eyes that do love beauty, and that have learned through beauty to behold God! Stand, then, in thine own beauty and grandeur! I shall be a lover and a protector, to keep drought from thy roots, and the axe from thy trunk."

For, remorseless men there are crawling yet upon the face of the earth, smitten blind and inwardly dead, whose only thought of a tree of ages is, that it is food for the axe and the saw! These are the wretches of whom the Scripture speaks: "*A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees.*"

Thus famous, or rather infamous was the last owner but one, before me, of this farm. Upon the crown of the hill, just where an artist would have planted them, had he wished to have them exactly in the right place, grew some two hundred stalwart and ancient maples, beeches, ashes, and oaks, a narrow belt-like forest, forming a screen from the northern and western winds in winter, and a harp of endless music for the summer. The wretched owner of this farm tempted of the Devil, cut down the whole blessed band and brotherhood of trees, that he might fill his pocket with two pitiful dollars a cord for the wood! Well, his pocket was the best part of him. The iron furnaces have devoured my grove, and their huge stumps that stood like gravestones, have been cleared away, that a grove may be planted in the same spot, for the next hundred years to nourish into the stature and glory of that which is gone.

In other places I find the memorials of many noble trees slain; here, a hemlock that carried up its eternal green a hundred feet into the winter air; there, a huge double-trunked chestnut, dear old grandfather of hundreds of children that have for generations clubbed its boughs, or shook its nut-laden top, and laughed and shouted as bushels of chestnuts rattled down. Now, the tree exists only in the form of looped-holed posts and weather-browned rails. I do hope the fellow got a sliver in his fingers every time he touched the hemlock plank, or let down the bars made of those chestnut rails!

To most people a grove is a grove, and all groves are alike. But no two groves are alike. There is as marked a difference between different forests as between different communities. A grove of pines without underbrush, carpeted with the fine-fingered russet leaves of the pine, and odorous of resinous gums, has scarcely a trace of likeness to a maple woods, either in the insects, the birds, the shrubs, the light and shade, or the sound of its leaves. If we lived in olden times among young mythologies, we should say that pines held the imprisoned spirit of naiads and water-nymphs, and that their sounds were of the water for whose lucid depths they always sighed. At any rate, the first

pinus must have grown on the sea-shore, and learned their first accents from the surf and the waves; and all their posterity have inherited the sound, and borne it inland to the mountains.

I like best a forest of mingled trees, ash, maple, oak, beech, hickory, and evergreens, with birches growing along the edges of the brook that carries itself through the roots and stones, toward the willows that grow in yonder meadow. It should be deep and sombre in some directions, running off into shadowy recesses and coverts beyond all footsteps. In such a wood there is endless variety. It will breathe as many voices to your fancy as might be brought from any organ beneath the pressure of some Handel's hands. By the way, Handel and Beethoven always remind me of forests. So do some poets, whose numbers are various as the infinity of vegetation, fine as the choicest cut leaves, strong and rugged in places as the unbarked trunk and gnarled roots at the ground's surface. Is there any other place, except the sea side, where hours are so short and moments so swift as in a forest? Where else, except in the rare communion of those friends much loved, do we awake from pleasure, whose calm flow is without a ripple, into surprise that whole hours are gone which we thought but just begun — blossomed and dropped, which we thought but just budding!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

SPRING-TIME.

TIS spring-time, bright spring-time! all nature is gay;
For winds cold and piercing have all passed away;
And now the bright sunshine gives warmth to the air,
And changes delightful are seen everywhere.

The farmer with keen plow is tilling the ground,
Then seeds with his hand he will scatter around;
The little birds build their warm nests in the trees,
And twitter and chirp as they fly in the breeze.

The buds on the hedge-rows all open out so,
And gay-colored blossoms begin now to grow;
The daisies, and cowslips, and primroses sweet,
We make into bouquets, so pretty and neat.

The call of the bluebird so joyous doth rise,
As cheerful and happy now onward he flies;
The lambkins are skipping and running with glee,—
A pleasing example to you and to me!

“Yon sturdy oak whose branches wide
Boldly the storms and wind defy,
Not long ago, an acorn small,
Lay dormant 'neath a summer sky.”

HOW ARBOR DAY IS OBSERVED IN VARIOUS STATES.

THE information contained in the following pages was largely obtained from responses to a recent request made to State Superintendents, and from their annual reports:

ALABAMA.—February 22 is Arbor Day in this State. It is not established by law, but has been observed since 1886. The Superintendent of Public Instruction issued a stirring circular, January 18, 1887, recommending that every school plant at least one memorial tree—to be named and cared for by the school. The Superintendent writes that several thousand trees have been planted, but that the day “is not as generally observed as it should be.”

ARKANSAS.—No response from State Superintendent; no data found in annual reports.

CALIFORNIA.—The day is not yet observed. Superintendent of Public Instruction, Ira G. Hoitt, writes, Nov. 27, 1889: “I recommended that an Arbor Day be legally established by the last Legislature, but we had so much other legislation to accomplish on educational subjects, that we had no time to press the matter. It will yet be done.”

COLORADO.—Arbor Day has been observed pursuant to a special proclamation of the Governor for the past six years, and about 300,000 trees have been planted. In 1889, a law was passed designating the third Friday in April in each year. The day is a holiday in the public schools of the State. The Governor is to issue a proclamation, and the State Superintendent and county superintendents are instructed to promote by all proper means the observance of the day, and reports are to be made to the State Forest Commissioner.

CONNECTICUT.—The law of 1886 provides that the Governor shall annually, in the spring, designate, by proclamation, an Arbor Day, to be observed in the schools, and for economic tree-planting. Usually a day late in April or early in May is designated. In 1887 and 1888, the Secretary of the State Board of Education issued elaborate suggestions, with selections for program. Since that date it has been left to the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture.

DELAWARE.—No response from State Superintendent; no data found in annual reports.

FLORIDA.—Arbor Day is fixed by proclamation of the Governor, usually in February (in 1889 on Feb. 14), and the Superintendent of Public Instruction issues a circular to county superintendents, who in turn communicate with the teachers. The Superintendent writes that thousands of children, as well as great numbers of patrons and people participate in the exercises. (See program for 1890, under Specimen Programs.)

ILLINOIS.—The law of 1887 provides that the Governor shall annually, in the spring, designate by proclamation a day to be known as “Arbor Day.” The State Superintendent also issues a circular and suggests a program. (See

"Specimen Programs.") Ten thousand school districts observed the day in 1889. Following is an extract from Governor Fifer's proclamation of 1889: "Let the children in our schools, the young men and women in our colleges, seminaries and universities, with their instructors, co-operate in the proper observance of the day by planting shrubs, vines and trees that will beautify the home, adorn the public grounds, add wealth to the State, and thereby increase the comfort and happiness of our people."

INDIANA.—This State has two Arbor Days — one in April and one in November of each year, established in 1884. The State Superintendent issues a circular recommending its observance. The practice is growing in favor, and local pride is increasing. The latest biennial report gives some interesting selections for general use.

IOWA.—Arbor Day was established in 1882. The law provides that the board of directors in each district, township and independent district, should set out twelve or more shade trees on each school-house site. Timely suggestions by the State Superintendent are issued in circulars fixing a day late in April or early in May. The "Loyal Leaflet," issued in 1889, by Superintendent Sabin was a choice contribution to Arbor Day literature, combining patriotism and tree-planting very happily.

KANSAS.—The date is fixed by proclamation by the Governor. No further information received from State Superintendent or annual reports.

KENTUCKY.—From a letter dated Dec. 30, 1889, from Superintendent Jos. Desha Pickett, the following extract is made:

1. Arbor Day was instituted in this State by joint resolution of the General Assembly, March 31, 1886.

2. Attention was duly called to the day by Governor Knott and then by Governor Buckner.

3. The Superintendent of Public Instruction has suggested that the act of the General Assembly of March 31, 1886, be so amended as to direct its observance by the school children of the Commonwealth, but not as a legal holiday.

4. Many of our leading citizens are deeply interested in the cause of forestry, knowing its imperative importance.

LOUISIANA.—No response from State Superintendent; no data found in annual reports.

MAINE.—No response from State Superintendent; no data from annual reports.

MARYLAND.—The day was established by law in 1884. The Governor is authorized and directed to issue a proclamation annually, designating a day in April. The law especially directs the planting of forest shade trees along public roads and around school-houses. The Superintendent of Public Instruction issues a circular in addition to the proclamation of the Governor. About five thousand trees are planted annually. Although the joint resolution was passed in 1884 no proclamation was issued until 1888. The observance was very general and enthusiastic.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The last Saturday in April is fixed by law as "Arbor Day," and was established in 1886. The Governor issues a proclamation, and programs are prescribed by local superintendents. The day is observed especially by the school children, but is also observed by the people generally, in accordance with the proclamation. There are no data as to the number of trees planted.

MICHIGAN.—The following concurrent resolution was approved March 26, 1885:

Resolved, That the Governor is hereby requested to call the attention of the people of this State to the importance of planting trees for ornament and shade, by naming a day on which this work shall be given special attention, to be known as "Arbor Day."

Superintendent Joseph Estabrook writes November 25, 1889: "There is no uniformity in the manner of observing the day. Last spring a large number of the graded schools observed it with appropriate exercises. No record is made of the number of trees planted."

MINNESOTA.—The day has been observed since 1885, but is not established by law. The Governor issues a proclamation fixing the day (usually in April—in 1889, April 26), and the Superintendent of Public Instruction supplements the proclamation with a circular. There were 6,394 trees planted in 1888, and 39,395 in 1889.

From Governor Merriam's proclamation of 1889, the following extract is made:

"The day possesses the rare feature of being one of pleasure to those who participate in the work to which it is dedicated, and of being in far greater degree, fruitful in blessings to the children, the children's children, and the generations to follow."

MISSISSIPPI.—(Not observed.)

MISSOURI.—Arbor Day established by law in 1886—the first Friday after first Tuesday in April. The Superintendent of Public Schools issues a circular annually, calling attention to the law and suggesting the character of exercises. About 27,000 trees have been planted.

NEBRASKA.—To this State belongs the distinction of inaugurating the observance of Arbor Day, and she has also been the most industrious in this direction, adding to sentiment, something practical. Ex-Governor J. Sterling Morton was an earnest advocate of the plan, and millions of growing trees are the silent outgrowth of his enthusiasm. The statutes of Nebraska designate April 22, as Arbor Day; the Governor usually issuing a proclamation, followed by a circular from the State Superintendent, who occasionally submits a program. Prizes are given for planting the largest number of trees. The school authorities try to have trees in every school-yard. The day is made a school holiday to all schools observing the day. Nearly 400,000,000 trees have been planted in this State under this law and practice.

NEVADA.—Arbor Day was established by law, February 10, 1887, and provides that the Governor shall fix a day by proclamation. A day in April was

designated in each of the years 1887 and 1888. In a letter dated December 5, 1889, Superintendent Dovey says: "Owing to the great scarcity of water, and the unusual drought, which has prevailed during the last two years, the observance of the day has been little more than a formality, but some good has resulted, and better things are hoped for."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—No response from State Superintendent; no data from annual reports.

NEW JERSEY.—Arbor Day was established in 1884, and the day is fixed by the Governor, usually about the middle of April. The State Superintendent is directed to issue the necessary circulars of information. Programs are prepared by county and city superintendents. The latest report shows great interest in the day, in the schools, throughout the State. The report of County Superintendent John Terhune of Bergen county is especially full and interesting.

NEW YORK.—By chapter 196 of the Laws of 1888, the Friday following the first day of May was designated as Arbor Day in this State. The law was passed too late to provide for an observance under its provisions in 1888, but on May 3, 1889, there was a very general observance. The law provides that the Superintendent of Public Instruction shall prescribe and publish a course of exercises to be observed in all the schools. The program of 1889 contained many original poems and songs. (See New York Program, under "Specimen Programs.") Fifty thousand programs and fifty thousand song supplements were printed and circulated through commissioners and superintendents. Outside the cities 5,681 school districts reported as having observed the day, and 24,166 trees were planted, besides vines, shrubs and flowers. Everybody participating in the exercises was invited to vote for a "State Tree." The returns received showed that the "*Sugar Maple*" received forty-three per cent of all votes cast—the oak being second, and the elm third. The birch, for some reason, was not a favorite. The program for 1890 will include a request for a similar vote for a "State Flower."

NORTH CAROLINA.—(Not observed.)

OHIO.—No response from State Commissioner. No data from annual reports. The day seems, however, to have been established by law, as shown by the Governor's proclamation in 1889, designating April 26 as Arbor Day. The State Commissioner also issued a circular in 1889 urging a general observance of the day, heretofore confined largely to the cities and towns. The reports of the Superintendent of the Cincinnati schools shows an active interest in Arbor Day in that city. The day was first observed in 1882 under the direction of Superintendent John B. Peaslee, who aroused much enthusiasm, and who contributed through the United States Commissioner of Education the first published pamphlet of Arbor Day literature. The Cincinnati reports contain much interesting matter relating to the subject.

OREGON.—Arbor Day established by law February 25, 1889. Section 69 of title 7 of the School Laws of Oregon is as follows: "The second Friday in

the afternoon in April of each year shall hereafter be known throughout this State as Arbor Day." The Superintendent of Public Instruction will issue his first Arbor Day circular in April, 1890.

PENNSYLVANIA.—This substantial State is doubly blessed. Two Arbor Days were established by law in 1885, one day in April to be named by proclamation of the Governor, and one in October to be named by the Superintendent of Public Instruction. The day is generally observed and several hundred thousand trees have been planted. The late Superintendent Higbee was an earnest and enthusiastic friend of Arbor Day. His annual circulars and addresses given fully in the *Pennsylvania School Journal* show his deep interest in the work, and his success is due to the faithful service he rendered. Were it possible, it would be interesting to give here extracts from Dr. Higbee's stirring circulars, and interesting addresses, but they form a volume in themselves. In his good work in this direction, which will long be associated with his memory, he was assisted by Prof. J. P. McCaskey, editor of the *Pennsylvania School Journal*, who has given the subject more prominence in his journal than any other publication in the country.

RHODE ISLAND.—Arbor Day is observed to some extent. It was established in 1887, but no particular day is fixed. Section 1 of chapter 641 of the Laws of 1887 says: "Such day as the Governor of the State may appoint as 'Arbor Day,' shall be a holiday," etc.

Superintendent Thos. B. Stockwell writes, Nov. 22, 1889: "Under the direction of the local school boards, more or less notice is taken of the day by the schools. Aside from them little attention is paid to it. Our State is so small and yet so varied in its makeup of town and country, that it is impossible to secure very much concerted action. There is a growing feeling among our school authorities in favor of utilizing the day to improve the surroundings of the school-houses, and I think it will ultimately do a good work."

SOUTH CAROLINA.—(Not observed.)

TENNESSEE.—Arbor Day was established by law in 1887, making it the duty of the county superintendents of schools to set apart some day in November, to be observed in all the public schools. Trees to be planted around school buildings, with appropriate ceremonies, "that the day may be one of pleasure as well as of instruction for the young." The State Superintendent issues a circular, but details are left to county officers.

TEXAS.—By an act approved February 22, 1889, Washington's birthday was set apart as "Arbor Day."

VERMONT.—Although Arbor Day has not been established by law, it has been observed in the large towns since 1885. Proclamation is made by the Governor, designating and recommending a day to be observed. From the first proclamation, issued by Governor Pingree in 1885, the following is taken: "The love of Vermonters for trees and groves should show itself along every thoroughfare and wayside; upon the village green and city park; around the

school-house and by the academy; the grounds of the home should be tastefully adorned with the maple, the oak and the elm, and thereby made scenes of lovelier memories."

VIRGINIA.—Superintendent John L. Buchanan says, under date of Nov. 27, 1889: "The day is not observed in this State. I am decidedly in favor of establishing 'Arbor Day' by law, and I propose to recommend such a measure in my forthcoming annual report. Everybody ought to be a friend both to the present and future generations of trees."

WEST VIRGINIA.—Under date of November 23, 1889, Superintendent B. S. Morgan says: "It has been the custom since 1883, for the State Superintendent to appoint a day to be observed by the public schools as Arbor Day, but since there is nothing compulsory in its observance, it has not been generally observed. Good has been accomplished, however, and many trees are planted each year. The first Friday in November is the day usually selected. Our purpose is to secure the establishment of an Arbor Day by law as soon as possible."

WISCONSIN.—In 1889, the Legislature passed an act authorizing the Governor to designate an Arbor Day. Superintendent J. B. Thayer writes, November 23, 1889: "Arbor Day occurs on April 30. The law was published at so late a date this year, that there was no time for the preparation of a suitable program. For a State which is as prodigal of its forest trees as Wisconsin, considerable has been done, even before the enactment of the law, in the way of planting trees for the adornment of school grounds."

What conqueror in any part of "life's broad field of battle" could desire a more beautiful, a more noble, or a more patriotic monument than a tree planted by the hands of pure and joyous children, as a memorial of his achievements?

What earnest, honest worker with hand and brain, for the benefit of his fellow-men, could desire a more pleasing recognition of his usefulness than such a monument, a symbol of his or her productions, ever growing, ever blooming, and ever bearing wholesome fruit?

How significant and suggestive is the dedication of a young tree as a monument.

LOSSING.

Who does his duty, is a question
Too complex to be solved by me;
But he, I venture the suggestion,
Does part of his that plants a tree

HOW AN APPLE TREE GROWS.

WHEN a young seed begins to grow it starts with one little cell. This cell is a kind of round bag, or tiny bladder. It is hollow, and has in it a sort of jelly.

Those who study plants can with their microscopes watch just how the young seed grows. When first they observe the tiny sack, or cell, it is not larger than the point of a pin. They can see it grow larger, but even when it is full grown it is no larger than the dot over this letter *z*.

Next, they can see a very thin wall — thinner than the thinnest paper — growing inside of the little cell. This wall, or partition, grows quite across from one side to the other, making two little cells of it.

After this, a partition grows in each of these two cells, making four. And so the seed goes on growing, by each of the cells dividing into two or more.

All plants grow in this way. But each plant will grow according to its own seed. The seed of a turnip will begin to grow with one cell, and then make cell after cell, with all the cells packed pretty close together. But all these cells will grow together in such a way as to make a turnip-plant. An acorn will grow in the same way; but all its cells will grow together in such a way as to make an oak tree.

Think of a large apple tree. First it began with a tiny cell in the bottom of a pistil of an apple blossom. Out of this cell grew two other cells. Then out of them grew more cells. And so they kept on until the whole seed was ripe.

Now here is something very curious. All those little cells in that little apple seed grew in such a way that they actually made a little apple tree inside of that little seed. There they made a minute pair of leaves, and a minute point of a root. When the tiny cells had their tiny plant completed the seed was ripe.

The apple fell from the tree, the seed entered the ground, and in the spring the wet in the soil below, and the heat from the sun above, burst open the seed. Then out came the little point of a root, and, not liking the light, grew downwards into the ground.

But while the little point of a root was doing this, the little pair of leaves, folded up in the seed, also began to grow, and, loving the light, pushed their way up where they could feel the warm sunshine.

There the little pair of leaves spread out. Then up between them grew the little stem. Then more leaves came out; and still the stem kept pushing up, and still more leaves kept coming.

Moreover, while the plant was growing above ground, the little root under ground was branching and growing larger, and with all its fine young hollow hairs was sucking up the water from the soil, to go up to the leaves, which took in the air that some of it might mix with the sap to make the very stuff that forms the little cells.

The roots and leaves work together to build up the plant. The roots take water from the ground; but that alone would not make cells. The cells must have carbon; and this the plant obtains mostly from the air, by breathing it through the leaves.

So, whatever the plant may be—a great forest-tree or a spear of grass—its cells are made of carbon and water. The whole tree is made of these cells,—trunk, roots, branches, leaves, flowers, fruit.

Look at a great oak tree. Can it be that that immense plant is made of nothing but a mass of tiny cells not larger than the dot of an *i*—and not so large? It can be. It is so.

PUSSY WILLOW.

THE brook is brimmed with melting snow,
 The maple sap is running,
 And on the highest elm a crow
 His black wings is sunning.
 A close green bud the Mayflower lies
 Upon its mossy pillow;
 And sweet and low the south-wind blows,
 And through the brown fields calling goes,
 "Come Pussy! Pussy Willow!"
 Within your close brown wrapper stir;
 Come out and show your silver fur;
 "Come Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

Soon red will bud the maple-trees,
 The bluebirds will be singing,
 And yellow tassels in the breeze
 Be from the poplars swinging;
 And rosy will the Mayflower lie
 Upon its mossy pillow;
 But you must come the first of all, —
 "Come, Pussy!" is the south-wind's call, —
 "Come Pussy! Pussy Willow!"
 A fairy gift to children dear,
 The downy firstling of the year, —
 Come Pussy! Pussy Willow!

Specimen Programs.

SPECIMEN PROGRAM.

Selections marked thus * are given in this volume. See Index.

- Song — * "Forest Song." - - - - - W. H. Venable.
 Reading of the Governor's Proclamation by the clerk of the district.
 Recitation — "God Everywhere in Nature." - - - Carlos Wilcox.
 Recitation — * "A Forest Hymn." - - - - - Bryant.
 Essay — "Forest Trees in Illinois." - - - - -
 Recitation — * "The Daisy." - - - - - Montgomery.
 Recitation — * "The Use of Flowers." - - - Mary Howitt.
 Essay — "Flowers, the Friends of Trees." - - -
 Recitation — "Flowers." - - - - - Thomas Hood.
 Recitation — "The Violet." - - - - - W. W. Story.
 Song — "To the Woodland, Away!" - - - - -
 Recitation — * "The Voice of the Grass." - - - Sarah Roberts.
 Essay — "Our Grasses." - - - - -
 Essay — "Climbing Vines and Plants." - - - - -
 Recitation — * "The Ivy Green." - - - - - Dickens.
 Song — * "Woodman, Spare that Tree." - - - - -
 Essay — "The Beauty of Trees." - - - - -
 Recitation — * "The Primeval Forest." - - - - - Longfellow's Evangeline.
 Essay — "Historic Willows." (Suggestions: "Arnold's Willow," opposite West Point; "Gates' Willow," New York City; "Alex. Pope's Willow," Twickenham.)
 Essay — "Historic Oaks." (Suggestions: "The Big Tree" at Geneseo, N. Y.; "The Charter Oak," at Hartford, Connecticut.)
 Song — "Come to the Greenwood."
 Recitation — * "The Tree." - - - - - Jones Very.
 Essay — "Liberty Elms." (Suggestions: "Old Liberty Elm," Boston; "Washington Elm," Cambridge; "Penn's Elm," Philadelphia.)
 Essay — "My Favorite Tree is the Elm." Discussion upon this essay by four others, presenting their favorites in the Oak, Sycamore, Beech, and Poplar.
 Address — "The School-house a Home, and Our Duty to Beautify It." By the teacher or one of the parents.
 Song — "America."

From Western School Journal.

SPECIMEN PROGRAM.

SCHOOL NO. 5, ELMIRA, N. Y., 1889.

Music—"Arbor Day."	-	-	-	-	-	School.
Declamation—"Tree Planting Day."	-	-	-	-	-	
Planting Tree.	-	-	-	-	-	Eighth Grade.
Dedicating Tree to George Washington.	-	-	-	-	-	
Recitation—"Tribute to Washington."	-	-	-	-	-	
Declamation—"The Wistaria."	-	-	-	-	-	
Planting Wistaria Vine.	-	-	-	-	-	Seventh Grade.
Music—"Auld Lang Syne."	-	-	-	-	-	Seventh and Eighth Grades.
Essay—"Vine Planting."	-	-	-	-	-	
Planting Woodbine.	-	-	-	-	-	Sixth Grade.
Music—"Columbia."	-	-	-	-	-	Sixth Grade.
Declamation—"Arbor Day."	-	-	-	-	-	
Planting Ivy.	-	-	-	-	-	Fifth Grade.
Music—"Marching Song."	-	-	-	-	-	School.
Concert Recitation and Planting Vine.	-	-	-	-	-	Room No. 6.
Music—"Planting Vine."	-	-	-	-	-	Room No. 5.
Recitation and Planting English Ivy.	-	-	-	-	-	Room No. 4.
Planting Vine.	-	-	-	-	-	Room No. 3.
Planting Vine.	-	-	-	-	-	Room No. 2.
Planting Vine.	-	-	-	-	-	Room No. 1.
Recitation by Class in Costume.	-	-	-	-	-	Fourth Grade.
Planting Vine.	-	-	-	-	-	Fourth Grade.
Music—"America."	-	-	-	-	-	School.

SPECIMEN PROGRAM.

ARSENAL STREET SCHOOL, WATERTOWN, N. Y., 1889.

Selections marked thus * given in this volume. See Index.

Reading the Scriptures.	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Music—"Celebrate the Arbor Day."	-	-	-	-	-	-	School.
Class Recitation—"What the Flowers Said."	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Recitation—*"Planting the Apple Tree."	-	-	-	-	-	-	School.
Music—*"Swinging 'Neath the Old Apple Tree."	-	-	-	-	-	-	School.
Class Recitation—*"Voice of the Grass."	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Declamation—*"Woodman, Spare that Tree."	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Concert Reading—*"The Forest Hymn."	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Music—"Mill May."	-	-	-	-	-	-	School.
Recitation—"Joyous Arbor Day."	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Declamation—*"How the Leaves Come Down."	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Music—"Song for the Oak."	-	-	-	-	-	-	School.
Recitation—*"Bring Flowers."	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Recitation—*"The Ivy Green."	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Recitation—"Tale of Two Trees."	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Declamation—*"The Flower of Liberty."	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Class Reading—"Flowers."	-	-	-	-	-	-	
Solo—*"The Old Mountain Tree."	-	-	-	-	-	-	

SPECIMEN PROGRAM.

MOHAWK ACADEMY, 1889.

Selections marked thus * given in this volume. See Index.

Music — "America."	-	-	-	-	-	The School.
Reading of Scripture.	-	-	-	-	-	
Prayer.	-	-	-	-	-	
Reading of Law establishing Arbor Day.	-	-	-	-	-	
Reading of Circular Issued by Department of Public Instruction.	-	-	-	-	-	
Music — "Summer Song."	-	-	-	-	-	Primary Department.
Recitation — * "The Secret."	-	-	-	-	-	
Recitation — "Address to the Robin."	-	-	-	-	-	
Recitation — * "Kind Words."	-	-	-	-	-	
Music — "Maiden's Song."	-	-	-	-	-	Intermediate Department.
Recitation — * "Waiting for the May."	-	-	-	-	-	
Recitation — "The Song of the Sparrow."	-	-	-	-	-	
Recitation — "'Tis Spring-Time."	-	-	-	-	-	
Music — "Hunting Four-Leaved Clover."	-	-	-	-	-	Intermediate Department.
Recitation — * "April."	-	-	-	-	-	
Recitation — "May Flowers."	-	-	-	-	-	
Recitation — * "The Oak."	-	-	-	-	-	
Music — "Marseillaise Hymn."	-	-	-	-	-	The School.
Dialogue — "Flowers."	-	-	-	-	-	Eight Girls.
Music — "The Watch on the Rhine."	-	-	-	-	-	The School.
Declamation — "The Origin and History of Arbor Day."	-	-	-	-	-	
Recitation — "Trees, the Homes of Birds"	-	-	-	-	-	
Essay — "Modifying Influences of Trees."	-	-	-	-	-	
Essay — "Trees, an Encouragement to Rain Fall."	-	-	-	-	-	
Essay — "Protection afforded by Trees."	-	-	-	-	-	
Music — * "Arbor Day Tribute."	-	-	-	-	-	The School.
Address.	-	-	-	-	-	
Music — * "The Brave Old Oak."	-	-	-	-	-	Solo.
Voting for State Tree.	-	-	-	-	-	
Appointment of Committee on Tree.	-	-	-	-	-	
Naming and Planting the Tree.	-	-	-	-	-	
Music — "The Tree Song."	-	-	-	-	-	The School.

" Loud through the air resounds the woodman's stroke,
 When, lo ! a voice breaks from the groaning oak,
 Spare, spare my life ! a trembling virgin spare !
 Oh, listen to the Hamadryad's prayer !
 No longer let that fearful axe resound ;
 Preserve the tree to which my life is bound.
 See, from the bark my blood in torrents flows ;
 I faint, I sink, I perish from your blows.

Apollonius Rhodius.

SPECIMEN PROGRAM.

Prepared by Professor EDWARD HAYWARD, Clyde, N. Y., 1889.

Selections marked thus * given in this volume. See Index.

- I. Music — "The Arrow and the Song." - - -
- II. Essay — "The Day We Celebrate." - - -
- III. Quotations — * "The Flowers." - - - Scholars from 2d Grade.
- IV. Recitations — * "Historic Trees." - - - Scholars of 5th and 6th Grades.
- V. Music — * "Swinging 'Neath the Old Apple Tree."
- VI. Essay — "Woodman, Spare that Tree." - - -
- VII. Recitation — * "Woodman, Spare that Tree."
- VIII. Recitations — "The Autumn Leaves." - - - Scholars from 1st Grade.
- IX. Music — "Come to the Wild Wood." - - -
- X. Recitation — Prelude. - - -
- XI. Quotations — * Trees. - - - Scholars of 3rd and 4th Grades.
- XII. Recitation — * "The Last Tree of the Forest."
- XIII. Music — "Come to the Forest." - - -

ABOUT THE TREE.

- I. Oration. - - - - -
- II. Chorus. - - - - - Class of Girls

SPECIMEN PROGRAM.

St. Augustine, Florida.

PROGRAM, FEBRUARY, 1890.

Prepared and furnished by Superintendent WALTER E. KNIBLOE.

PART FIRST.

- 1. Song.
- 2. Reading of Proclamation.
- 3. Essay — "Why we Celebrate?"
- 4. Essay — "Use of Trees."
- 5. Essay — "Enemies of Trees."
- 6. Song.

PART SECOND.

Dedication of trees to the following: H. W. Longfellow, O. W. Holmes, J. G. Whittier, Washington Irving, Alice and Phœbe Cary, B. J. Lossing.

PART THIRD.

- 1. Dialogue — "Facts from Home and Abroad."
Characters — Uncle Sam, The forty-two States and Territories, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, Palestine, China, and the American Indian.
- 2. Remarks by visitors.
- 3. Voting for State Tree.
- 4. Song.
- 5. Benediction.

NEW YORK STATE PROGRAM, 1889.

PRELIMINARY CIRCULAR, 1889.

ARBOR DAY, 1889.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, }
 SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, Albany, March 21, 1889. }

To the Press and the Public :

The Legislature of 1888 enacted the following law, approved by the Governor April 30, 1888: "An Act to Encourage Arboriculture," Chapter 166.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows :

SECTION 1. The Friday following the first day of May in each year shall hereafter be known throughout this State as Arbor Day.

§ 2. It shall be the duty of the authorities of every public school in this State, to assemble the scholars in their charge on that day in the school building, or elsewhere, as they may deem proper, and to provide for and conduct, under the general supervision of the City Superintendent or the School Commissioner, or other chief officers having the general oversight of the public schools in each city or district, such exercises as shall tend to encourage the planting, protection and preservation of trees and shrubs, and an acquaintance with the best methods to be adopted to accomplish such results.

§ 3. The State Superintendent of Public Instruction shall have power to prescribe from time to time, in writing, a course of exercises and instruction in the subjects hereinbefore mentioned, which shall be adopted and observed by the public school authorities on Arbor Day, and upon receipt of copies of such course, sufficient in number to supply all the schools under their supervision, the School Commissioner or City Superintendent aforesaid shall promptly provide each of the schools under his or their charge with a copy, and cause it to be adopted and observed.

§ 4. This act shall take effect immediately.

The first general observance of *Arbor Day* in this State, under this act, will be on Friday, May 3, 1889 and the duty is imposed upon the State Superintendent of Public Instruction to prescribe a course of exercises to be observed in the schools of the State in carrying out the spirit of the law.

A program will be published not later than April 15, next, giving somewhat in detail a general plan for the information and guidance of those contemplating a formal observance of the day by literary exercises or otherwise. This program will give simple directions in reference to the transplanting of trees, and will also give such information as may be obtained, touching the kind of trees most suitable for transplanting, care and treatment of trees, etc.

Preliminary to the publication of such program, the Superintendent invites suggestions from all who are specially interested in the subject, as to the proper arrangement of a course of exercises, what it should include, etc., to the end that the observance of the day may be an occasion of interest and benefit to all the people, and especially to the school children of the State.

Pending any further announcement, the following observations and recommendations are submitted :

The plain intent of the law is to encourage the planting, protection and preservation of trees and shrubs, with such other features as will tend to impress upon the minds of all the desirability of beautifying school grounds, and of doing something to overcome the destruction of trees made necessary by the demands of business and commerce. Something should be done to make more attractive and comfortable the many thousand school-grounds of the State which now lack a tree or shrub, either for use or ornament. The spirit of the law will be complied with, certainly, at first, by setting out trees about school grounds, dedicating them to distinguished scholars, educators, statesmen, generals, historians or poets, or to people or children closely identified with the schools. Where school-house grounds are already sufficiently protected and beautified, or where school-grounds are so limited as to leave no room for tree planting, trees may be planted along the approaches to school-grounds, or in any appropriate place to be selected by the school authorities. It is hoped that where school-grounds are too limited to admit trees, that the proper authorities may soon be induced to secure additional land.

The planting of the trees may very properly be supplemented by literary exercises, out of doors when weather permits, and in the school-houses where out-door exercises are not advisable. These exercises

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may include the singing of appropriate songs, the reading or recital of prose or poetical selections relating to this subject, a short address by some suitable person, essays, letters, etc., etc.

In cities it may be necessary to omit tree planting. In such cases it is recommended that principals of schools provide exercises of the character above outlined.

It will be seen that the observance of the law is not compulsory. There is no penalty for non-compliance. But it is hoped that the first *Arbor Day* in the Empire State may be observed in some degree in every school district of the State. The exercises may be as simple or extended as the opportunities or advantages may provide. If a tree cannot be planted, let it be a vine or shrub, or an ivy. Let some growing thing testify to the observance of the day and the interest of the school children in it.

Arbor Day is now observed in nearly every State in the Union. Let New York, her people and her children, identify themselves with a movement which will erect living monuments of use and beauty, to the intelligence of the present generation, and which will add pleasure and comfort to the generations yet to come.

Programs will be issued in sufficient quantities to School Commissioners and City Superintendents to supply each school with from three to five copies.

The following suggestions by a correspondent deeply interested in the subject are presented as worthy of consideration.

That three brief poetical compositions be set to appropriate music, and that they be committed to memory and sung by the school children, on that day, throughout the State. One of these compositions might be a hymn in praise of the natural world, as exemplified in forest, plant and flower, and of thankfulness to God for their creation and for our power to appreciate them.

Another, a song of dedication and aspiration, to be sung about a tree when planted on this day; and a third, embodying thoughts which might be suitably expressed in a march of the children through the locality which they desire to improve by the planting of trees, etc. The material to be gathered by a thoughtful perusal of the subject might surely be expected to inspire our most gifted poets.

I would suggest that a call be made through the press for such compositions, and then that a similar call be made upon our musical composers to set them to music.

Acting upon the suggestions above outlined, I invite brief poetical compositions of the character indicated. As the time for preparation is short, these contributions should be furnished not later than April 5. They may be addressed to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction at Albany, and selections will be made for use on *Arbor Day*, proper credit being given for authorship in all cases where the work is used.

A. S. DRAPER, *State Superintendent.*

NEW YORK STATE PROGRAM, 1889.

CIRCULAR OF SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

ARBOR DAY, MAY 3, 1889.

• STATE OF NEW YORK,

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE, *Albany, April 15, 1889.* }

Acting under the law of 1888, the Superintendent of Public Instruction submits herewith some suggestions which it is hoped may be of service to the schools in observing the first Arbor Day in this State, which will occur May 3 next, accompanying the same with original songs and poems which have been contributed for this use, together with appropriate selections from various authors who have written on subjects in harmony with the spirit of the day.

The primary purpose of the Legislature in establishing "Arbor Day," was to develop and stimulate in the children of the Commonwealth a love and reverence for Nature as revealed in trees and shrubs and flowers. In the language of the statute "to encourage the planting, protection and preservation of trees and shrubs" was believed to be the most effectual way in which to lead our children to love Nature and reverence Nature's God, and to see the uses to which these natural objects may be put in making our school-grounds more healthful and attractive.

The object sought may well command the most thoughtful consideration and the painstaking efforts of school officers, teachers and pupils in every school district, and in every educational institution, and of all others who are interested in beautifying the schools and the homes of the State.

It will be well not only to plant trees and shrubs and vines and flowers where they may contribute to pleasure and comfort, but also to provide for their perpetual care, and to supplement such work by exercises which will lead all to a contemplation of the subject in its varied relations and resultant influences. It is fitting that trees should be dedicated to eminent scholars, educators, statesmen, soldiers, historians or poets, or to favorite teachers or pupils in the different localities. On this occasion, however, it would be especially appropriate to dedicate one tree in each district to WASHINGTON.

The opportunity should not be lost, which is afforded by the occasion, for illustrating and enforcing the thought that the universe, its creation, its arrangement, and all of its developing processes, are not due to human planning or oversight, but to the infinite wisdom and power of God.

Our school exercises, and particularly those of an unusual character, should be interspersed with selections, songs and acts which will inspire patriotism. Upon the same week in which Arbor Day first occurs, the Nation will celebrate the Inauguration of Washington, the completion of "the more perfect Union" and the full organization of the National Government. It will be a great and magnificent outburst of praise and song and exultation, appropriate to the successful rounding out of the first hundred years of the Nation's life. Let this fact have some place and exert some influence in our Arbor Day exercises.

It is hoped that the following pages contain information and suggestions, which will aid teachers in preparing profitable and interesting exercises for the appropriate observance of the day. Wherever possible, it is advisable to take actual steps toward the planting and care of trees and shrubs. In circumstances where this is not practicable, hold appropriate literary exercises. So far as it can be done, combine the two. Do whatever will arouse an interest in the subject. Particular attention is called to the suggestion concerning the selection, by vote of the children and others participating in the exercises, of a tree which shall be the choice as the State Tree. Take the vote, report the result to the superintendent in your city, or the commissioner in your district, and the entire vote will be collated and announced from the Department.

It is not possible to do more than make general suggestions from this Department. Each teacher must take these hints and any others which may present themselves, and utilize them according to local circumstances and environments.

The Superintendent desires to express his thanks to all who have aided him in this matter, and particularly to the press of the State for the promptness and prominence with which the subject has been treated.

A. S. DRAPER, State Superintendent.

NEW YORK STATE PROGRAM, 1889.

PROGRAM.

CAUTION: DO NOT MAKE THE PROGRAM TOO LONG.

(This program is intended to be merely suggestive, and may be varied as tastes, circumstances and opportunities may permit. The ingenuity of teachers is relied upon to make such changes as may be necessary to interest in some way all grades of pupils, care being taken to make the exercises as full of life as possible.)

SUGGESTIONS: The order of recitations noted below may be greatly varied. Different scholars may recite one verse each of a stated poem, all reciting the last verse in concert. "The Planting of the Apple Tree" may appropriately be used in this connection, to be followed by singing in concert, "Swinging 'neath the Old Apple Tree."

A very appropriate exercise for younger children may be made under the head "Breezes from the Forest," or "Voices of the Trees," in which many children may take part, each pupil reciting a verse especially prepared. The first may begin: "I am the sugar maple," etc., other pupils speaking as other trees. The following is given as an illustration of this plan, adopted at Port Henry, N. Y., in 1888:

"I am the sugar maple, and a favorite ornamental tree. People love me because I am possessed of sweetness. I claim to have made more boys and girls happy than any other tree. I have many changes of dress—wearing in spring the softest shade of every color, in the summer the purest emerald, and in the autumn the most brilliant yellow. My wood is used for furniture, floors, and for furnishing the interior of houses, and after the houses are finished, few can warm them better than I."

The expression in the opening sentence may be varied, as "I am known as"—"They call me," etc.

Older pupils might interest themselves in organizing as a "*Convention of Trees*," each pupil representing a tree familiar in the locality, and to be called by its name. Officers to be chosen by name of trees, and remarks and discussions participated in by members of the Convention, to be recognized by names of trees.

Compositions may be prepared by older students upon various subjects connected with trees; as, for example, their uses for shade, for ornament, for producing fuel, lumber, etc.; their influence in increasing the rainfall, retaining moisture, modifying the temperature, etc.; their value in furnishing food, materials for clothing, ropes, medicines, oils, homes for the birds, houses, furniture, etc.; their value as defense against storms, from avalanches in Switzerland, and in preserving health by counteracting the influences of malaria etc.

Compositions may also be written on the size of trees, trees in history, care of trees, enemies of trees, the kinds and habits of native trees, kinds of ornamental trees; also, a description of the tree chosen for planting, its characteristics, usefulness, etc.; upon varieties of shrubs that are valuable for landscape gardening, their habits of growth, flowering, etc. The same exercises may be extended to include the vines or flower seeds or flowering plants that may be selected for cultivation.

1. DEVOTIONAL EXERCISES:

a. READING OF SCRIPTURE.

b. PRAYER.

c. SONG.

NOTE.—See Scripture lesson given elsewhere. This may be read by one person, or different scholars may each repeat a verse or a sentence. Or it may be made a responsive service, the teacher repeating one sentence, and scholars the next.

2. READING OF THE LAW ESTABLISHING ARBOR DAY.**3. READING OF DEPARTMENT CIRCULAR, AND OF LETTERS IN REFERENCE TO ARBOR DAY.**

NOTE.—Many teachers and others in charge of exercises may choose to invite letters appropriate to the occasion, from prominent persons in the different localities who are unable to be present.

4. SONG.**5. RECITATIONS.—By different pupils.**

FIRST PUPIL:

"The groves were God's first temples,
Ere man learned

To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The round of anthems, in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplications."

BRYANT.

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SECOND PUPIL:

"I shall speak of trees, as we see them, love them, adore them in the fields where they are alive, holding their green sunshades over our heads, talking to us with their hundred thousand whispering tongues, looking down on us with that sweet meekness which belongs to huge but limited organisms—which one sees most in the patient posture, the outstretched arms, and the heavy drooping robes of these vast beings, endowed with life, but not with soul—which outgrow us and outlive us, but stand helpless, poor things—while nature dresses and undresses them."

HOLMES.

THIRD PUPIL:

"Give fools their gold and knaves their power;

Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;

Who sows a field, or trains a flower,

Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest;

And God and man shall own his worth,

Who toils to leave as his bequest

An added beauty to the earth." WHITTIER.

FOURTH PUPIL:

"There is something nobly simple and pure in a taste for the cultivation of forest trees. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature to have this strong relish for the beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. * * * He who plants an oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this."

IRVING.

FIFTH PUPIL:

"What conqueror in any part of 'Life's broad field of battle' could desire a more beautiful, a more noble, or a more patriotic monument than a tree planted by the hands of pure and joyous children, as a memorial of his achievements."

LOSSING.

SIXTH PUPIL:

Oh! Rosalind, these trees shall be my books,

And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,

That every eye which in this forest looks,

Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.

SHAKESPEARE.

SEVENTH PUPIL:

"There is something unspeakably cheerful in a spot of ground which is covered with trees, that smiles amidst all the rigors of winter, and gives us a view of the most gay season in the midst of that which is the most dead and melancholy."

ADDISON.

EIGHTH PUPIL:

"As the leaves of trees are said to absorb all noxious qualities of the air, and to breathe forth a purer atmosphere, so it seems to me as if they drew from us all sordid and angry passions, and breathed forth peace and philanthropy."

IRVING.

NINTH PUPIL:

"I care not how men trace their ancestry,

To ape or Adam; let them please their whim;

But I in June am midway to believe

A tree among my far progenitors,

Such sympathy is mine with all the race,

Such mutual recognition vaguely sweet

There is between us."

LOWELL.

TENTH PUPIL:

"Trees have about them something beautiful and attractive even to the fancy. Since they cannot change their plan, are witnesses of all the changes that take place around them; and as some reach a great age, they become, as it were, historical monuments, and, like ourselves, they have a life growing and passing away, not being inanimate and unvarying like the fields and rivers. One sees them passing through various stages, and at last, step by step, approaching death, which makes them look still more like ourselves."

ELEVENTH PUPIL:

HUMBOLDT.

"Summer or winter, day or night,

The woods are an ever new delight;

They give us peace, and they make us strong,

Such wonderful balms to them belong;

So, living or dying, I'll take my ease

Under the trees, under the trees."

STODDARD.

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6. READING OR DECLAMATION.

7. SONG.

8. ADDRESS.—“Our School-houses and our Homes, How to beautify them.”

NOTE.—Any other appropriate subject may be selected.

9. SONG.

10. BRIEF ESSAYS.—By different scholars.

First scholar may choose for subject, “My Favorite Tree is the Oak,” and give reasons. Other scholars may follow, taking for subjects the Elm, Maple, Beech, Birch, Ash, etc. These essays should be very short.

11. SONG.

12. VOTING ON THE QUESTION.—“What is the Favorite State Tree.”

13. READING OR RECITATION.

14. SONG.

15. ORGANIZATION OF LOCAL “Shade-Tree Planting Association.” (See Suggestions under this head elsewhere.)

NOTE.—The scholars should at least appoint a committee to serve for a year to see that trees planted are properly cared for.

15. SONG.—America.

PROGRAM—AT THE TREE.

Suggestions: Arriving at the place designated for the planting of a tree, every thing should be found in readiness by previous preparation, in order that there may be no delay. By arrangement, the tree should be dedicated to some particular person as may have been decided. It would be well to have printed or painted on tin or wood, and attached to the tree, the name of the person to whom it is dedicated.

After a marching song has been sung on the way to the tree, the following order of exercises is suggested:

1. PLACE THE TREE CAREFULLY IN POSITION. (See 5, below.)

NOTE.—When advisable, the tree may be placed in position in advance of the exercises.

2. SONG.

3. A brief statement by the teacher or another concerning the person to whom the tree is dedicated.

4. When practicable—recital of quotations from the writings of the person thus honored.

5. Let each pupil in the class, or such as may be designated, deposit a spadeful of earth.

6. SONG.

NOTE.—Where impracticable to plant trees,—shrubs, vines or flowers may be substituted. A flower bed may be laid out, and vines set in or seeds planted.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

And God said let the earth bring forth the fruit tree yielding fruit after its kind; and the earth brought forth the tree yielding fruit; and God saw that it was good. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food.

And Abraham said to the three angels: “Rest yourselves under the tree;” and he stood by them under the tree, and they did eat.

The tree of the field is man’s life. Then shall the trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the Lord; then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord. The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which He hath planted; where the birds make their nests; as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord; he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water that bringeth forth its fruit in due season; his leaf shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

Of Wisdom, the wise man saith: She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her. And again, the fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; while Hope deferred maketh the heart sick, when the desire cometh it is a tree of life; and a wholesome tongue is a tree of life.

And the angel carried me away in the spirit, and showed me that great city, the New Jerusalem; in the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river was there the tree of life which bear twelve manner of fruits, and yielded its fruit every month; and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And he said: To him that overcometh, I will give to eat of the tree of life which is in the midst of the Paradise of God.

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SHADE-TREE PLANTING ASSOCIATION.

SUGGESTIONS BY J. L. BAGG, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

As an excellent means of securing the planting of shade trees, it is suggested that a "Shade-Tree Planting Association" be organized in each school district in the county for the purpose of securing the planting of trees along all the vacant roadsides in the district. Unless the grown-up people of the district shall promptly move in this matter, let the association be formed by the school children of the district, both girls and boys. They, of course, will commence the work by planting trees around their own school-house. They might not, themselves, be able to pull up the trees in the forest, but they could readily get their big brothers and kind fathers to do this for them. All the boys, both great and small, could take part in digging the holes and planting the trees, and the girls could direct the trimming of them, and so all, even the smallest pupil, will have done something toward this beautiful work. When this shall have been done, the association might have a celebration, to which any person residing in the district shall be made welcome.

Next it will be in order, if there be a church or public square in the district, whose grounds are barren of trees (as such are apt to be) for the association to get up another "bee" for their adornment. And when the school-grounds and the church-yard have been thus beautified, and the boys and girls shall have had the good time consequent thereto, then the association might send its committees canvassing from house to house through the district, until each land-owner shall have given a positive promise, that at the next tree-planting season his farm fronts shall be supplied with the requisite shade-trees.

THE BEST TREES AND VINES.

I think the trees best adapted for successful culture in our region are the elm, maple, linden, ash, birch, beech, dogwood, pines, spruces, some of the willows, some of the poplars, a tulip tree, horse chestnut, catalpa, laburnum and oak. The shrubs which seem best adapted to our State, so far as I know, are the deutzia, hydrangea, spiraea, wigela, privet, arbor vitæ, flowering cherry, flowering plum and hawthorn. Among our best and hardiest vines are the clematis, the bitter sweet, wistaria, trumpet vine, honeysuckle, morning glory, Virginia creeper and ampelopsis veitchii. The best plants for bedding purposes seem to be pansies, verbenas, geraniums, coleuses, centaurea and hybrid roses. Beautiful beds may be formed by planting seeds of the portulacca, pansies, verbenas, zinnias, asters, dahlias, petunias, chrysanthemums, nasturtiums, balsams, phlox, sweet William, and seeds of other well-known plants.—Dr W. J. MILNE, Genesee Normal School.

CAUTION.

Trees should not be planted so near houses that the roots will interfere with the foundations or that their shade will make the house damp.

Trees should not be planted so closely along road-ways as to hinder the prompt drying of the road after a rain.

Ornamental trees should not have the effect of a forest.

ARBOR DAY POEMS.

(Original.)

ARBOR DAY TRIBUTE.

With lavish hand our God hath spread
Beauty and fragrance o'er the land;
His smile revives the seeming dead;
Nature awakes at His command.

He breathes upon the leafless tree,
He whispers to the tiny flower,
His touch awakes the slumbering bee,
And each obeys th' Almighty Power.

The perfumed breeze of smiling May,
The dancing stream on mountain side,
The wild bird's trill of joyous lay,
Proclaim Thy goodness far and wide.

Attune our hearts to sing Thy praise,
Expand our souls to comprehend
Thy attributes and all Thy ways,
And ever be our Guide and Friend.

We plant to-day within the mould,
The stock that needs thy tender care;
Send deep its roots, its buds unfold,
In answer to our faith and prayer.

JARED BARRITE, Irvington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

NEW YORK STATE PROGRAM, 1889.

(Original.)

CHILDREN'S ARBOR DAY MARCH.

We are marching for the arbor,
And our hearts are free from care;
All our thoughts in tune to nature,
With the music of the air.

Flowers are smiling, bees are humming
O'er the land we're passing through;
Robin shyly greets our coming,—
Every thing to nature true.

CHO.—Marching merrily, singing cheerily,
And our hearts are free from care;
Buds are springing, birds are singing,
There is music ev'rywhere.

CHO.—Marching merrily, singing cheerily,
And our hearts are free from care;
Colors blending, tints unending,—
There is beauty ev'rywhere.

Thinking of the happy faces
In the happy bye and bye,
Who will come to take our places
When our school days have gone by.

We will bless the mighty Power
Who for us the feast hath spread,
For all life, for tree and flower,
And His heavens overhead.

CHO.—Marching merrily, singing cheerily,
And our hearts are free from care;
Bells are ringing, joys are springing,
There is gladness ev'rywhere.

CHO.—Marching merrily, singing cheerily.
And our hearts are free from care;
In each beauty, learning duty,
For His love is ev'rywhere.

E. A. HOLBROOK, Watertown, N. Y.

(Original.)

SONG OF DEDICATION.

[Air—"COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN."]

The tree we are planting this May day
Is chosen with tenderest care;
May beauty adorn it, hereafter,
And clothe it with usefulness rare.
May green leaves appearing each spring time
Be leaves of a fair book of Fame,
And spread to the breezes the story
Extolling the new-given name.

The tree is an emblem of greatness,
As, springing from one tiny seed,
It mounts ever upward and onward
An emblem of greatness, indeed!
The birds sing its praises to others,
The winds carry swiftly the tale,
The tree is the monarch of forest,
Of hill, valley, greenwood and dale.
ELLEN BEAUCHAMP, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

(Original.)

ARBOR DAY INVOCATION.

Like the glad birds of springtime,
Our praises we sing,
To God the great giver
Of every good thing;
Till earth, with glad voices,
Shall echo again,
From woodland and meadow,
From mountain and plain.

The ever glad chorus,
The springtime is here;
With bird songs, with flowers:
And all her glad cheer;
While over the land that
We treasure so dear,
We scatter God's blessings
Afar and a-near.

God bless us, we pray Thee,
A young student band;
Ever help us in truth
And uprightness to stand;
And bless Thou the labor
Our hands do to-day,
Mid the bird songs and flowers
Of beautiful May.

EMMA S. THOMAS, Schoharie, N. Y.

NEW YORK STATE PROGRAM, 1889.

(Original.)

INVOCATION.

[Air — "AMERICA."]

We, children of the free,
Come here to plant this tree,
With prayer and song;
A living sign to stand,
Of love to Fatherland,
While years prolong.

In every flower and tree,
God's forming hand we see,
And His great love,
And every bud and leaf
Increases our belief
In heaven above.

'Tis meet a leafy shade
Should shelter boy or maid,
Who hither hies,
To spend in studious hours,
Fair childhood's growing powers,
And seek truth's prize.

Dear God of Nature, grant
This tree which now we plant
May live and grow,
To bless with grace and shade,
This loved and cherished glade,
Our love to show.

P. HARLOW, City Editor "*Leader*," Kingston, N. Y.

(Original.)

SONG FOR TREE-PLANTING.

[Air — "DEAREST MAY."]

In soil the dearest and the best,
On which the sun can shine,
We plant thee, tree, in hope, to-day,
O, let our cause be thine!
Strike deep thy roots, wax wide and tall,
That all this truth may know,
Thou art our type of future power,
Like thee, we, too, shall grow.

In coming years, thy kindly shade
The sons of toil shall bless;
Thy beauty and thy grace shall all
With grateful voice confess;
And so our youth in wisdom trained
Shall render service great,
Our schools send sons and daughters forth,
The glory of the State.

REFRAIN—Like thee, we, too, shall grow,
Like thee, we, too, shall grow,
Thou art our type of future power,
Like thee, we, too, shall grow.

REFRAIN—The glory of the State,
The glory of the State,
Our schools send sons and daughters forth,
The glory of the State.

Strike deep thy roots, wax wide and tall,
Since thou our pledge shall be,
Of all the good we vow to bring
Our country grand and free.
In place of one by ax or age
Cut off, long mayst thou stand
We march to take our fathers' room,
And do the work they planned.

REFRAIN—And do the work they planned,
And do the work they planned,
We march to take our fathers' room,
And do the work they planned.

SARA J. UNDERWOOD, Chester, N. Y.

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(Original.)

A HYMN IN PRAISE OF THE NATURAL WORLD.

[Air—"AULD LANG SYNE."]

The winter storms have passed away,
 And spring-time now is here
 With sunshine smiling all around,
 And heavens blue and clear.
 The gifts of Nature brighten earth,
 And make her garden gay;
 They give a cheery greeting bright
 On this, the Arbor Day.

The flowers have risen from their sleep,
 And, decked in garments gay,
 They lift their smiling faces bright
 On this, the Arbor Day.
 They shed forth all their fragrance rare,
 And loving tribute pay,
 And give of all their little wealth
 On this, the Arbor Day.

The birds with gladsome voices sing,
 Each its melodious lay,
 And music swells each little throat
 On this, the Arbor Day.
 The trees put forth their greenest leaves
 On this, the Arbor Day,
 And welcome now the chosen tree
 Which we shall plant to-day.

ELLEN BEAUCHAMP, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

(Original.)

THE OLD WOOD.

To me, no dull insensate growth
 Those heirs of Time appear;
 But life, with thought and feeling both
 My fancy findeth here.

A purpose held; an upward aim,
 Those sylvan monarchs teach;
 The finer traits that man may claim,
 Seem attributes of each.

How deep the strong Oaks grasp the soil,
 At danger, loud they scoff.
 The tempest in its strength they foil,
 And hurl its dark clouds off.

Theirs is the nature that achieves,
 No yielding there is found;
 The very rustle of their leaves
 Assumes a martial sound.

Of gentler mould, of softer mood,
 One prone to pause or dream;
 A stately poet of the wood,
 The lofty Pine doth seem.

And softly through its slender leaves,
 The wind is mourning on,
 As when some noble spirit grieves
 For some great hope now gone.

Scarce matched in beauty of them all
 On high the Elms extend;
 Graceful as fountain in its fall,
 Their long lithe branches bend.

When Autumn's touch of beauty brings
 New charms upon the trees;
 The glory of a thousand kings
 May not compare with these.

The Maple, dyed in sunset hues,
 Would dim the Hebrew's throne,
 And Sheba's Queen would scarce refuse
 To say she was outshone.

A saffron tint the Beech receives,
 The Birch's boughs turn pale;
 O'er ledge and crag the Berry leaves
 In dark red streamers trail.

In russet robes the Ivy lies
 Upon its mound of stone;
 A scarlet sash the Woodbine ties
 Around the Cedar's cone.

And over all the Autumn air
 Lies like a golden flood;
 The works of God seem perfect there,
 Within the grand old wood.

HUGH KELSO, Kinderhook, N. Y.

NEW YORK STATE PROGRAM, 1889.

(Original.)

TRIBUTE TO NATURE.

[Tune—"AMERICA."]

Of nature broad and free,
Of grass and flower and tree,
Sing we to-day.
God hath pronounced it good,
So we, His creatures would
Offer to field and wood,
Our heartfelt lay.

To all that meets the eye,
In earth, or air, or sky,
Tribute we bring.
Barren this world would be,
Bereft of shrub and tree;
Now gracious Lord to Thee,
Praises we sing.

May we Thy hand behold,
As bud and leaf unfold,
See but Thy thought;
Nor heedlessly destroy,
Nor pass unnoticed by;
But be our constant joy,
All Thou hast wrought.

As each small bud and flower
Speaks of the Maker's power,
Tells of His love;
So we, Thy children dear,
Would live from year to year,
Show forth Thy goodness here.
And then above.

MARY A. HEERMANS, Elmira, N. Y.

(Original.)

THE CLASS TREE.

[Tune—"AMERICA."]

Grow thou and flourish well
Ever the story tell,
Of this glad day;
Long may thy branches raise
To heaven our grateful praise
Waft them, on sunlight rays
To God away.

Deep in the earth to-day,
Safely thy roots we lay,
Tree of our love;
Grow thou, and flourish long;
Ever our grateful song
Shall its glad notes prolong
To God above.

"Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,"
On this glad day;
Bless Thou each student band
O'er all our happy land;
Teach them Thy love's command
Great God, we pray.

EMMA S. THOMAS, Schoharie, N. Y.

(Original.)

ARBOR DAY.

Plant in the springtime the beautiful trees,
So that in future each soft summer breeze,
Whispering through tree-tops may call to our mind,
Days of our childhood then left far behind.

Days when we learned to be faithful and true;
Days when we yearned our life's future to view;
Days when the good seemed so easy to do;
Days when life's cares were so light and so few.

Of in the present are we made to know
What was done for us in years long ago,
How others sowed in the vast fields of thought,
And, to us, harvests from their work is brought.

And, as we read, in some tree's welcome shade,
Of the works of earth's wise men, which never can
fade,
Thanks would we waft on the soft summer breeze,
Both to planters of thought and to planters of trees.

Then should we think, in our heritage grand,
We, too, belong to that glorious band,
Who in word or in thought, or in deed something do
To advance this old world somewhat on to the new.

As in the past men did plant for to-day,
So will we plant in this beautiful May,
Trees that in future shall others shade cool,
Thoughts that shall ripen for earth's future school.

ANONYMOUS.

NEW YORK STATE PROGRAM, 1889.

(Original.)

ARBOR DAY MARCH.

NOTE.—Children singing this selection could be provided with small flags to be waved during the singing of the words "Hurrah."

[Air—"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."]

Celebrate the Arbor Day
 With march and song and cheer,
 For the season comes to us
 But once in ev'ry year;
 Should we not remember it
 And make the mem'ry dear—
 Memories sweet for this May day?

Flow'rs are blooming all around—
 Are blooming on this day,
 And the trees with verdure clad,
 Welcome the month of May,
 Making earth a garden fair
 To hail the Arbor Day.
 Clothing all Nature with gladness.

CHORUS—Hurrah! hurrah! the Arbor Day is here,
 Hurrah! hurrah! it gladdens ev'ry year;
 So we plant a young tree on this blithesome Arbor Day
 While we are singing for gladness.

ELLEN BEAUCHAMP, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

(Original)

CHILDREN'S PRAISE SONG.

[Air—*Webb*.—"THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING," ETC.]

Thus came the welcome favor,
 From the Creator's hand,
 Dispensing life and beauty,
 With joy to every land;
 The earth received the blessing,
 And, grateful to her King,
 Dóth, each recurring season,
 Rich tribute to Him bring.

Then, let us now, most grateful,
 To the Creator raise
 Our hearts in adoration,
 In joyful words of praise;
 For thus, may all creation,
 In worship so divine,
 Unite in pure devotion,
 At Nature's holy shrine.

In grateful imitation,
 Of the Creator's hand,
 Let us extend the blessing
 In this, our favored land;
 On Arbor Day be willing
 To multiply the gift,
 While gentle rains distilling,
 Shall cause abundant thrift.

Thus, through the lapse of ages,
 The blessing shall extend,
 And earth's most beauteous pages
 Grow brighter to the end;
 While we with songs of gladness,
 Shall ever grateful raise,
 To the all-wise Creator,
 Our heartfelt words of praise.
 W. B. DOWNER, Cazenovia, N. Y.

(Original.)

PLANTING THE TREE.

[Music—"FLAG OF THE FREE," No. 1, Franklin Square Collection.]

Gather we here to plant the fair tree;
 Gladsome the hour, joyous and free,
 Greeting to thee, fairest of May!
 Breathe sweet the buds on our loved Arbor Day.
 Gather we now, the sapling around,
 Singing our song—let it resound:

Happy the day! Happy the hour!
 Joyous we, all of us, feel their glad power.

Shovel and spade, trowel and hoe,
 Carefully dig up the quick yielding ground;
 Make we a bed, softly lay low

Each little root with the earth spread around;
 Snug as a nest, the soil round them pressed,
 This is the home that the rootlings love best.

REFRAIN.

Moisten and soften the ground, ye Spring Rains;
 Swell ye the buds, and fill ye the veins,
 Bless the dear tree, bountiful Sun;
 Warm thou the blood in the stem till it run;
 Hasten the growth, let leaves have birth,
 Make it most beautiful thing of the earth.

REFRAIN.

DR. E. P. WATERBURY, Albany Normal School.

NEW YORK STATE PROGRAM, 1889.

HOW TO PLANT TREES—WHAT TO PLANT.

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,

FORESTRY DIVISION.

CIRCULAR No. 5, 1889.

ARBOR DAY PLANTING IN EASTERN STATES.

The following circular has been prepared to answer inquiries from school superintendents and other officials as well as private individuals who are interested in tree planting on Arbor Day.

J. M. RUSK,
Secretary.

SIR: I have the honor to submit herewith a circular giving brief instructions on selection of trees and manner of planting for Arbor Day purposes, to answer inquiries from school superintendents and others interested in Arbor Day.

Respectfully,

Hon. J. M. RUSK,
Secretary.

B. E. FERNOW,
Chief of Forestry Division.

Introductory.—Arbor Days in the Eastern States as a rule contemplate the planting of shade and ornamental trees mainly for the sake of creating a sentiment and interest in tree planting and eventually in forest culture.

The following suggestions do not refer to the educational features of Arbor Day, but are meant to give in the briefest manner such general advice in regard to the selection of trees for the occasion and to the manipulation of planting, as may aid teachers, pupils and others to perform the practical work of Arbor Day with reasonable hope of success.

Time of Planting.—The day set for Arbor Day and the weather on that day may not always be the best for planting. Its fitness for an out-door celebration should govern the choice, while the planting may be done at a more suitable season. Spring, before the buds open (February to May) is as a rule the best time for transplanting—although with care it can be done all the year round— and a murky or cloudy day is preferable to a sunny one for that operation.

Choice of Trees :—

1. *General Considerations.*—Trees for school grounds and yards, along roadsides and streets, must be such as are least liable to suffer from injuries; they should be compact and symmetrical in shape, free from objectionable habits, such as bad odors, root-sprouting, frequent dropping of parts, etc., and from insect pests, and if planted for shade, should have a broad crown and a dense foliage, budding early in spring and retaining leaves long into the fall. Absence of skillful hands at tree planting on Arbor Days would also limit the selection to those which are transplanted easily and require the least care.

Trees native to the region in which the planting is done usually have more promise of success and are generally less costly than exotics. Trees from well-managed nurseries are preferable to those grown in the forest, because their root-system is better prepared for transplanting. Rapidly-growing trees, although giving shade soonest, are mostly short lived and become soonest unsightly.

2. *Size.*—Although as a rule small plants have a better promise of success, other considerations recommend the choice of larger sizes for roadside and

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ornamental planting. Trees of any size can be successfully transplanted, but in proportion to the size grows the difficulty, the amount of work and the care necessary. As a rule the largest size should not exceed two to three inches in diameter at the base and ten to fifteen feet in height. Those one-half that size will probably make better growth, because less of their root-system will be curtailed in taking them up for transplanting.

3. *Diagnosis of a tree suitable for transplanting.* — a. An abundance of fibrous roots. Not the turnip-like main or tap-root but the little fibers sustain the life of a tree. See that there are plenty of them, compactly grown within a small compass, and that they are not stripped of their bark or torn at their ends or dried up.

b. A normal form and well-proportioned development of shaft and crown. The shaft should be clean and straight, neither thick set and short, nor thread-like and over elongated, but gradually tapering and strong enough to hold up its head without support. The normal crown is characterized by vigorous full-sized leaves, or else by a large number of thick and full buds; it covers the main stem one-third to one-half its length, with a symmetric spread evenly branched, and has only one leader, of moderate length.

The length and vigor of the last year's shoots, number and thickness of buds, and appearance of the bark afford means of judging the healthy constitution of the tree.

c. The position from which the tree came has some influence on its further development. Trees from the forest have generally a wide-spreading root-system, which is difficult to take up and transplant. Those which have grown in the shade of the forest as a rule do not start easily in the open sunlight; those from cool north sides are apt to sicken when placed on hot exposures and vice versa. A healthy tree from poor soil transferred into better conditions will show itself grateful by vigorous development.

Treatment before transplanting.—Transplanting is at best a forcible operation, and injury to the roots, although it may be small, is almost unavoidable. The roots are the life of the tree, and need, therefore, the most attention. In taking up a tree for transplanting the greatest care must be exercised to secure as much of the root-system intact as possible, especially of the small fibrous roots.

a. *Never allow roots to become dry, from the time of taking up the tree until it is transplanted.* A healthy-looking tree may have the certainty of death in it if the root fibrils are dried out. To prevent drying during transportation, cover the roots with moist straw or moss or bags, or leave on them as much soil of the original bed as possible. At the place where the tree is to be planted, if the planting cannot be done at once, "heel in" the roots, i. e., cover them and part of the lower stem with fresh earth, or place the tree in the plant hole, throwing several spadefuls of earth on the roots.

b. Pruning roots and branches is almost always necessary, but must be done with great care, especially as to root pruning. The cutting at the roots should be as little as possible, only removing with a clean sharp cut the bruised and broken parts. Extra long tap-roots may be cut away, but all the small fibers should be preserved. The cutting at the top is done to bring crown and root into proportion; the more loss at the root-system has been experienced the more need of reducing the crown system. Larger trees, therefore, require mostly severer pruning, especially on poor soils; yet if there be fibrous roots enough to sustain great evaporation from the crown, the less cut the better. With large trees severe pruning is less dangerous than too little. A clean cut as close as possible to the stem or remaining branch will facilitate the healing of the wound. No stumps should be left (except with conifers, which suffer but little pruning). Shortening of the end shoots to one-half or two-thirds of their length may be done a little above a bud which is to take the lead. As a rule, the pruning for symmetry should have been done a year or so before transplanting, but may be done a year after.

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Method in planting a tree.—1. Holes are best made before the trees are brought to the ground. They should be a little deeper than the depth of the root-system, but twice as large around as seems necessary, to facilitate penetration of rains and development of rootlets through the loosened soil. Place the top soil, which is better (being richer in easily assimilated plant food) to one side, the raw soil from the bottom to the other side; in filling back bring the richer soil to the bottom. If it be practicable, improve a heavy loamy soil by adding to and mixing with it looser sandy soil, or a loose poor soil by enriching it with loam or compost. Keep all stones out of the bottom; they may be used above the roots, or better on the surface. Providing proper drainage is the best means of improving ground for tree planting. Use no manure except as a top dressing.

2. Planting is best done by two or three persons. A, who manipulates the tree, is the planter and responsible for the result; B and C do the spading under his direction. A places the tree in the hole, to ascertain whether this is of proper size; a board or stick laid across the hole aids in judging the depth. Trees should not be set deeper than they stood before, except in loose, poor soil. More trees are killed by too deep planting than the reverse. If the root-system is developed sideways but not centrally, as is often the case, a hill is raised in the hole to fill out the hollow space in the root-system, and the earth of the hill is patted down with the spade. When the hole is in proper order, A holds the tree perpendicularly in the middle of the hole, with the side bearing the fullest branches toward the south or south-west, for better protection of the shaft against the sun. B and C spread the roots into a natural position, then fill in the soil, using the good soil first—small spadefuls deliberately thrown over the roots in all directions—while A, by a slight shaking and pumping up and down of the stem, aids the earth in settling around the rootlets. A close contact of the soil with the rootlets is the secret of success in planting. Only fine mellow soil, not too moist, and free from stones, will permit such close adjustment to the rootlets, which should also be aided by hand and fingers filling in every crevice. A, while setting the tree, must exercise care to keep it in proper position and perpendicular, until the soil is packed so as to keep the tree in place; then B and C rapidly fill the holes, A treading down the soil firmly after a sufficient quantity is filled in, finishing off a little above the general level to allow for settling, and finally placing the stones or any mulching around the stem.

Watering.—The practice of using water while planting can hardly be said to be a good one, unless the water is very carefully applied with a “rose” after the soil is well filled in and packed around the fibrous roots. Especially with a soil which has a tendency to clog, there is great danger of an uneven distribution and settling, with consequent empty spaces between the roots. More trees are probably killed by too much water in transplanting than by too little. Water after the transplanting (and perhaps before the last shovels of earth are filled in) especially if the soil was dry, is useful and should be applied during the hot season, choosing the late afternoon or evening for applying it.

After care.—Any mulch of waste material, hay, straw, or better, wood shavings or chips, sawdust, or even stones simply placed around the foot of the tree, is of excellent service in checking evaporation.

Keeping the ground free from weeds and grass, and preventing it from baking, by occasionally hoeing and raking, is advisable. To prevent the trees from being swayed by the wind, if of larger size, they should be staked firmly; a loose post is worse than none. The tying should be so done as not to cut or injure the tree; a tree-box insures more safety against accidents. With the development of the crown it becomes necessary to trim it, so as to carry the top above reach. Trees are not benefited by being used for hitching-posts, or climbing poles, or other frolic.

NEW YORK STATE PROGRAM, 1889.

Summarizing the elements of success in tree planting, they are :

1. Trees suitable to soil and surrounding conditions ;
2. A well-developed root-system, kept in living condition ;
3. Wide holes and mellow soil ;
4. Firm packing of soil around the roots.

Choice of kinds.—Leaving out conifers — which require more careful handling and better situations than are as a rule to be had on occasions like that in view — there are over one hundred indigenous species to choose from for planting on the Atlantic side ; of these thirty to forty might deserve attention for Arbor Day tree planting, according to climate, soil, and situation, or object. It is best to limit the choice for this occasion to trees of recognized merit native to your locality ; opportunities will vary the choice. It is only possible here to name the following selections, which admit of a wide application in the Atlantic States :

THREE TREES TO BE PLANTED WHERE NOTHING ELSE WILL GROW ; easily transplanted, growing rapidly, but shortlived, liable to injuries, root-sprouting, soon scraggy looking unless specially attended :

Silver Maple.	Carolina Poplar.	Box Elder.
(<i>Acer dasycarpum.</i>)	(<i>Populus monilifera.</i>)	(<i>Negundo aceroides.</i>)

FOUR TREES, AMONG THE BEST FOR STREET AND LAWN :

Sugar Maple.	Red Maple.	Linden.	Elm.
(<i>Acer saccharinum.</i>)	(<i>Acer rubrum.</i>)	(<i>Tilia Americana.</i>)	(<i>Ulmus Americana.</i>)

FIVE TREES DESIRABLE FOR LAWN AND YARD :

Tulip Tree.	Red Oak.	Willow Oak.
(<i>Liriodendron tulipifera.</i>)	(<i>Quercus rubra.</i>)	(<i>Quercus phellos.</i>)
Black Cherry.	Sweet Gum.	
(<i>Prunus serotina.</i>)	(<i>Liquidambar styraciflua.</i>)	

SIX TREES SUITABLE FOR SPECIAL POSITIONS :

Sycamore.	Black Birch.	Ash.
(<i>Platanus occidentalis.</i>)	(<i>Betula lenta.</i>)	(<i>Fraxinus Americana.</i>)
Black Walnut.	Chestnut.	Beech.
(<i>Juglans nigra.</i>)	(<i>Castanea vesca.</i>)	(<i>Fagus ferruginea.</i>)

TWO FOREIGNERS OF NOTE :

Horse Chestnut. (*Aesculus Hippocastanum*) and Paulownia (*Paulownia imperialis.*)

SPECIMEN PROGRAMS.

PORT HENRY, N. Y.

Arranged by Professor W. H. BENEDICT, now of the public schools of Elmira, N. Y., for Arbor Day,
May 3, 1889.

Selections marked thus * are given in this volume.

PROGRAM.

1. Chorus.—**“Hymn in Praise of the Natural World.” High School.

The singing was accompanied by an organ and two violins.

2. Reading of letters from distinguished persons, by members of the High School.

From Hon. J. Sterling Morton, ex-Governor of Nebraska, and the author of *Arbor Day*.

ARBOR LODGE, Nebraska City, Neb., April 20, 1889.

DEAR SIR — All other anniversaries refer to the past and its dead. Arbor Day alone deals with the present and the future. It stretches its sheltering shades over the unborn millions of coming generations and in the voices of the leafy woods pronounces benedictions upon posterity.

Faithfully yours,

J. STERLING MORTON.

From George William Curtis, Vice-Chancellor of the University of the State of New York.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, Staten Island, April 17, 1889.

DEAR SIR — I am very glad that you propose fitting observance of Arbor Day, which I think may be easily made one of the most interesting of our holidays. There is probably not one of the pupils in your school who has not a fondness for pet animals, for horses, dogs, cats, squirrels, rabbits, and the charm lies largely in its life and its dependence upon its master. Arbor Day will enlarge this friendly relation, so as to include trees, and by and by, perhaps, shrubs and flowering plants. They too are living, and for their proper growth and development they will depend largely upon the care and intelligence of the boys and girls who are interested in them.

This interest will be fostered as in the case of the pet animals by the individual relation between the trees and those who plant them. It will be stimulated by the names to be given to the trees, and by the desire to honor distinguished men and women by carefully tending the trees that bear their names. All this will gradually lead inevitably to special knowledge of the structure, character, growth, and uses of trees, to enjoyment of the allusions to them in literature, and their association with historical events, like the Charter Oak in Hartford and Sir Philip Sidney's oak at Penshurst, which was planted at his birth and which Ben. Johnson and Edmund Waller commemorated, and the Abbot's oak, and William the Conqueror's oak at Windsor Park.

With this will come a keener interest in the significance of trees and plants in national usages, and in popular belief and proverbs, “There's rosemary, that's remembrance.” To be clad in mourning was to wear the Willow. Old Fuller, the English worthy, calls the willow a sad tree, and the forsaken lover sang “all around my hat I wear a green willow.” The Jews in captivity hung their harps upon the willows, and to describe a melancholy landscape Sir Walter Scott in the Lay of the Last Minstrel sings of “along the wild and willowed shore.” It was upon the Beech tree that lovers, long before America was discovered, carved the names of their sweethearts, and it was upon the tree of which Amiens sung that Shakespeare's Orlando hung his verses to Rosalind. It was the trees of Arden that waved their leaves over the soldiers marching to Waterloo, “Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves over the unreturning brave.” Thus in every way trees are inwrought with literature as with art.

“The groves were God's first temples,” and Gothic architecture reproduces the long drawn aisles and fretted vault of the pine forest.

As the student advances into Latin and Greek, he will find trees springing up all around him in the form of allusions in the chaplets, wreaths and crowns that were woven from their leaves, although they do not appear in the classic poets as figures of beauty in the

Specimen Programs.—Port Henry, N. Y.—Continued.

landscape. The conscious enjoyment of natural beauty is a modern sentiment, but it is from the association of Greek and Roman usage that "bays" and "laurels" derive their modern significance. Apollo's tree, the bay, furnished the wreaths for Roman victors, at their triumphs. The Greeks crowned with laurel the victors in the Pythian games and with a wreath of wild olives the Olympic victors.

All such facts, familiar to school boys, will acquire a kind of interest which they never had before when those boys establish personal relations with trees and shrubs by planting them and giving them names. When they watch to see how Bryant and Longfellow are growing; whether Abraham Lincoln wants water, or Benjamin Franklin is drying up whether Asa Gray puts out his leaves as early as last year, and whether Maria Mitchell and Abigail Adams and Dorothea Dix hold in their ample and embowering arms as many singing birds, as usual, they will discover that a tree may be as interesting as the squirrel that skims along its trunk, or the thrush that calls from its leafy covert like a muezzin from a minaret.

It is pleasant to remember on Arbor Day that Bryant, our oldest American poet and the father of our American literature, is especially the poet of trees.

He grew up among the solitary hills of Western Massachusetts when the woods were his nursery and the trees his earliest comrades. The solemnity of the forest breathes through all his verse, and he had always, even in the city, a grave rustic air as of a man who heard the bubbling brooks and to whom the trees told their secrets. His poems will be so naturally read on Arbor Day that it will keep his memory green, and the poet of the trees will become the familiar friend of American boys and girls who, by tender nurture of the trees, will have learned to say with him:

"Nay, doubt we not that under the rough rind,
In the green veins of their fair growth of earth,
There dwells a nature that receives delight
From all the gentle processes of life,
And shrinks from loss of being."

Bryant liked to think of himself as associated with trees, and modestly forecasts his name blended with trees and the fruit so precious to all us American girls and boys, or men or women.

"Who planted this old apple tree?
The children of that distant day,
Thust to some aged man shall say;
And gazing on its mossy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them,
A poet of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times,
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes,
On planting the apple tree."

With every good wish for the boys and girls who will plant the trees, and for the trees which they will plant, I am

Very truly yours,
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

From Hon. David Murray, ex-Secretary of Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York.

REGENTS' OFFICE, Albany, N. Y., April 10, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR—I am pleased to hear that you are preparing to celebrate Arbor Day in some appropriate way. Nothing can be more fitting than for the scholars in our schools to unite in exercises for the planting and protection of trees. The time has come for us to concern ourselves with the preservation of our forests and the multiplication of the trees, vines and shrubs which do so much to make the earth which we inhabit beautiful and salubrious.

I lived many years in Japan, which is one of the most lovely countries on the face of the earth. Its beauty is largely due to the noble trees which everywhere line the roads and envelop its surface. Its climate is warm and moist and therefore well adapted to the growth of luxuriant vegetation. But there can be no question that in a great measure the thriving and kept groves and avenues of trees owe their continued existence to the fostering care of the government. During a great part of the two hundred and fifty years of the Shogun's government, it was a well-understood and definite regulation that, whenever a tree was cut down for any purpose, two others should be planted to take its place. The effect of such a regulation is now apparent. In the great cities of Tokio, Kiots and Osaka, every available space is filled with noble trees. Along the great government roads, which lead through the islands, tall and graceful cedars in double rows line the pathway and give both a cool shade and graceful vistas. I have driven through fifty miles of such an avenue in going from Tokio to the burial place of the Shoguns of Nikko.

What old and picturesque countries have been able to do, it now devolves on us to take timely measures to do. The forests of our country, which no long time ago were so abundant that they covered every fertile road, have been cut down, until many portions

Specimen Programs. — Port Henry, N. Y.— Continued.

of the country are denuded. The streams which once flowed through oozy beds and gathered contributions from every foot of progress now have dwindled to little rivulets, which only show their strength when rain-storms fill their channels.

Let us create a sentiment and enthusiasm in reference to restoring and preserving in some reasonable degree the forests which the ignorance or the cupidity of preceding generations have destroyed.

That you are disposed to do your share under the law which the Legislature of this State passed, is to me a great source of gratification. That you may be abundantly successful, and that the scholars under your charge may find a true and noble satisfaction in providing for their own pleasure, and the pleasure of the generations to follow them, is the sincere wish of

Yours sincerely,

DAVID MURRAY.

From Hon. B. G. Northrop, Clinton, Ct., to whom we are indebted for much of the interest that is being taken in Arbor Day and tree culture throughout the country.

CLINTON, CT., April 25, 1889.

DEAR SIR — Arbor Day for economic tree-planting was started seventeen years ago in Nebraska, by ex-Governor J. Sterling Morton, whose efforts were seconded by the "State Board of Agriculture" and "Board of Horticulture," liberal prizes being offered to the counties that should do the most in this line. So great enthusiasm was awakened that, according to the official reports, more than 12,000,000 trees were planted on the first State Arbor Day. The interest then awakened has continued and extended so that now there are over 605,000,000 trees growing in Nebraska which were planted by human hands.

The settler there who does not plant trees on his "section" is now the exception. The Nebraskans now glory in the old name, "The Great American Desert," which for three hundred miles west of the Missouri river has been made habitable and hospitable by tree-planting and cultivation here.

Kansas soon followed the example of Nebraska, and now rejoices in the growth and influence of millions of planted trees. Two other Western States soon joined in this good work.

At the outset, "Arbor Day" in schools was not thought of, economic tree-planting being the only aim. The progress of this work has been most gratifying. Less than seven years ago a resolution in favor of observing Arbor Day in schools in every State, which I offered in the American Forestry Congress, was unanimously adopted and a committee appointed to push that work. As their chairman, I have presented the subject personally, or by letter, to the Governors of all our States and Territories, and now thirty-four States are observing "Arbor Day."

This movement has spread across the continent, and individuals and railway companies as well as States have shared in the work. Adolph Sutro, the millionaire of San Francisco, gave 60,000 small trees to the school children of that city to plant in the parks and around the homes.

California is teaching the East a much needed lesson in favor of planting very young trees. The experience on the prairies and especially in the Trans-Missouri river States is decisive on this subject. The many million trees now growing in Nebraska, Kansas, and other Western States, as well as in California, were planted when mere saplings, they are more easily dug up with all their capillary roots and more sure to grow. They cost less and are more cheaply transplanted. In ten years, these saplings — yearlings or "two-year-olds" will overtake those ten or more years old when planted, and will be always healthier and handsomer. I have tested this matter by giving some 11,000 small trees to the citizens of Clinton, Ct., mostly to the school children, during the last seven years. Few of these trees were over three years from the seed. The result has been most gratifying both in their beauty and rapidity of growth.

One of the pleasant things in Arbor Day observance is the hearty co-operation often shown by influential and wealthy citizens. Governor Pery and State School Superintendent Russell, of Florida, enlisted enthusiastically in the work of their first Arbor Day, and the results were a most grateful surprise to them. So general was the interest that Governor Pery, in an official letter, congratulated the pupils and people of the State on their grand response to his proclamation.

The observance of Vermont's first Arbor Day was general and enthusiastic. In the town of Rutland over 3,500 trees were set out, 2,000 of them in the new village of Proctor, named from ex-Governor Proctor, now Secretary of War, who exerted himself successfully to make the day a jubilee for all.

New York, if the last of the Northern States to pass an Arbor Day law, is foremost in the thorough and liberal provisions of this act, making it the duty of the school authorities throughout the State to provide such exercises on Arbor Day as shall tend to encourage scholars in the planting, protection and preservation of trees and shrubs, and gives

Specimen Programs. — Port Henry, N. Y. — Continued.

the State Superintendent authority to prescribe the exercises and print and send to every school in the State full circulars of instruction. State Superintendent Draper is working up this subject with great efficiency.

In a lecture trip, quite across the State, I find such interest and enthusiasm in this work among teachers and school superintendents as warrant the expectation that New York's first Arbor Day will witness the planting of more trees, shrubs and vines in school grounds and approaches around the homes, and by the road sides, than were ever started before on any one day in this State, however much has already been done.

In large cities, there may seem to be little room for tree-planting and no call for a holiday for this work, but even then fit talks, or the memorizing of suitable selections such as Superintendent Draper recommends will be useful, and there are few homes where children cannot find some place for shrubs, vines or flowers, if not for trees.

Though the course of study is already over-crowded, trees and tree-planting form a fit subject for oral lessons, now common in all our best schools. Such talks will lead youth to observe and admire our noble trees, and to realize that they are the grandest products of nature.

Our schools can render new service to the State, as well as to the pupils by leading them to observe the habits of trees and appreciate their value and beauty, thus making them practical arborists, as is contemplated in the New York Arbor Day Law. Superintendent Draper's suggestions, that a vote shall be taken in all the schools to ascertain which is their choice for "State Tree," and compositions by scholars each on "My Favorite Tree," and of planting "Memorial Trees," and the dedication of one tree in every district to Washington, will tend to deepen and extend the sentiment of trees, and thus realize the motto of Dr. Holmes and "Make Trees Monuments of History and Character."

Cordially yours,

B. G. NORTHROP.

From Hon. B. E. Fernow, Chief of Forestry Division, United States Department of Agriculture.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 4, 1889.

DEAR SIR — Your letter giving me an account of your successful Arbor Day exercises of last year and requesting some words of encouragement as a stimulus to the exertions of your pupils for the present season, calls to mind the well-known proverb: "Tall Oaks From Little Acorns Grow." There is a deep meaning in these words, especially in connection with Arbor Day.

Has it occurred to you, that with the inauguration of Arbor Day in almost all the States — now thirty at least — we inaugurate an era of reform? Have your boys and girls understood that, in planting the shade and lawn trees with festive celebration, they do only start a new vegetable growth, deriving pleasure from the work and its progress from year to year, but they also plant the seed of a new era in the economy of our nation, that they foreshadow a reform in our methods of utilizing the bountiful resources of our country?

What is the object of Arbor Day? To plant shade trees and have a good time? Oh no! Although the setting of a tree is useful and pleasurable, although the festivities attending it are pleasurable and useful in impressing the mind with the memory of the occasion, the deeper object of Arbor Day is to so imbue the coming generation with a love of tree growth and tree planting, that out of a nation of wood-choppers there may arise a nation of tree-planters and foresters.

When first our forefathers came to this country, it was a dense forest, and to make fields and agriculture it was necessary to get rid of the forest at any cost. This has produced in our nation a hatred against trees, and we have cut away and slashed and burnt, until now it becomes necessary to cry a halt and reverse our actions. With the opening up and settlement of the treeless prairies and plains, the settlers in that new country have learned to appreciate the usefulness of trees, and it is to one of those States — Nebraska — that Arbor Day took its origin, and now millions of trees are planted there on that day.

With clearing in the Eastern States it became apparent, that we were getting short of useful timber, and also that the favorable influence which the forests exert on climate and on the even water-flow of our streams, was interfered with. And so Arbor Day became established in the Eastern States, especially in the schools.

What more encouragement to go on with this work need there be for a patriotic American boy, than the thought that by his action he is helping to shape the development of his people and his country in the right direction? And when he doubts whether this mite of his can really have any effect upon the great nation, let him recall the proverb, "Tall oaks from little acorns grow," and plant his acorn or his tree in confidence of a desirable result.

With best wishes for your good work, I am

Truly yours,

B. E. FERNOW.

Specimen Programs. — Port Henry, N. Y. — Continued.

3. SONG.—* "Arbor Day March." Ten Pupils from 2nd Primary Department.

These pupils each had a flag about seventeen inches long. They sang the first stanza and chorus as they marched on the stage from an adjoining room. During the singing of the first two lines of the chorus they waved their flags in unison with their singing. During the rest of the singing and marching they kept the flags at *right shoulder shift*. After reciting the following selection, they sang the second stanza, and marched off the stage as they were singing the chorus.

CONCERT RECITATION BY THE SAME TEN PUPILS: "OUR ARBOR DAY IN MAY."

All the buds and bees are singing;
All the lily bells are ringing;
And the brooks run full of laughter,
And the wind comes whispering after,
What is this they sing and say?

"It is May!
It is our Arbor Day!
Hurrah! hurrah for our Arbor Day!"

Look, dear children, look! the meadows,
When the sunshine chases shadows
Are alive with fairy faces,
Peeping from their grassy places
What is this the flowers say?

"It is May!
It is our Arbor Day!
Hurrah! hurrah for our Arbor Day!"

See! the fair blue sky is brighter,
And our hearts with hope are lighter;
All the bells of joy are ringing;
All are grateful voices singing;
All the storms have passed away;

"It is May!
It is our Arbor Day!
Hurrah! hurrah for our Arbor Day!"

When the children recited the last line of each stanza, they waved their flags in an appropriate manner. In this exercise the children marched as they sang, without any organ accompaniment. In the following exercises the pupils marched to the music of the organ.

4. THE PLEA OF THE TREES. Ten Pupils of 1st Primary Department.

Concert Recitation:

And now in the forest the woodman doth stand,
His eye marks the victims to fall by his hand.
And all the trees shiver and tremble for fear.
Hark! they plead for their lives! will the wood-
cutter hear?

First Pupil. THE BEECH.

Oh, leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Thrice twenty summers I have seen
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my pleasant bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour.
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long forgotten name.
As love's own altar honors me.
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.

Second Pupil. THE MAPLE.

I am the maple.
O come this way
On a hot July day,
If my worth you would know;
For wide and deep
Is the shade I keep,
Where cooling breezes blow.

Third Pupil. THE HICKORY.

When the autumn comes its round,
Rich, sweet walnuts will be found
Covering thickly all the ground
Where my boughs are spread.

Ask the boys that visit me,
Full of happiness and glee.
If they'd mourn the hickory tree,
Were it felled and dead.

Fourth Pupil. THE OAK.

I am the oak, the king of the trees,
Calmly I rise, and spread by slow degrees;
Three centuries I grow; and three I stay
Supreme in state; and in three more decay.

Fifth Pupil. THE ELM.

Each morning when thy waking eyes first see,
Through the wreathed lattice, golden day appear,
Here sits the robin, on the old elm tree,
And with such stirring music fills the ear,
Thou mightst forget that life had pain or fear,
And feel again as thou wast wont to do [new,
When hope was young and joy and life itself were

Sixth Pupil. THE HEMLOCK.

I am the hemlock.
I shake the snow on the ground below,
Where the flowers safely sleep;
And all night long, though winds blow strong,
A careful watch I keep.

Seventh Pupil. THE WILLOW.

I am the willow.
Listen! in my breezy moan
You can hear an undertone;
Through my leaves come whispering low
Faint, sweet sounds of long ago.

Many a mournful tale of old
Heartsick man to me has told;
Gathering from my golden bough
Leaves to cool his burning brow.

Many a swan like song to me
Hath been chanted mournfully;
Many a lute its last lament
Down my moonlight stream hath sent.

Specimen Programs.—Port Henry, N. Y.—Continued.

Concert Recitation:

Woodman, spare each tree!
Harm not a single bough!
In youth they sheltered thee,
You should protect them now.

These old familiar trees
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er lands and seas—
And wouldst thou hack them down?

Woodman, stay thy hand
Cut not their earth-bound ties;
O spare these trees so grand,
Now towering to the skies.

Each pupil had a bough of the tree which he or she represented, and made an appropriate gesture when speaking of himself or herself.

5. A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS. Ten Pupils of 2nd Intermediate Department.

First Pupil. THE ARBUTUS.

If Spring has Maids of Honor—
And why should not the Spring,
With all her dainty service,
Have thought of some such thing?

If Spring has Maids of Honor—
Arbutus leads the train;
A lovelier, a fairer,
The Spring would seek in vain.

Second Pupil. THE ROSE.

I am the blushing rose,
Bending with my fulness,
'Midst my close-capped sister buds,
Warming the green coolness

Hold me very lightly
See from what a slender
Stalk I bower in heavy blooms,
And roundness rich and tender.

Third Pupil. THE VIOLET.

I am the violet, and I dwell
Under the shade of the sweet Heathbell,
Early, at dawning, it rings, and it rings,
To waken me, ere the Redbreast sings.
I am happy, so happy, the live-long day;
For I love in my lowly home to stay;
And I know that the sunny days of Spring
The love of the children to me will bring.

Fourth Pupil. THE BUTTERCUP.

I am the Buttercup, shining like gold;
With a smile for the young, and a smile for the old,
I grow in the sunshine, and grow in the shade;
I'm the cheeriest flower that ever was made.
When the little ones find me they dance with delight,
As they fill up their aprons with Buttercups bright;
"Now see who loves butter!" they shouting begin
As they hold me up under each lily-white chin.

Fifth Pupil. THE LILY.

I am the lily fair,
The flower of virgin light;
Nature held me forth and said,
"Lo! my thought of white."
Ever since then, angels
Hold me in their hands;
You may see them when they take
In pictures their sweet stands.

Like the garden's angel
Also do I seem;
And not the less for being crowned
With a golden dream.

Sixth Pupil. THE DANDELION.

I am the common Dandelion, that grow'th beside
the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold;
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth.

Seventh Pupil. THE DAISY.

I am the bright Daisy, whose home is everywhere
A pilgrim bold in nature's care,
And all the long year through the heir of joy and
sorrow.
Methinks that there abides in me
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
The forest through,
Glittering from afar,
I seem a pretty star;
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above me!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-posed in air I seem to rest.

Concert Recitation: Chorus of Flowers.

We are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
Think, when'er you see us, what our beauty saith;
Utterance, mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight.
We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple breath;
All who see us love us—
We befit all places;
Unto sorrow we give smiles and unto graces, races,
Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless
Though the March winds pipe to make our passage
clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green when our tips
appear.
We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers,—
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh a-top
sweet flowers.

Oh! true things are fables,
Fit for sagest tables,
And the flowers are true things—yet no fables they.
Fables were not more
Bright, nor loved of yore;
Yet they grew not, like the flowers, by every old
pathway,
Grossest hand can test us,
Fools may prize us never, [ever,
Yet we rise, and rise, and rise—marvels sweet for—
Who shall say that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?
Who its love, without us, can fancy—or sweet floor?
Who shall ever dare
To say we sprang not there,
And came not down, that Love might bring one piece
of heaven the more?
O pray believe that angels
From these blue dominions [pinions.
Bought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their golden

Each pupil had a bunch of flowers pinned on him or her to indicate what he or she represented.

Specimen Programs. — Port Henry, N. Y. — Continued.**6. CHORUS.** * "Forest Song."—By W. H. Venable. High School.

Accompanied as before.

This was sung to the air, "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

7. * "THE MARRIAGE OF THE FLOWERS." Ten Pupils from 1st Intermediate Department.

Each pupil reciting two stanzas and decked with some flower represented.

8. LESSONS FROM NATURE ABOUT TREES. Ten Pupils from 2d Grammar Department.

First Pupil :

We will listen to some facts about a seed.

Second Pupil :

A seed is a young plant and is packed ready for transportation. It has a tiny stem, some seed leaves, and a terminal bud. The mother tree, before casting off her progeny into the world, did not fail to give it a little outfit in the form of starch for food stored up in or surrounding the thick seed leaves. As the young chicks while in the shell are nourished by the yolk of the egg, so the young Oak or Maple subsists on the starch stored up before ripening.

First Pupil :

We would like to hear something about Nature's tree-planters, the squirrels.

Third Pupil :

The squirrels eat many nuts, but carry a portion to some distance in every direction, where they plant one or two in a place. It may be the thought of the squirrel to return at some future time of need, but his bump of locality is not well developed, or he has laid up more than he needed. At all events some of the nuts are allowed to remain where he planted them. In this way he is a benefit to the trees, and pays for the nuts he eats. He has not lived in vain, for he is a tree-planter and believes in arboriculture. His Arbor Days come in autumn, and he needs no Governor's message to stimulate him to work.

First Pupil :

Describe the mechanism of a tree.

Fourth Pupil :

A tree receives its nourishment from the roots. These correspond to the mouth in the human frame. The nourishment taken in by the roots, or mouths, passes to the lungs of the tree, and then, by contact with the air, is rendered fit to supply material to the tree. The tree's lungs are the leaves. This operation is effected by the passage upward from the soil, through the trunk, the branches, and every twig of the tree to the leaves, of a large quantity of water, containing the nutriment for the tree. Arrived at the leaves, contact with the air causes a large amount of water to be given off, and the nutriment with certain portions of the air are carried back and deposited in leaf, bark and root, where the digestive process is carried still further.

First Pupil :

When do our trees make their growth, and how do they get ready for the next year?

Fifth Pupil :

Most of our trees put forth their new growth during a few weeks in spring or early summer. Do you wonder what they are doing during the rest of the warm weather? They are by no means idle. They may be perfecting flowers and seeds, but all of them are getting ready for the next winter and spring. Through the influence of light and heat, the green leaves are forming starch, which is transported and stored in the pith, young wood and bark. The young leaves and stems are started and arranged, packed in cotton, covered by scales and in some cases the scales are protected by pitch or varnish.

First Pupil :

Describe the tree as a community.

Sixth Pupil :

A tree is a composite being, a kind of community by itself. The leaves and limbs are all the time striving with each other to see which shall have the most room and the most sunshine. Each strives for all it can get. While some perish in the attempt, or meet with only very indifferent success, the strongest of the strongest buds survive. Each leaf helps to

Specimen Programs. — Port Henry, N. Y. — Continued.

sustain the limb which carries it, and each limb furnishes some nourishment to the common trunk for the common welfare. The tax is always adjusted according to the ability of each to contribute. As the limbs of a tree are striving for the mastery, so each bush and tree in grove or forest is striving with others for the mastery. The weakest succumb to the strongest; some perish early, some lead a feeble existence for many years, while even the strongest are more or less injured. With plenty of room, the trunk will be short, the branches many and wide-spread; where crowded, the lower limbs perish for want of light. Dead limbs fall to the ground to protect and enrich it for nourishing the surviving limbs and the trunk. The scars heal over, more limbs perish as new ones creep upward, and thus we find tall, clean trunks in a dense forest.

First Pupil:

How is moisture retained by forests?

Seventh Pupil:

The bed of the forest is a widely spread surface, piled thick with leaves, twigs, pieces of fallen branches, and remnants of decayed logs, covering another layer of the same substances in a state of partial decomposition, overlying yet another strata completely decomposed,—altogether forming a deep pot or hollow framework, penetrated with myriads of pipes, tubes, and aqueducts, and interspersed with millions of miniature logs, blocking and holding in position the flow of water, until the humus below fully absorbs it. The large and perpendicular tap-roots which many trees possess, pass deep into the solid clay strata, and send through the earth a slow and steady supply of water, which, traveling away from the forests and under the cultivated fields, supply the great lower bed of moisture, that, continually rising, fertilizes the upper soil.

PHIPPS.

First Pupil:

What effect has the cutting of forests on the water supply?

Eighth Pupil:

The protection afforded by the forest against the escape of moisture from its soil by superficial overflow and evaporation insures the permanence and regularity of natural springs. To destroy the forest of a mountain slope is to devote the height to barrenness, the valley to flood, and both to parching drought. The spring and autumn rain-fall, instead of being stored up in Nature's reservoirs, sweeps down through the valleys in sudden and violent floods, carrying destruction with it, to be followed a little later by long droughts, and very low water.

Concert Recitation:

I love thee in the Spring,
Earth-crowned forest! when amid the shades
The gentle South first waves her odorous wing,
And joy fills all the glades.

In the hot Summer time,
With deep delight, the somber aisles I roam,
Or, soothed by some cool brook's melodious chime
Rest on thy verdant loam.

But O, when Autumn's hand
Hath marked thy beauteous foliage for the grave,
How doth thy splendor, as entranced I stand,
My willing heart enslave.

The pupils were decked appropriately. The one who recited about the seed had a little bunch of wheat in the head pinned on. Others had branches of trees and flowers. The leader stepped out in front of the pupils and directed the question to the one who was to answer, and then took her place in the ranks. The answers followed.

9. * "THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE." Ten Pupils from 1st Grammar Department.

Concert Recitation: first and last verses; other verses recited by different pupils.

It was originally planned to have these pupils carry a branch of the apple tree in bloom, but it was too early, and we did not succeed in forcing nature. In addition, they were to have pinned on them a bunch of apple blossoms. As it was, we had them modestly decked with as appropriate flowers as we could secure. Modesty characterized all the decorations. We had enough to make the pupils look fine, and not a superfluity.

10. SONG.—* "SWINGING 'NEATH THE OLD APPLE TREE." The same Ten Pupils and High School.

First stanza repeated and the chorus repeated softly, at the close. The singing as with the other songs was accompanied by organ and two violins. The ten Grammar School pupils sang the separate stanzas, and the High School came in with them on the chorus. The second "swinging" each time was not sung but simply played by the organ and violins. The effect was fine.

Specimen Programs.—Port Henry, N. Y.—Continued.

DEDICATION EXERCISES.

1. CHORUS.—“Plant the Trees, Children.” Air: “Ring the Bell, Watchman.”

A chorus of over four hundred voices.

Round the green play-ground the dear children
stand,
Joy in their faces and shovel in hand,
Waiting a word to be borne on the breeze—
Ready for the welcome mandate: “Plant, plant the
trees.”

CHORUS.

Plant the trees, children, plant, yes plant,
Plant for a joy that the future will grant,
New York again sends her word on the breeze—
Joyfully obey the summons: “Plant, plant the
trees.”

When you are old you may bask in the shade
Which by the growth of this planting is made,
Your children's children, so Heaven decrees,
Will rejoice you heard the summons: “Plant, plant
the trees.”

Plant trees of knowledge where ignorance reigns;
Plant trees of virtue on sin's arid plains;
Make of yourselves “trees of righteousness;” these
Plantings fill the world with beauty; “Plant, plant
the trees.”

When having passed to the happier land,
Fast by the “Tree of Life” joyful you stand,
Gladly you'll learn how the Master decrees
Earthly planting blooms in glory; “Plant, plant the trees.”

2. Reading Letters and Short Sketches of the Lives of those to whom Trees were Dedicated. Pupils of the High School.

Trees were dedicated to George Washington, Francis Parkman, Joel T. Headley, Benson J. Lossing, Will Carleton and Donald G. Mitchell.

[From Francis Parkman, American Historian.]

BOSTON, April 26, 1889

DEAR SIR—I am much obliged to the pupils of the schools under your direction for their intention to dedicate a tree to me on Arbor Day. I could wish for no more pleasant form of commemoration, for a tree is the most charming of monuments.

I hope your Arbor Day will be a great success. We once had on this continent such a superfluity of trees that our forefathers almost learned to regard them as enemies rather than as friends. If the present generation does not quickly learn to take a different view, the country will have cause to rue it. If the State and National governments do not preserve with care the forests about the sources of our great streams, including your admirable Adirondack country, the regions watered by them will be the victims of alternate floods and droughts. It is not only the beauty of the landscape that will suffer, but many industrial interests will be sorely injured, and the more this is impressed on the minds of the rising generation, the better it will be for them and their successors.

Yours respectfully,

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

[From Joel Tyler Headley, an American Historian.]

NEWBURGH, N. Y., April 26, 1889.

DEAR SIR—I am glad to see that the Superintendent of Public Schools in Port Henry takes such a warm interest in Arbor Day. I am sure he will infuse the same enthusiasm into the scholars and make the first Arbor Day in New York a grand success, and one long to be remembered.

The conception of an Arbor Day was a happy inspiration in Mr. Morton, and I have, ever since its first establishment, taken a deep interest in its first observance.

The love of trees in itself is elevating, but when they become links between scholars and authors, men distinguished for the good they have done, they awaken pleasant associations and establish pleasant memories that cannot fail to help form character. Arbor Day recognizes the fact too often overlooked, that education does not consist merely in imparting knowledge, but in cultivating the taste, in making good impressions on the heart, and arousing the best and purest feelings, and in giving sympathies a right direction—in short, in developing the whole character harmoniously.

It is pleasant to know that there are children in Port Henry who will make a tree a link between me and them, and cause them to think of me when Arbor Day comes round in succeeding years, even after I am dead.

Very sincerely yours,

JOEL T. HEADLEY.

Specimen Programs. — Port Henry, N. Y. — Continued.

[From Benson J. Lossing, an American Historian.]

THE RIDGE, DOVER PLAINS, N. Y., April 22, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR — Impressing on the minds of the young the importance of performing certain duties is sure to bear abundant fruit in the future.

Among the duties which every generation owes to posterity, that of tree-planting, whether for the production of fruit, or for shade, or for timber, is very conspicuous. It is a beneficent and patriotic service, for it redounds to the comfort of man and the good of one's country.

Bryant wrote, long ago :

<p>"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave, And spread the roof above them — ere he framed The lofty vault, to gather and roll back The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood, Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down, And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks And supplication. For his simple heart</p>	<p>Might not resist the sacred influences Which, from the stilly twilight of the place, And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound Of the invisible breath that swayed at once All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed His spirit with the thought of boundless power And inaccessible majesty."</p>
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Thus were trees spontaneously dedicated to the worship of the Almighty.

Trees have stood for generations, living witnesses of notable deeds of men. Many in our own country have been so made memorable. I will allude to a few of them.

On the banks of the Genesee river stood an oak believed to have been a thousand years old, called "The Big Tree." Under it the Seneca Nation of Indians held councils; and it gave the title, "Big Tree," to one of the eminent chiefs of that nation, at the period of our Revolution. I measured it in the summer of 1857. It was twenty-six feet in circumference. It was swept away by a flood in the autumn of that year.

The Elm tree at Philadelphia, under which William Penn made a treaty with the Indians in 1682, stood until March, 1810, when it was prostrated by a gale.

A pear-tree that stood on the corner of Thirteenth street and Third avenue, in New York city, bore fruit until 1860, when it perished. It was planted in his garden by Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch Governor of New Netherlands (now New York), in 1667.

In Cambridge, Mass., near Boston, there yet stands, though in a decaying condition, the huge Elm tree under which Washington took command of the Continental Army in July, 1775. The holder of the pen with which this letter is written is a piece of that tree.

There stood, until 1840, near Charleston, S. C., a magnificent magnolia tree, under which Gen. Lincoln signed the capitulation of that city in 1789. I saw it lying prostrate, felled by an axe.

The Charter Oak, in Hartford, Ct., which was prostrated by a September gale in 1848, when it measured twenty-five feet in circumference, was estimated to be six hundred years old, when the first emigrants, under Hooker, from Boston to the Connecticut Valley, looked upon it with wonder.

The "Fox Oak," at Flushing, Long Island, under which George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, or Quakers, preached in 1676, perished only a few years ago. It, and another like it, stood near the house of John Browne, who had espoused the religious tenets of Fox, and who entertained him on the occasion of his visit.

This list might be greatly enlarged. My letter is already too long, and I will close by expressing a hope that the young people under your charge who may engage in tree-planting on Arbor Day will appreciate the importance and value of their pleasant task.

Please present to the young workers my kindest salutations, and accept the same for yourself.

Yours very truly,

BENSON J. LOSSING.

[From Will Carleton, an American Poet.]

420 GREEN AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 26, 1889

DEAR SIR — Yours of the 6th is received. I appreciate deeply the honor conferred by you and your school, in dedicating a tree to me, and hope to stand, sometime, with you and them, beneath its shade.

Trees are silent sentinels, that never desert their post, till death or violence calls or drives them away. They are friends, protectors and teachers; they lead us naturally by their innocent, lofty beauty, to "look through Nature up to Nature's God."

With kind regards to all, I remain

Yours sincerely,

WILL CARLETON.

Specimen Programs. — Port Henry, N. Y. — Continued.

[From Donald G. Mitchell ("Ik Marvel"), an American author.]

EDGEWOOD, April 27, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR — Your favor came duly and I feel very much honored by the association of my name — in even so slight a degree — with your proposed good work of tree-planting, and suppose that I owe the flattering attention of which you speak, to my often declared allegiance to country pursuits, and a steady faith in the good that comes from every-day familiarity with the flowers, and the trees, and the sunshine.

I'm not sure but I love trees even better than books ; — love them young, and love them old ; and those mis-shapen and of foul growth, I love to cut and burn — (wishing I could do the same for many books I encounter).

Pray commend me to your young bands of tree-lovers, and believe me,

Very truly yours,

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

3. Dedication Selections by seven pupils, representing the seven departments in the main school building.

First Pupil:

We, representatives of the school children of New York State, meet to-day to do our share toward making our country more beautiful and fertile. A treeless yard or street is unsightly and desolate, and how much more a whole city or district ! Believing that the wholesale destruction of trees is an injury to our land, and wishing to make the place where we live more beautiful, we now replace a worthless tree by a new, thrifty and vigorous growth.

Second Pupil:

All ye woods, and trees, and bow'rs,
All ye virtues and ye pow'rs
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound
Whilst we greet
On this ground.

Third Pupil:

Green and lovely thou shalt stand,
O thou tree !
While the summer breeze
Sweeps thy crest with its caressing hand,
Strong and stately thou shalt rear
Thy proud form,
While the winter storms
Strip thee of the leaves that were so dear.

Fourth Pupil:

He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.
Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope ;
Leaves unfold into horizons free,
So man's life must climb
From the clouds of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Can'st thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be ?

Fifth Pupil:

He who plants a tree,
He plants love :
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best ;
Hands that bless are blest ;
Plant ! Life does the rest.
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

LUCY LARCOM.

Sixth Pupil:

"There is something noble, simple and pure in a taste for trees. It argues, I think, a sweet and generous nature to have this strong relish for beauties of vegetation, and this friendship for the hardy and glorious sons of the forest. There is a grandeur of thought connected with this part of rural economy. It is worthy of liberal, and free-born, and aspiring men. He who plants an Oak looks forward to future ages, and plants for posterity. Nothing can be less selfish than this. He cannot expect to sit in its shade nor enjoy its shelter ; but he exults in the idea that the acorn which he has buried in the earth shall grow up into a lofty pile, and shall keep on flourishing and increasing and benefiting mankind long after he shall have ceased to tread his paternal fields."

Seventh Pupil:

O happy tree which we plant to-day,
What great good fortune waits you !
For you will grow in sun and snow,
Till age and death o'ertake you.

In your cool shade will tired feet
Pause, weary, when 'tis summer,
And rest like this will be most sweet
To every tired new-comer.

Your winter covering of snow,
Will dazzle with its splendor,
Your summer's garb, with richest glow,
Will feast of beauty render.

So do they work, O graceful tree !
Thou hast a share in giving ;
If thou shalt bless mankind like these,
Thy life will be worth living.

After reciting his selection each pupil placed a shovel of dirt around the tree. This he did as a representative of his department.

Specimen Programs. — Port Henry, N. Y. — Continued.

4. CHORUS.— * The Class Tree. A Chorus of over four hundred voices.

All the trees dedicated have the names of those to whom they were dedicated on the frame work around the trees.

The blackboards in the High School in which the in-door exercises were held, were very tastefully decorated with appropriate drawings made with colored and uncolored crayons by our pupils.

BELATED.

A SINGLE buttercup I found,
A star upon my weary way,
As summer closed her heated round,
And ushered in the autumn day.

A little memory of May,
That slept too late, as I have done,
And so unknowingly gone astray,
And now stood lonely in the sun.

It seemed with anxious look to ask,
Are all my bright companions dead?
Or have I slept, forgetting task,
Until the lovely May has sped?

There waves around me autumn-grain;
I see the ripened apples shine;
I feel the patter of the rain;
I see the grapes that blush with wine.

Ay, yes, I slept, I sweetly dreamed
Of babbling brook and azure sky,
And in my foolish fancy deemed
That flowers like me would never die.

From such a dream why should I wake,
Afar and in another zone—
Wake only that the heart may break
To find myself alone, alone?

And this it is to live too long,
To overpass our proper time,
And hear, instead of merry song,
The bells of death in solemn chime.

So, too, with man; youth slept away,
He wakes to find a useless age,
And wearily from day to day
Drags out an aimless pilgrimage.

WHITTIER.

A MAY SONG.

THE orchard is a rosy cloud,
The oak a rosy mist,
And oh, the gold of the buttercups
The morning sun has kissed!
There are twinkling shadows on the grass
Of a myriad tiny leaves,
And a twittering loud from the busy crowd
That build beneath the eaves.

*Then sing, happy children,
The bird and bee are here,
The May time is a gay time,
The blossom time o' the year.*

St. Nicholas, May, 1889.

A message comes across the fields,
Borne on the balmy air,
For all the little seeking hands
There are flowers enough and to spare.
Hark! a murmuring in the hive,—
List! a carol clear and sweet,—
While feathered throats the thrilling notes
A thousand times repeat.

*Then sing, happy children,
The bird and bee are here,
The May time is a gay time,
The blossom time o' the year.*

ANNA M. PRATT.

SPECIMEN PROGRAMS.

PORT HENRY, N. Y.

Arranged by Professor W. H. BENEDICT, now of the public schools of Elmira, N. Y., for an Arbor Day celebration in May, 1888, before the law had taken effect.

PROGRAM.

Selections marked * given in this volume.

1. Reading of proposed Arbor Day law.

2. Paper — "Arbor Day."

3. Reading of letters :

[From James Russell Lowell.]

DEERFOOT FARM, SOUTHBOROUGH, March 28, 1888.

DEAR SIR — I can think of no more pleasant way of being remembered than by the planting of a tree. Like whatever things are perennially good, it will be growing while we are sleeping, and will survive us to make others happier. Birds will rest in it and fly thence with messages of good cheer. I should be glad to think that any word or deed of mine could be such a perennial presence of beauty, or show so benign a destiny. I beg you and your pupils to accept my hearty good wishes.

Faithfully yours,

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

[From Alice M. Longfellow.]

MT. VERNON, Va., May 11, 1888.

DEAR SIR — I am sorry I was unable to write you a letter at the time you desired, but I hope your celebration of Arbor Day was very successful, that the children were fully interested in the occasion. I am glad you feel that this celebration is a means for bringing the school children into contact with the lives of our writers, as the love of nature and of literature ought surely to go together.

Very truly yours,

ALICE M. LONGFELLOW,

(Daughter of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.)

[From Oliver Wendell Holmes.]

BOSTON, March 31, 1888.

MY DEAR SIR — I must write a line or two with my own hand to thank you for your very kind letter, and to convey my best wishes to your pupils and their teachers.

It is a great pleasure and privilege to find that one's thoughts find a hospitable reception to the minds and hearts of friends who are personally unknown to us.

Very truly yours,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[From Edward W. Emerson.]

CONCORD, Mass., April 28, 1888.

DEAR SIR — Your letter only came to-day ; I hope mine will not be too late. It is pleasant to learn that your school children are finding new interest in good books, and in the wholesome book — Nature.

I wish that they may find them the joy and inspiration that my father did.

Boys are first led to the woods by trapping, shooting, or perhaps chopping, and girls by love of wild-flowers, but soon some will learn to love the woods and lonely places, not for these special reasons, but as their constant friends, comforting, resting them, elevating and renewing their thoughts. To go alone or with only one companion who really loves nature is necessary, for at a boisterous picnic the wood-gods are never found.

As I am called to speak for my father, to-day, I will tell also to your boys and girls to carry away a good counsel which he gave to the boys and girls he met. It is this : "Always do what you are afraid to do," meaning of course, what you feel you ought to do, if you only dared.

Wishing you a pleasant celebration, and that your thoughts may grow and give you joy and seed for more,

Sincerely yours,

EDWARD W. EMERSON,

(Son of Ralph Waldo Emerson.)

Specimen Programs.—Port Henry, N. Y.—Continued.

[From John B. Peaslee.]

CINCINNATI, O., April 9, 1888.

DEAR SIR—It is a source of great and abiding pleasure to me that the celebration of memorial tree-planting by public schools which was inaugurated by us in Cincinnati in 1882, has been so generally adopted in Ohio, and in eighteen other States of our Union and the Dominion of Canada; and that this beautiful custom has crossed the ocean into England, and that it has led the Grand Army Posts in many parts of our own State and elsewhere, to plant trees, which are more durable than marble itself, in memory of their soldier dead, instead of strewing flowers which perish in a day, upon their honored graves.

As I said at the inauguration of this memorial tree-planting celebration in Author's Grove in our Eden Park, the trees which the children plant, or which they assist in dedicating, will become dearer and dearer to them as year after year rolls on. As the trees grow, and their branches expand in beauty, so will the love for them increase in the hearts of those by whom they were planted or dedicated, and long before the children reach old age, they will almost venerate these green and living memorials of youthful and happy days; and as those who have loved and cared for pets will ever be the friends of our dumb animals, so will they ever be the friends of our forest trees. From the individual to the general, is the law of our nature. Show me a person who in youth planted a tree, that has lived and flourished, and I will show you a friend of trees and of forest culture. Besides, by this memorial tree-planting, the children will become interested in the lives and works of the distinguished men and women in whose honor and memory the trees are planted.

Heartily thanking you for your kindness in asking me to participate by letter in your coming celebration, and sincerely hoping that all who take part in planting and dedicating the trees may live long to enjoy their beauty and their shades,

I remain, yours truly,

JOHN B. PEASLEE.

(Then Superintendent of the Cincinnati Public Schools.)

[From Hon. N. H. R. Dawson.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 18, 1888.

DEAR SIR—I notice with pleasure that you are preparing for the exercises of Arbor Day; that you desire to make it a complete success in every particular. Planting trees is a custom which should be fostered by all thoughtful people. The work is useful both to the person who does it, and the place in which it is done, and the result is both economically profitable and æsthetically beautiful. A tree is a deposit in the bank of Nature which she repays in the future a thousandfold. Trees properly chosen and wisely planted, are pleasant for their shade, and profitable for their fruit, bark, or wood. They tend to equalize the rainfall; they promote the gradual drainage of water from soils, and increase the health of the locality; they prevent the washing of surfaces into streams, and check the formation of shallows in rivers and bays; while they favor the existence of insect-eating birds, and add indescribably to the charms of rural landscapes and of villages and city life. With your northern trees I am not personally familiar enough to say any thing of use. I know, however, that the native trees of the Middle States are various and beautiful enough to satisfy every condition. If you select some trees for their rapid growth, others for their longer life, some for their shade, and some for the value of their products, some for their early foliage, and some for their enduring verdure, you will not only make your young people familiar with the uses and beauties of trees, but you will be a public benefactor. I am glad to see that this custom is coming into so general use, and that the day is observed by the colleges and schools of many of our States.

To give you an idea of the size which some of our trees attain, I mention a live oak which grew at Whale Branch plantation near Beaufort, S. C. This giant of the forest at some little distance looked like a clump of trees. The trunk was only fourteen feet high to the branches, which were like trees in size, and extended over a circle of one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, nearly reaching the ground, spreading out and forming a delightful resting place from the heats of summer. The trunk was over thirty-six feet in circumference. The age of this mammoth was not known; it was a large tree when the colony was settled in 1680, and continued to flourish until 1864, when it was accidentally destroyed by fire. For generations it had been one of the landmarks of the country, and the playground and trysting-place of the young people of the vicinity, sheltering them in their sports. In July, 1816, a party of eighty-five persons celebrated the national anniversary under its shade, and dined at a table spread under one of the branches of this majestic oak. This tree, the *Quercus Virens*, is indigenous to the South Atlantic and Gulf States, and is of very common growth. It is an evergreen, and a tree of great beauty and symmetry. Its branches are draped with festoons of the beautiful grey moss peculiar to that latitude, and the stranger in traveling through the country will frequently imagine himself among the historical Druidical forests of Old England. These ancient

Specimen Programs.—Port Henry, N. Y.—Continued.

oaks line the avenues, and ornament the lawns of many of the plantations. The wood is tough and durable, and is used extensively in ship-building. I need not mention the immense forests of pine that grow upon the Pacific coast, as these are familiar to every one.

The wanton and willful destruction of our American forests should be arrested, or else the time will come when we shall have to import our timber and lumber from foreign countries.

It is a beautiful custom to commemorate the virtues of distinguished persons by planting trees in their memory.

Wishing you every success in your effort to introduce and encourage the observation of the day,

I remain, yours very truly,

N. H. R. DAWSON,
(Then Commissioner of Education.)

[From Hon. A. S. Draper.]

ALBANY, N. Y., April 30, 1888.

DEAR SIR— I have received your esteemed favor of the 21st instant, asking me to send you a few words concerning your "Arbor Day" exercises.

While many duties in this department occupy my time so completely that I feel I can say but little that will be useful to you on that occasion, I am free to offer my congratulations to you and your people that you have inaugurated these exercises, which bid fair to become general throughout the State. I inclose you herewith a copy of a bill which has passed the Legislature and is now in the hands of the Governor, in reference to the establishment of a uniform day to be observed as "Arbor Day." Should this measure receive the approval of the Governor, I find that I shall hereafter be in more direct communication with the schools of the State on the subject of which it treats.

While the needs of commerce and of business for a number of years have been depleting our forests to almost an alarming extent, and have directed public attention to the necessity of doing something to overcome this wholesale massacre of the "giants of the forest," it is highly gratifying that in many sections of the State, those interested in conducting our schools have inaugurated the plan, in a greater or less degree, of tree-planting in honor of authors, generals, statesmen, and other great men. This will partially make up the loss.

There is something touching and interesting in planting a tree and dedicating it to some individual prominent in some feature of our State or National history. It is to be hoped that this custom may grow with the coming years, until at least around all our school-houses there may grow living monuments to remind future generations of the enterprise and thoughtfulness of those who live in the present. The tree occupies a proud place in nature. It holds it by a Divine right—the right of life, of growth, of progress, of decay, and of death. It has these elements of humanity. The tree is the life of nature. Without it, is waste and desert; with it, comfort and beauty. Dignity and grace and usefulness are its characteristics. Barren and cheerless the valley or the mountain without the tree. The landscape robbed of it, would never tempt the brush of the meanest painter in the world.

I hope the occasion may be interesting and profitable to all who contribute to it in any way. The pleasure which you feel in your work will grow year by year, as the trees grow in strength and beauty, and when your children's children shall gather beneath their branches, may they have delightful memories of what others have done, and continue themselves in the commendable work.

I am, yours very respectfully,

A. S. DRAPER,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

4. Vocal Quartet.—"Music of the Pine." By Pupils of the High School.

5. Concert Exercise.—"The Wayside Inn.—An Apple Tree." By Second Primary Department.

6. Praises of the Oak. By First Primary Department.

1. The unwedgeable and gnarled oak.

2. The old oaken bucket.

3. Jove's own tree that holds the woods in awful sovereignty.

4. A goodly oak, whose boughs were mass'd with age.

5. King of the woods.

6. Thy guardian oaks, my country, are thy boast.

7. The monarch oak, the patriarch of trees.

8. The oak for grandeur, strength and noble size, excels all trees that in the forest grow.

9. Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

10. The glory of the woods.

CONCERT RECITATION—"THE OAK," BY GEO. HILL. See Index.

Specimen Programs.—Port Henry, N. Y.—Continued.**7. Celebrated Trees. By Second Grammar Department.****8. Vocal Trio. Pupils of High School.****9. Breezes of the Forest. Second Intermediate Department.**

1. I am the Sugar Maple and a favorite ornamental tree. People love me because I am possessed of sweetness. I claim to have made more boys and girls happy than any other tree. I have many changes in dress—wearing in spring the softest shade of every color; in the summer the purest emerald, and in the autumn the most brilliant yellow. My wood is used for furniture, floors, and for furnishing the interior of houses, and after the houses are finished, few can warm them better than I.

2. I am often called Soft Maple, although my real name is Red Maple. I beautify the country in spring with early red blossoms, and in autumn my leaves are streaked with scarlet.

3. They call me Bass Wood. I am a fine shade tree, my home a moist, rich soil. My fragrant flowers furnish a great amount of excellent honey for the bees at a time when most other flowers have disappeared. My timber is soft, light and tough, and not apt to split; good for cabinet work, boxes, broom handles, etc.

4. I am known as the Black Walnut. I am not ornamental, nor am I a good neighbor, for I sometimes poison other trees that live near me. In spite of my bad qualities, I am liked because I can be converted into cash at any moment. Some of my brothers have sold as high as \$2,000. Those who care for us care for a fortune.

5. Recognize in me the Hickory. If you want a wood that is good for buggies, ax handles, barrel hoops, a wood like iron, call upon me. You will have all the nuts you want thrown into the bargain. Once upon a time there was a president of the country who had so many of my qualities that they called him Old Hickory.

6. I am styled the White Ash. I am a tall tree, and have often been complimented for my usefulness. I have been told that I have a graceful top and beautiful pinnate leaves. My wood is heavy, hard, strong, coarse-grained, compact, and of a brown color, and is much used for cabinet ware, farm implements, and house finishing.

7. Behold in me the Beech. Upon my smooth, gray bark many a heart history has been carved. The poet, Campbell, tells it so beautifully:

Thrice twenty summers have I stood,
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture paid,
And, on my trunk's surviving frame,
Carved many a long forgotten name.

8. I rejoice in the name of the Pine. I am the musician among the trees. I sing only when the spirit moves. You may know when that is by the peculiar swaying of my head.

9. The name White Oak distinguishes me from my neighbors. I am the senior member of our family, and have attained a very great age. Every particle of me is useful, even to my ashes. My bark is used for tanning leather. My wood is hard, compact, heavy, tough and durable, good for heavy wagons, plows, railroad ties, fence posts, ship timber, furniture, and finishing the interior of houses.

10. I am the celebrated Birch. I am a useful factor in the cause of education, though not now so commonly found in the school-room as in former years. Probably you are best acquainted with the Canoe Birch, whose white wood you see in spools and shoe pegs. It gives up its beautiful white dress without any injury to itself. Let us all tell our friends what Longfellow has said of the Birch tree.

CONCERT RECITATION. "THE BIRCH TREE." See Index. "The Story of Hiawatha."

10. "Voices of the Trees." First Intermediate Department.

1. Behold in me the Hemlock Spruce. I have been called by students in art, botany and horticulture the most beautiful coniferous, hardy tree yet known. I grow to a good height and acquire a large size. My evergreen leaves have delicate tints, my young branches droop gracefully. As a timber tree I do not claim the highest honor. My bark is valuable for tanning leather.

2. I am the Black Spruce. I abound in swamps. I am often used for Christmas trees on festive occasions, and boys and girls search me over for a supply of first-class gum. I am not responsible, though, for all the gum that goes by my name. Within a few years my wood has been largely used to make white paper.

3. People call me Red Cedar. In summer my leaves are beautiful, but in winter they become brown. I am found sparingly in any part of the world, though I am the most widely distributed of any tree in the United States. I grow slowly and produce a beautiful, red, fragrant wood, which is soft and very durable. My wood is now mainly limited to the making of lead pencils.

Specimen Programs. — Port Henry, N. Y. — Continued.

4. My name is Arbor Vitæ. I thrive in the swamps of the north and afford shelter to wild animals. I am often called White Cedar, and I furnish most of the telegraph poles, some fence posts, railway ties and blocks for paving streets. I take a high place as an ornamental tree.

5. I am called the Chestnut. All botanists of the present day agree that I am first cousin to the Oak. I am well known for valuable timber and a good crop of edible nuts. I am a great friend of the boys and girls. Sometimes naughty boys seek me rather than the school-room. Of course no such boys live in Port Henry.

6. I have received the name of Tulip Tree. I am not only valuable as an ornamental shade tree, but I also furnish excellent timber for carriage bodies, furniture and finishing houses. I grow to a great size and height and have shining, queer-shaped leaves, and large, tulip-shaped blossoms.

7. You may call me the Balsam Fir. I am a rather small, slender evergreen, found in swamps, though often cultivated as an ornament about dwellings. I arrive at my prime when about fourteen years old.

8. I am known as the Willow. I live near the water and my wood is made into the strangest things,—artificial limbs, tooth-picks, ball clubs and gunpowder. Some of us are called Pussy Willows.

O, Willow, why forever weep,
As one who mourns an endless wrong?
What hidden woe can lie so deep?
What utter grief can last so long?

Mourn on forever, unconsoled,
And keep your secret, faithful tree!
No heart in all the world can hold
A sweeter grace than constancy.

9. You see before you the Red Elm. I am well known for my durable red wood and mucilaginous bark and am often called Slippery Elm.

10. I am familiar to all as the American Elm. I have been called the Queen of the Forest, and stand without a rival at the head of the list of ornamental deciduous-leaved trees. I claim this rank on account of rapid growth and the graceful and majestic beauty of my drooping branches.

Let us all recite the praises of the Elm.

Concert Recitation.

Hail to the Elm! the brave old Elm!
Our last lone forest tree,
Whose limbs outstand the lightning's brand,
For a brave old Elm is he!
For fifteen score of full-told years,
He has borne his leafy prime,

Yet he holds them well, and lives to tell
His tale of ye olden time!
Then hail to the Elm! the green-topp'd Elm!
And long may his branches wave,
For a relic is he, the gnarl'd old tree,
Of the times of the good and brave.

11. Vocal Solo — "Woodman, Spare that Tree."

12. "Song of the Trees," First Grammar Department.

13. Chorus — "The Picnic," by the High School."

The audience then repaired to the grounds outside where trees had been planted, the planting complete with the exception of placing of a little more earth around the roots, and in the following order and manner, dedicated seven trees to the perpetual honor and memory of so many of our beloved and honored American poets.

The first of the trees approached, was the one chosen to be henceforth associated with the name of the patriotic Christian poet, John G. Whittier.

This dedication service was very appropriate and suggestive, consisting of

1st. A brief sketch of the poet's life.

2d. Singing an appropriate chorus.

3d. Reciting ten gems from the author's works.

4th. Depositing earth around the tree to symbolize the whole process of planting.

The same form of exercise was followed at each tree.

THE WHITE ASH, DEDICATED TO JOHN G. WHITTIER.

By Second Primary Department.

GEMS FROM WHITTIER:

1. Two stanzas from "Lines for an Agricultural Exhibition:" "Give fools their gold," See Index.

2. Introductory to "The Funeral Tree of the Sokokis." See Index.

Specimen Programs. — Port Henry, N. Y. — Continued.

3. Last six lines from "April." See Index.

4. From "Mogg Megone:"

The oak upon the windy hill,
Its dark green burthen upward heaves —
The hemlock broods above its rill,
Its cone-like foliage darker still,
Against the birch's graceful stem,
And the rough walnut-bough receives

The sun upon its crowded leaves,
Each colored like a topaz gem;
And the tall maple wears with them
The coronal, which autumn gives,
The brief, bright sign of ruin near,
The hectic of a dying year!

5. From "A Memorial:"

Green be those hillside pines forever,
And green the meadowy lowlands be,
And green the old memorial beeches,
Name-carven in the woods of Lee!

Still let them greet thy life companions
Who thither turn their pilgrim feet,
In every mossy line recalling
A tender memory sadly sweet.

6. From "Dedication" to "Songs of Labor:"

Above the fallen groves of green,
Where youth's enchanted forest stood,
Dry root and mossed trunk between,
A sober after-growth is seen,
As springs the pine where falls the gay-leaved maple
wood.

Yet birds will sing, and breezes play
Their leaf-harps in the sombre tree:
And through the bleak and wintry day
It keeps its steady green alway,—
So, even my afterthoughts may have a charm for
thee.

7. Extract from a letter:

The wealth, beauty, fertility, and healthfulness of the country largely depend upon the conservation of our forests and the planting of trees. My indignation is yearly aroused by the needless sacrifice of some noble oak or elm, and especially of the white pine, the grandest trees in our woods, which I would not exchange for oriental palms.

8. From "The Lumbermen:"

Wildly round our woodland quarters,
Sad-voiced autumn grieves;
Thickly down these swelling waters
Float his fallen leaves.

Through the tall and naked timber,
Column-like and old,
Gleam the sunsets of November,
From their skies of gold.

9. From "The Palm Tree:"

To him the palm is a gift divine,
Wherein all uses of man combine,—
House, and raiment, and food, and wine!

And, in the hour of his great release,
His need of the palm shall only cease
With the shroud wherein he lieth in peace.

10. From "The Frost Spirit:"

He comes,— he comes,— the Frost Spirit comes!
You may trace his footsteps now.
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the
brown hills' withered brow.

He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where
their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have
shaken them down to the earth.

THE SUGAR MAPLE, DEDICATED TO OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

By First Primary Department.

GEMS FROM HOLMES:

1. Extract from "Talks on Trees:"—"There is a mother-idea," etc. See Index.

2. Extract from a letter:

When we plant a tree, we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling-place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves. As you drop the seed, as you plant the sapling, your left hand hardly knows what your right hand is doing. But Nature knows, and in due time the Power that sees and works in secret will reward you openly.

3. Extract from letter:

You have been warned against hiding your talent in a napkin; but if your talent takes the form of a maple-key or an acorn, and your napkin is a shred of the apron that covers the lap of the earth, you may hide it there, unblamed; and when you render in your account you will find that your deposit has been drawing compound interest all the time.

Specimen Programs.—Port Henry, N. Y.—Continued.**4. Extract from a letter :**

I have written many verses, but the best poems I have produced are the trees I planted on the hill-side which overlooks the broad meadows, scalloped and rounded at their edges by loops of the sinuous Housatonic. Nature finds rhymes for them in the recurring measures of the seasons. Winter strips them of their ornaments and gives them, as it were, in prose translation, and summer reclothes them in all the splendid phrases of their leafy language.

5. Extract from a letter :

What are these maples and beeches and birches but odes and idyls and madrigals ? What are these pines and firs and spruces but holy hymns, too solemn for the many-hued raiment of their gay deciduous neighbors ?

6. Extract from a letter :

The trees may outlive the memory of more than one of those in whose honor they were planted. But if it is something to make two blades of grass grow where only one was growing, it is much more to have been the occasion of the planting of an oak which shall defy twenty scores of winters, or of an elm which shall canopy with its green cloud of foliage half as many generations of mortal immortalities.

7. From "Spring has Come :"

The willow's whistling lashes, wrung
By the wild winds of gusty March,
With willow leaflets lightly strung,
Are swayed by the tufted larch :

The elms have robbed their slender spray
With full-blown flower and embryo leaf ;
Wide o'er the clasping arch of day
Soars like a cloud their hoary chief.

8. From "After a Lecture on Wordsworth :"

Beauty runs virgin in the woods
Robed in her rustic green,
And oft a longing thought intrudes,
As if we might have seen

Her every finger's every joint
Ringed with some golden line,
Poet whom Nature did anoint !
Had our wild home been thine.

9. From the same :

Take what she gives, her pine's tall stem,
Her elm with hanging spray ;
She wears her mountain diadem
Still in her own proud way.

Look on the forests' ancient kings,
The hemlock's towering pride :
Yon trunk had thrice a hundred rings,
And fell before it died.

9. From "Talks on Trees" in "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table :" "I shall speak of trees as we know them," etc. See Index, "Talks on Trees."**THE WHITE BIRCH, DEDICATED TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.**

By Second Intermediate Department.

GEMS FROM LOWELL :**1. From "To a Pine Tree :"** "Spite of winter," etc. See Index.**2. From "The Birch Tree."** First two stanzas. See Index.**3. From "An Indian Summer Reverie :"**

The birch, most shy and ladylike of trees,
Her poverty, as best she may, retrieves,
And hints at her foregone gentilities,
With some saved relics of her wealth of leaves ;

The swamp-oak, with his royal purples on,
Glazes red as blood across the sinking sun,
As one who prouder to a falling fortune cleaves.

4. From the same :

The red-oak softer-grained, yields all for lost,
And, with his crumpled foliage stiff and dry,
After the first betrayal of the frost,
Rebuffs the kiss of the relenting sky ;

The chestnuts, lavish of their long-hid gold,
To the faint summer, beggared now and old,
Pour back the sunshine hoarded 'neath her favoring
eye.

5. Extract :

A little of thy steadfastness,
Rounded with leafy gracefulness,
Old oak, give me—
That the world's blast may round me blow.

And I yield gently to and fro,
While my stout-hearted trunk below,
And firm-set roots unshaken be.

Specimen Programs. — Port Henry, N. Y. — Continued.

6. From "A Mood:"

Pine in the distance, patient through sun or rain,
 Meeting with graceful persistence,
 With yielding but rooted resistance.
 The north wind's wrench and strain,
 No memory of past existence,
 Brings thee pain.

* * * * *

To me 'tis not cheer thou art singing:
 There's a sound of the sea,
 O mournful tree,
 In thy boughs forever clinging,
 And the far-off roar
 Of waves on the shore
 A shattered vessel flinging.

7. From "The Oak." First Stanza. See Index.

8. From "Under the Willows:" "I care not how men trace their ancestry," etc., four lines, and "I have many a life-long leafy friend," etc., six lines. See Index.

9. From the same: "In June 'tis good to lie beneath a tree," etc., seven lines. See Index.

10. From "Under the Old Elm:" "Of our swift passage," etc., seven lines. See Index.

THE BASSWOOD, DEDICATED TO THE CARY SISTERS.

By First Intermediate Department.

GEMS FROM ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY:

1. From "A Lesson:"

One autumn time I went into the woods
 When Nature grieves,
 And wails the drying up of the bright floods
 Of summer leaves.
 Then sitting down beneath a naked tree,
 I looked about, —

Saying, in these, if there a lesson be,
 I'll spy it out.
 And presently the teaching that was meant
 I thought I saw, —
 That I, in trial, should patiently consent
 To God's great law.

2. From the same:

Woodland, green and gay with dew,
 Here, to-day, I pledge anew
 All the love I gave to you
 When my heart was young and glad.
 Beeches gray, and solemn firs,

Thickets full of bees and burs,
 You were then my school-masters.
 Teaching me as best you could,
 How the evil by the good —
 Thorns by flowers must be construed.

3. From "The Felled Tree:"

I slipped my roots round the stony soil
 Like rings on the hand of a bride,
 And my boughs took hold of the summer's smile
 And grew out green and wide.

And lambs, in white rows on the grass,
 Lay down within my shade;
 So I knew, all homely as I was,
 For a good use I was made.

4. From "Old Pictures:"

I see far off the woods whose screen
 Bounded the little world we knew,
 I see the comely apple-trees,

In spring a blush with blossoms sweet;
 Or, bending with the autumn breeze,
 Shake down the ripe fruits at our feet.

5. From "Mourning in the Mountains:"

And now from every sheltering shrub and vine,
 And thicket wild with many a tangled spray,
 And from the birch and elm and rough-browed pine,
 The birds begin to serenade the day.

6. From "The Barefoot Boy:"

I touch the spring-time's tender grass,
 I find the daisy buds;
 I feel the shadows deep and cool,
 In the heart of the summer woods;

I see the ripened autumn nuts,
 Like thick hail strewed the earth;
 I catch the fall of the winter snow,
 And the glow of the cheerful hearth.

7. From "Faded Leaves:"

The hills are bright with maples yet;
 But down the level land
 The beech leaves rustle in the wind
 As dry and brown as sand.

The clouds in bars of rusty red
 Along the hill-tops glow,
 And in the still, sharp air, the frost
 Is like a dream of snow.

8. From "A Dream of Home:"

O woods, with starlight shining through!
 My heart to-night is back with you!
 I know each beech and maple tree,
 Each climbing brier and shrub I see, —
 Like friends they stand to welcome me.

Specimen Programs. — Port Henry, N. Y. — Continued.**9. From "Our Homestead:"**

Our old brown homestead reared its walls
 From the wayside dust aloof,
 Where the apple-boughs could almost cast
 Their fruit upon its roof;
 And the cherry-tree so near it grew
 That when awake I've lain

In the lonesome nights, and heard the limbs
 As they creaked against the pane;
 And those orchard trees, oh, those orchard trees!
 I've seen my little brothers rocked
 In their tops by the summer breeze.

10. From "Field Preaching:"

I have been out in field and wood,
 Listening to praises sweet and counsel good,
 Such as a little child had understood,
 That, in its tender youth,
 Discerns the simple eloquence of truth.

THE OAK, DEDICATED TO WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

By Second Grammar Department.

GEMS FROM BRYANT.

1. From ***"Forest Hymn:"** "The groves were God's first temples," eight lines. See Index.
2. From the same: "Father, thou hast not left thyself without a witness," etc., ten lines.
3. From ***"Among the Trees:"** "The wind of May is sweet," etc., six lines. See Index.
4. From the same: "Trees of the forest, and the open plain," etc., ten lines.
5. From the same: "Nay, doubt not," etc., seven lines.
6. From ***"An Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood."** First nine lines. See Index.
7. From ***"The Antiquity of Freedom:"** "Here are old trees," etc., twelve lines. See Index.
8. From ***"The Planting of the Apple Tree."** First stanza. See Index.
9. From **"My Autumn Walk:"**

Beautiful over my pathway
 The forest spoils are shed;
 They are spotting the grassy hillocks
 * With purple and gold and red,

The leaves are swept from the branches
 But the living buds are there,
 With folded flower and foliage,
 To sprout in a kinder air.

10. From "Autumn Woods:"

O Autumn! why so soon
 Depart the hues that make thy forests glad,
 Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,
 And leave thee wild and sad!

Ah! 'twere a lot too blest
 Forever in thy colored shades to stray;
 Amid the kisses of the soft south-west
 To rove and dream for aye.

THE RED MAPLE, DEDICATED TO HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

By First Grammar Department.

GEMS FROM LONGFELLOW.

1. From ***"The Hemlock Tree."** See Index.
2. From ***"The Masque of Pandora:"**
3. From ***"Evangeline."** Introduction. See Index.
4. From ***"The Spirit of Poetry:"**

There is a quiet spirit in these woods.

* * * * *

Hence gifted bards.
 Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades,
 For then there was an eloquent voice in all
 The sylvan pomp of woods, the golden sun,

Filled with the breath of freedom
 Each bosom subsiding, expanding,
 Now like the ocean sinks,
 Now like the ocean upheaves.

The flowers, the leaves, the river on its way

* * * * *
 Groves, through whose broken roof the sky looks in,
 The distant lake, fountains, and mighty trees,

* * * * *
 In many a lazy syllable, repeating
 Their old poetic legends to the wind.

Specimen Programs. — Port Henry, N. Y. — Continued.

5. From "Woods in Winter:"

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

6. From "To the Driving Cloud:"

Back, then, back to thy woods!
There as a monarch thou reignest. In autumn the leaves of the maple
Pave the floors of thy palace-halls with gold, and in summer
Pine trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches.

From "A day of Sunshine:"

I hear the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument.

7. From "Autumn:"

With what a glory comes and goes the year!
There is a beautiful spirit breathing now
Its mellow richness on the clustered trees,
And, from a beaker full of richest dyes,
Pouring new glory on the autumn woods.
The gentle wind, a sweet and passionate wooer,

Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep crimsoned,
And silver beech, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the way side a-weary.

8. From "An April Day." Third, fourth and fifth stanzas. See Index.

9. From "Sunrise on the Hills." Last stanza. See Index.

10. From "Voices of the Night." First two stanzas. See Index.

THE IRONWOOD, DEDICATED TO RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

By the High School.

GEMS FROM EMERSON:

1. From "Nature:"

At the gates of the forest, the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he takes into these precincts. The tempered light of the woods is like a perpetual morning, and is stimulating and heroic. The stems of pines, hemlocks and oaks almost gleam like iron on the excited eye. The incommunicable trees begin to persuade us to live with them and quit our life of solemn trifles.

2. From "The Adirondacks:"

The wood was sovran with centennial trees,—
Oak, cedar, maple, poplar, beech and fir,
Linden and spruce. In strict society
Three conifers, white, pitch and Norway pines,

Five-leaved, three-leaved and two-leaved, grew
thereby.
Our patron pine was fifteen feet in girth,
The maple eight, beneath its shapely tower.

3. From "Farming:"

Set out a pine-tree, and it dies in the first year, or lives a poor spindle. But nature drops a pine cone in Mariposa, and it lives fifteen centuries, grows three or four hundred feet high, and thirty in diameter,—grows in a grove of giants, like a colonnade of Thebes. Ask the tree how it was done. It did not grow on a ridge, but in a basin, where it found deep soil, cold enough and dry enough for the pine; defending itself from the sun by growing in groves, and from the wind by the walls of the mountain. The roots that shot deepest, and the stems of happiest exposure, drew the nourishment from the rest, until the less thrifty perished.

4. The influence of forests on the healthfulness of the atmosphere demands thoughtful attention. Plants imbibe from the air carbonic acid, and other gaseous and volatile products, exhaled by animals or developed by the natural phenomena of decomposition. These the trees, more than the smaller plants, absorb, and instead of them pour into the atmosphere pure oxygen, essential to the life of animals. The carbon, the very substance of wood, is taken from the carbonic acid thus absorbed.

Specimen Programs, — Port Henry, N. Y. — Continued.

5. From "The Earth" (Nature):

See yonder leafless trees against the sky,
How they diffuse themselves into the air,
And, ever subdividing, separate

Limbs into branches, branches into twigs,
As if they loved the element, and hasted
To dissipate their being into it.

6. From "My Garden:":

If I could put my woods in song,
And tell what's there enjoyed,
All men would to my garden throng,
And leave the cities void.
In my plot no tulips blow —
Snow-loving pines and oaks instead;

And rank the savage maples grow
From Spring's faint flush to Autumn red.
My garden is a forest ledge,
Which older forests bound;
The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,
Then plunge to depths profound.

7. From "The Method of Nature:":

There is no revolt in all the kingdoms from the common weal; no detachment of an individual. Every leaf is an exponent of the world. When we behold the landscape in a poetic spirit, we do not reckon individuals. Nature knows neither palm, nor oak, but only vegetable life, which sprouts into forests, and festoons the globe with a garland of grasses and vines.

8. From "Wood Notes:":

He heard, when in the grove, at intervals,
With sudden roar the aged pine tree fall,—
One crash, the death-hymn of the perfect tree,
Declares the close of its green century.

Low lies the plant to whose creation went
Sweet influence from every element;
Whose living towers the years conspired to build,
Whose giddy top the morning loved to gild.

9. From "Wood Notes:":

The Pine tree
Old as Jove,
Old as love,
Who of me
Tells the pedigree?
Only the mountains old,
Only the waters cold,
Only moon and star,
My coevals are.
Ere the first fowl sung,

My relenting boughs among,
Ere Adam wived,
Ere Adam lived,
Ere the duck dived,
Ere the bees hived,
Ere the lion roared,
Ere the eagle soared,
Light and heat, land and sea,
Spake unto the oldest tree.

10. From "Nature:":

In the woods a man casts off his years, and at what period soever of life, is always a child. In the woods is perpetual youth. Within these plantations of God, a decorum and sanctity reign, a perennial festival is dressed, and the guest sees not how he should tire of them in a thousand years. In the woods, we return to reason and faith. There I feel that nothing can befall me in life—no disgrace, no calamity, which nature cannot repair.

THE DAISY.

I'M a pretty little thing,
Always coming with the spring;
In the meadows green I'm found,
Peeping just above the ground;
And my stalk is covered flat
With a white and yellow hat.

Little lady, when you pass
Lightly o'er the tender grass,
Skip about, but do not tread
On my meek and lowly head;
For I always seem to say,
"Surely winter's gone away."

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long be as lowly as they;
With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

COWPER.

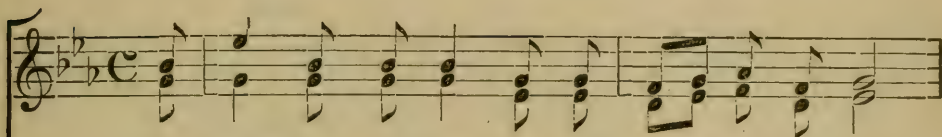


Arbor Day Music.

ARBOR DAY.

Words by E. F. STEARNS.

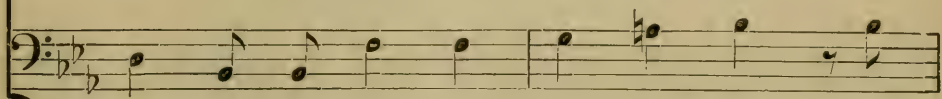
Music by G. A. VEAZIE, JR.



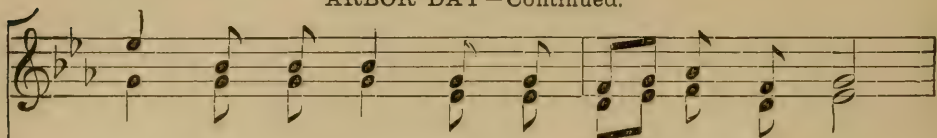
1. To bright Ar - bor Day a glad wel - come we sing,
2. With glad - ness and rev'rence a name now we give,
3. Thro' sun - shine and shad - ow its guar - dian we'll be,
4. Then hail to the bright hap - py day that we sing,



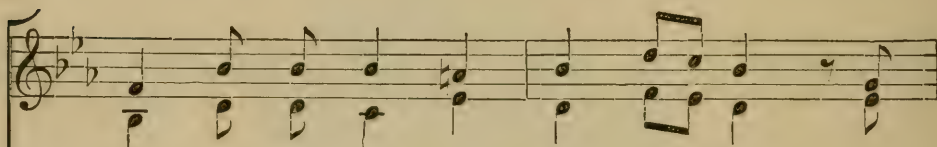
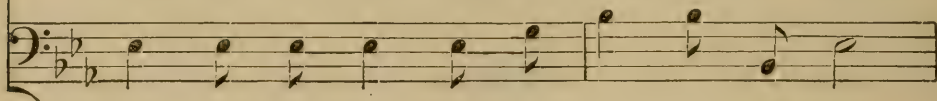
This is the day, the day we love; As
Give to the tree, the tree we love; The
This is the tree, the tree we love; May
Hail to the day, the day we love; A



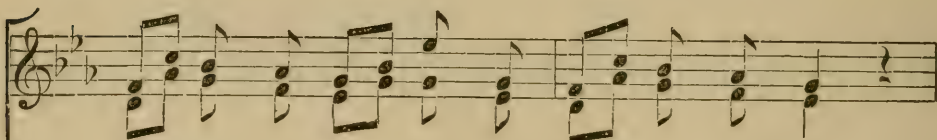
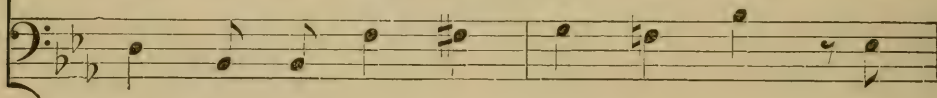
ARBOR DAY—Continued.



school - mates and friends we our tri - bute will bring.
 name of some loved one whose brave deeds shall live,
 fierce storms of win - ter no harm bring to thee.
 shel - ter, a wel - come re - treat doth it bring.



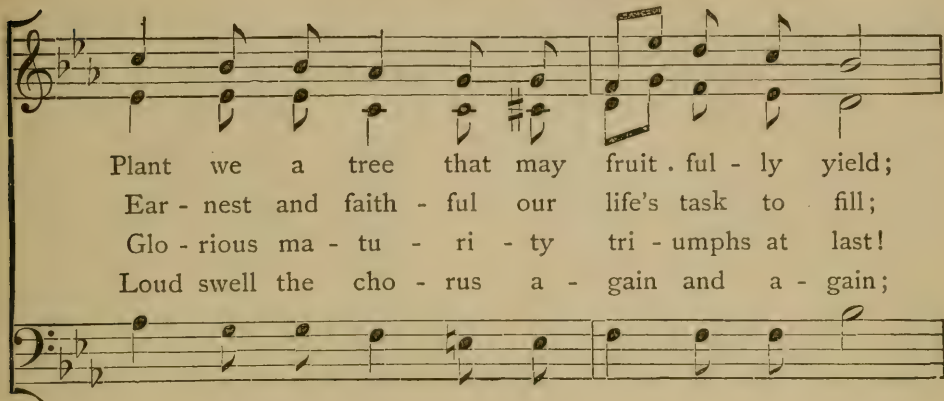
This is the day, the day we love. By
 Live as the day, the day we love, In -
 This is the tree, the tree we love. The
 Hail to the day, the day we love. O



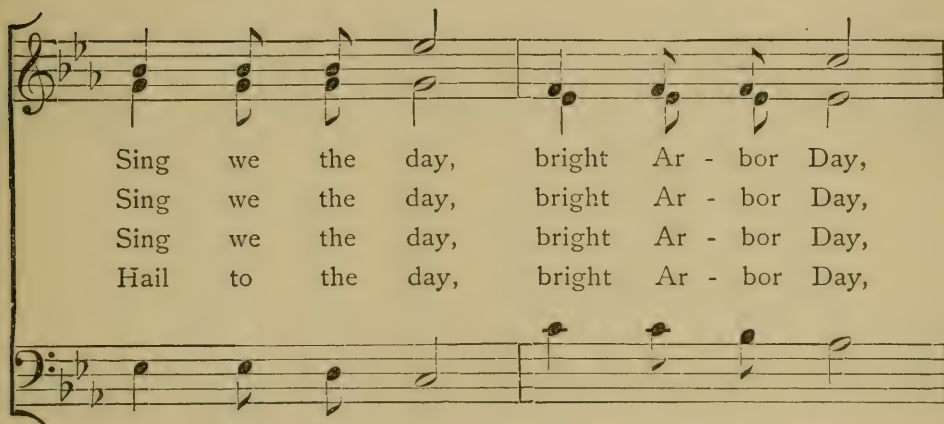
road-side, in gar - den, in park or in field,
 spir - ing our young hearts with new strength and will,
 stroke of the light - ning now brave - ly is past,
 let us with glad - ness sing long the re - frain,



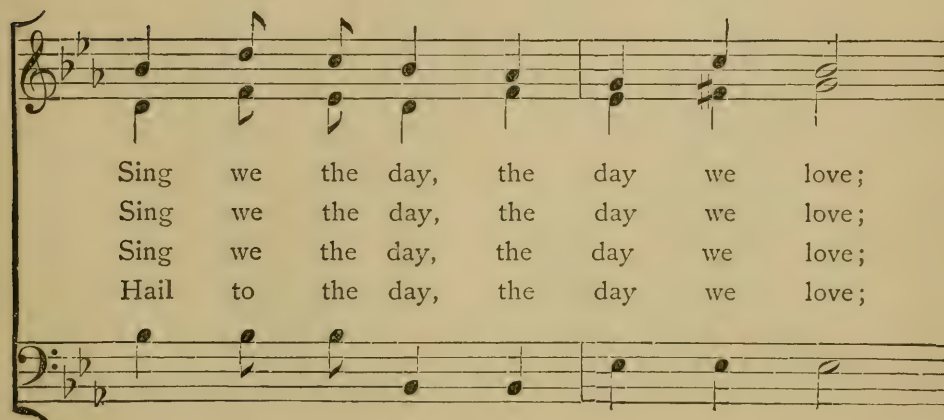
ARBOR DAY—Continued.



Plant we a tree that may fruit - ful - ly yield;
 Ear - nest and faith - ful our life's task to fill;
 Glo - rious ma - tu - ri - ty tri - umphs at last!
 Loud swell the cho - rus a - gain and a - gain;

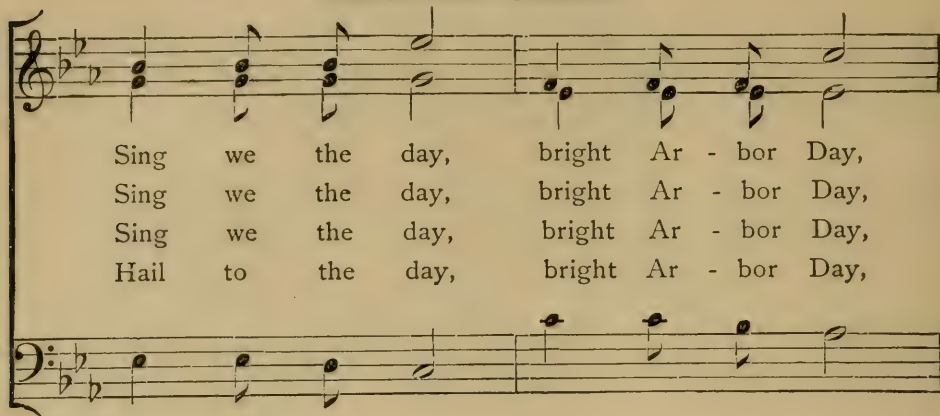


Sing we the day, bright Ar - bor Day,
 Sing we the day, bright Ar - bor Day,
 Sing we the day, bright Ar - bor Day,
 Hail to the day, bright Ar - bor Day,

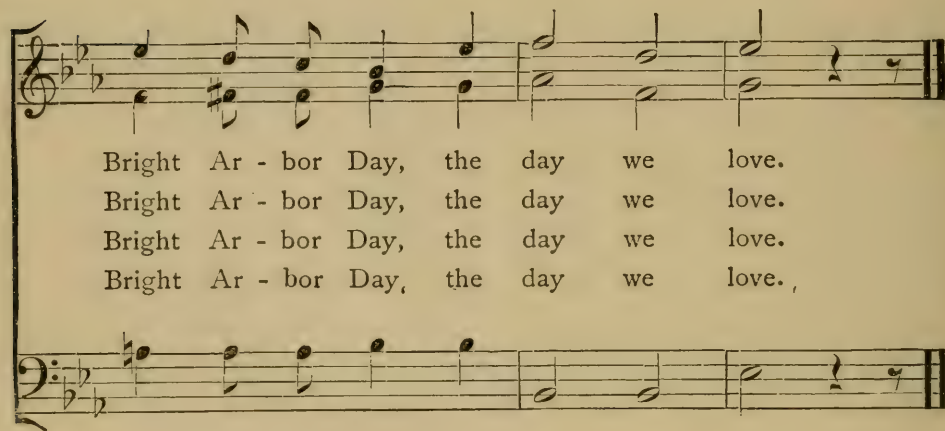


Sing we the day, the day we love;
 Sing we the day, the day we love;
 Sing we the day, the day we love;
 Hail to the day, the day we love;

ARBOR DAY—Continued.



Sing we the day, bright Ar - bor Day,
Sing we the day, bright Ar - bor Day,
Sing we the day, bright Ar - bor Day,
Hail to the day, bright Ar - bor Day,



Bright Ar - bor Day, the day we love.
Bright Ar - bor Day, the day we love.
Bright Ar - bor Day, the day we love.
Bright Ar - bor Day, the day we love.

NATURE'S TRIBUTE SUGGESTS OURS.

Words by Jared Barhite, Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y.

CARYL FLORIO.

1. With lay - ish hand our God hath spread Beau - ty and fra - grance o'er the land;
 2. He breathes up - on the leaf - less tree, He whis - pers to the ti - ny flow'r;

His smile re - vives the seem - ing dead; Na - ture a - wakes at His com - mand.
 His touch a - wakes the slum - b'ring bee, And each o - beys th' Al - might - y Pow'r.

For additional words to this music, see "Arbor Day Tribute," next page.

ARBOR DAY TRIBUTE.

Words by BARHITE.

Moderato.

Music by T. WOOD.

cres......

Rit......

With lavish hand our God hath spread	He breathes upon the leafless tree,	The perfumed breeze of smiling May,
Beauty and fragrance o'er the land ;	He whispers to the tiny flower,	The dancing stream on mountain side,
His smile revives the seeming dead ;	His touch awakes the slumb'ring bee,	The wild bird's trill of joyous lay,
Nature awakes at His command.	And each obeys th' Almighty Power.	Proclaim Thy goodness far and wide.

Attune our hearts to sing Thy praise,
 Expand our souls to comprehend
 Thy attributes and all Thy ways,
 And ever be our Guide and Friend.

We plant to-day within the mound,
 The stock that needs Thy tender care ;
 Send deep its roots, its buds unfold,
 In answer to our faith and prayer.

JARED BARHITE, *Irrington-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.*

HYMN OF PRAISE.

1. With all my powers of heart and tongue, I'll praise my
 2. I'll sing thy truth and mer-cy, Lord! I'll sing the

Ma - ker in my song; An - gels shall hear the note I
 won - ders of thy word; Not all thy works and names be -

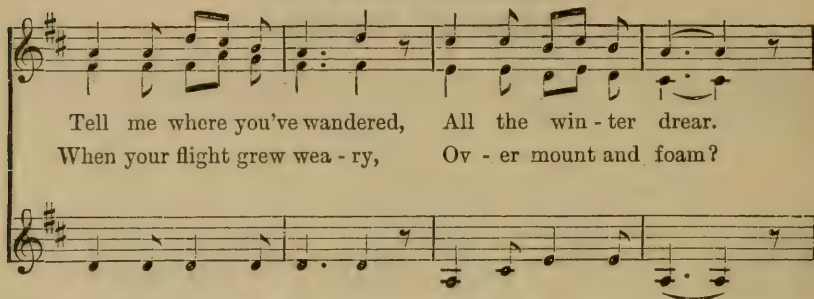
raise, Ap - prove the song, and join the praise.
 low So much thy power and glo - ry show.

BLUE BIRD.

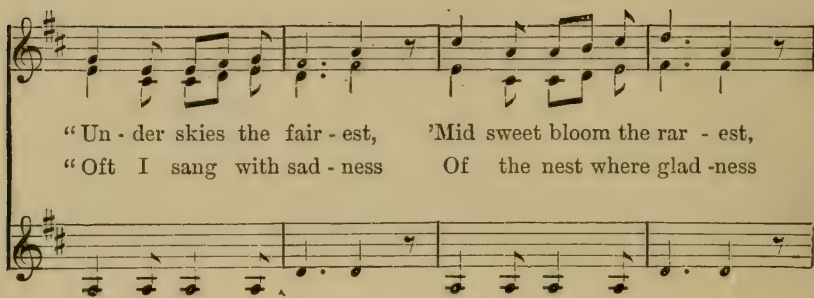
Moderato.

1. Blue-bird, joy - ous blue - bird, Car - ol - ing so clear!
 2. Blue-bird, love - ly blue - bird, Did you long for home,

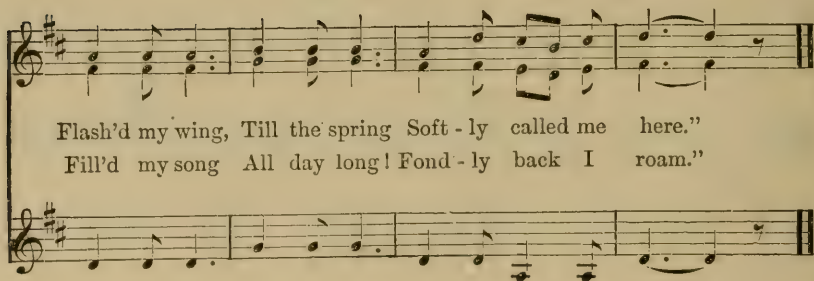
BLUE BIRD—Continued.



Tell me where you've wandered, All the win - ter dream.
When your flight grew wea - ry, Ov - er mount and foam?



"Un - der skies the fair - est, 'Mid sweet bloom the rar - est,
"Oft I sang with sad - ness Of the nest where glad - ness



Flash'd my wing, Till the spring Soft - ly called me here."
Fill'd my song All day long! Fond - ly back I roam."

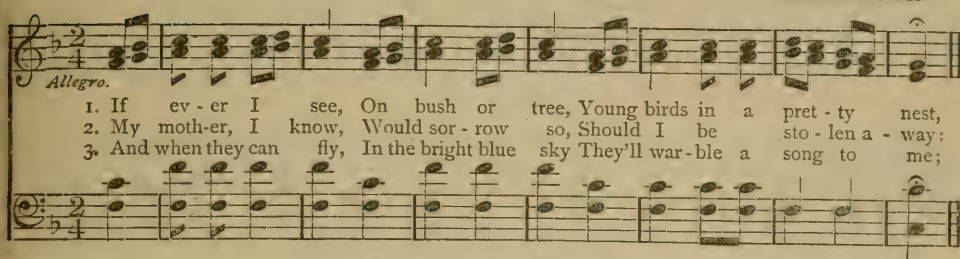
3 Blue-bird, gentle blue-bird,
Feared you any ill,
Though the nightfall met you,
Glooming vale and hill?

"Ah, the Master serving,
With a trust unswerving!
Where he led, on I sped,
For he careth still."

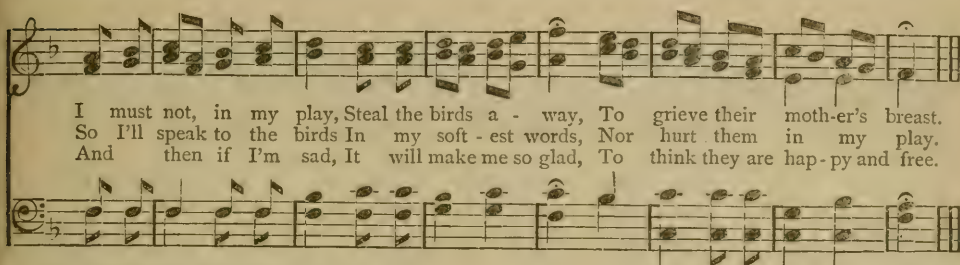
IF EVER I SEE.

CHILDHOOD SONGS.

Allegro.



1. If ev - er I see, On bush or tree, Young birds in a pret - ty nest,
 2. My moth - er, I know, Would sor - row so, Should I be sto - len a - way;
 3. And when they can fly, In the bright blue sky They'll war - ble a song to me;



I must not, in my play, Steal the birds a - way, To grieve their moth - er's breast.
 So I'll speak to the birds In my soft - est words, Nor hurt them in my play.
 And then if I'm sad, It will make me so glad, To think they are hap - py and free.

From "Franklin Square Song Collection. No. 4."

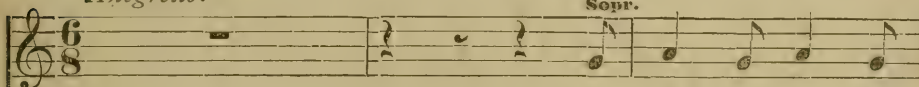
By Courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

A SPRING SONG.

ENGLISH.

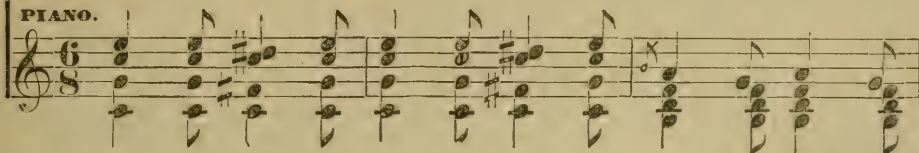
Allegretto.

Sopr.



1. The Win - ter's gone, come
 2. 'Tis sweet to see the

PIANO.




hail the Spring, With its at - tend - ing joy, Sweet
 land - scape dress'd In gay, be - com - ing green, The



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A SPRING SONG—Continued.

nat - ure ver - dure now will bring, And with the trees will
fields by boun - ty so ca - ress'd, One glo - ries in the

p **Sopr.**

toy. scene. The Win - ter's gone, come hail the Spring, With
'Tis sweet to see the land - scape dress'd In

PIANO. **Tenor** an octave lower.

The Win - ter's gone, come hail the Spring, With
'Tis sweet to see the land - scape dress'd, In

Bass.

its at - tend - ing joy;
gay, be - com - ing green.

its at - tend - ing joy; Sweet nat - ure verd - ure
gay be - com - ing green, The fields by boun - ty

its at - tend - ing joy. Sweet nat - ure verd - ure
gay, be - com - ing green. The fields by boun - ty

A SPRING SONG - Continued.

cres.

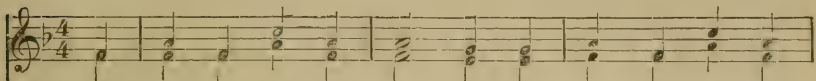
Come

now will bring, And with the trees will toy.
so ca - ress'd, One glo - ries in the scene.



hail the Spring, Come hail the
(1 & 2) Come hail the Spring, Come hail the
ff

Instr. *Instr.*
(1) Spring. The birds, with new life
(2) Spring. The Spring shall have our
Instr.



WELCOME TO THE FOREST.

Allegretto.



1. When sum-mer sun op - press - es, And burns with rag - ing
2. To taste the grate - ful shad - ows, Each nod - ding bough doth

heat, The for - est's dark re - cess - es Af -
call, Each blos - som on the mead - ows Bids

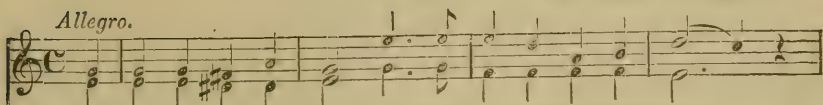
ford a cool re - treat. Af - ford a cool re - treat.
wel - come, wel - come all, Bids wel - come, wel - come all.



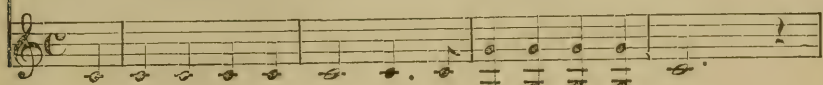
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WE GREET THEE, MERRY SPRING TIME.

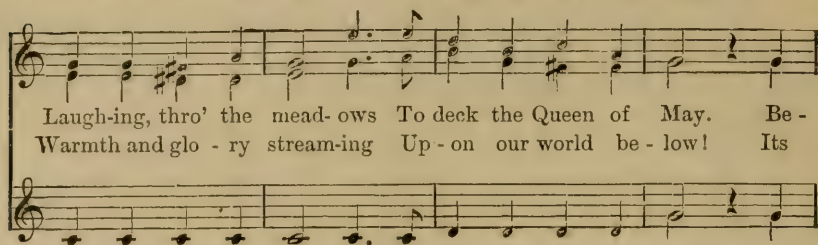
Arr. GEO. F. WILSON.

Allegro.


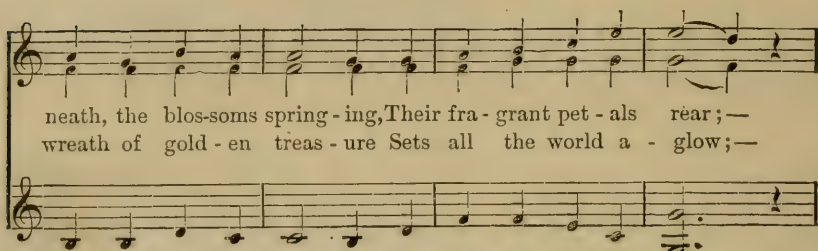
1. We greet thee, mer-ry Spring-time, Who com'st with footsteps gay,
2. How bright the sun-light, beam-ing, From yon - der sky doth flow,



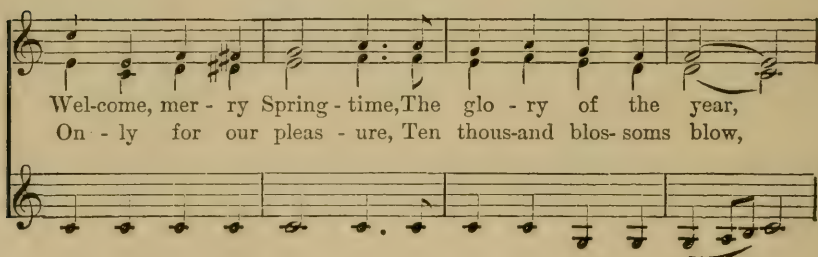
WE GREET THEE MERRY SPRING TIME - Continued.



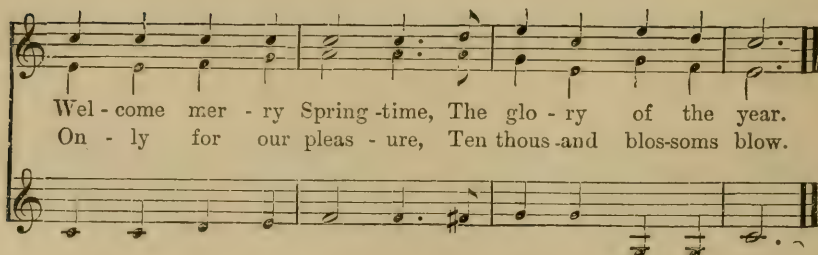
Laugh-ing, thro' the mead-ows To deck the Queen of May. Be -
Warmth and glo - ry stream-ing Up - on our world be - low! Its



neath, the blos-soms spring-ing, Their fra-grant pet - als rear; -
wreath of gold - en treas - ure Sets all the world a - glow; -



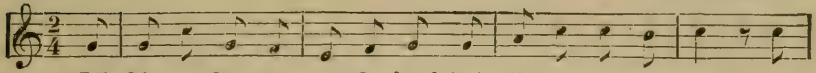
Wel-come, mer - ry Spring - time, The glo - ry of the year,
On - ly for our pleas - ure, Ten thous-and blos - soms blow,



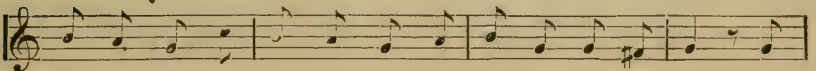
Wel - come mer - ry Spring - time, The glo - ry of the year.
On - ly for our pleas - ure, Ten thous-and blos - soms blow.

WHAT THE LITTLE THINGS SAID.

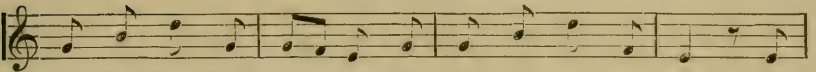
O. B. BROWN.



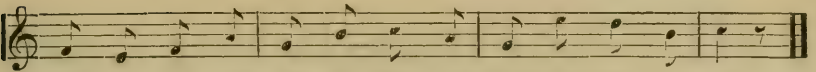
1. "I'll hie me down to yon-der bank," A lit-tle rain-drop said, "And
 2. "I may not lin-ger," said the brook, "But rip-ple, on my way, And



try to cheer that lone-ly flow'r, And cool its moss-y bed: Per-
 help the rills and riv-ers all To make the o-cean spray;" "And



haps the breeze will chide me, Be-cause I am so small; But,
 I must haste to la-lor," Re-plied the bus-y bee, "The



sure-ly, I must do my best, For God has work for all."
 Sum-mer days are long and bright, And God has work for me."

3.

If little things that God has made
 Are useful in their kind,
 Oh! let us learn a simple truth,
 And bear it in our mind:
 That every child can praise Him,
 However weak and small;
 Let each with joy remember this,—
 The Lord has work for all.

ROAMING.

Allegretto.

1. In mer - ry mood here roam - ing The dai - sies green up -
 2. The brook - let glan - ces coy - ly, As light it bounds a -

The musical notation is in 4/4 time. The first system shows a treble and bass staff with a melody in the treble and accompaniment in the bass. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

on, The sum - mer's voice sa - lutes us, And
 long; The birds that flit a - bove us Speak

The musical notation continues with the melody and accompaniment. The third system shows the continuation of the melody and accompaniment.

bids us wan - der on, And bids us wan - der on.
 wel - come in their song, Speak wel - come in their song.

The musical notation continues with the melody and accompaniment. The fourth system shows the continuation of the melody and accompaniment.

SOFT AND SWEET THE ZEPHYRS SIGH.

Leggiero.

1. Soft and sweet the zeph - yrs sigh, zeph - yrs sigh, zeph - yrs sigh;
 2. Glad I hear the chirp - ing song, chirp - ing song, chirp - ing song

The musical notation is in 4/4 time. The first system shows a treble and bass staff with a melody in the treble and accompaniment in the bass. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment.

SOFT AND SWEET THE ZEPHYRS SIGH - Continued.

'Neath a calm and pla - cid sky, 'Neath a pla - cid sky;
 Raised by spring-birds' hap - py throng, Spring-birds' hap - py throng;

All our sen - ses now re - gal - ing, Sweet - est fra - grance
 At the ear - ly morn - ing wak - ing, Sweet - est song the

round ex - hal - ing, All a - long the paths we tread,
 birds are wak - ing, First to tell of spring's bright day,

'Long the paths we tread.
 Tell of spring's bright days.

From "The Coda," No. 118, Ginn & Co., Boston. 16 pages; price, 3 cents. By permission.

MARCH FOR THE CHILDREN.

Words by E. A. Holbrook, Watertown, N. Y.

From New York Program, 1889.

Music by Caryl Florio.

Time : 1 quarter to a step in marching.

VOICES IN UNISON.



1. We are march-ing for the Ar - - bor, And our
2. Think-ing of the hap - py fac - - es, In the
3. Flow'rs are smil-ing, bees are hum - ming, O'er the

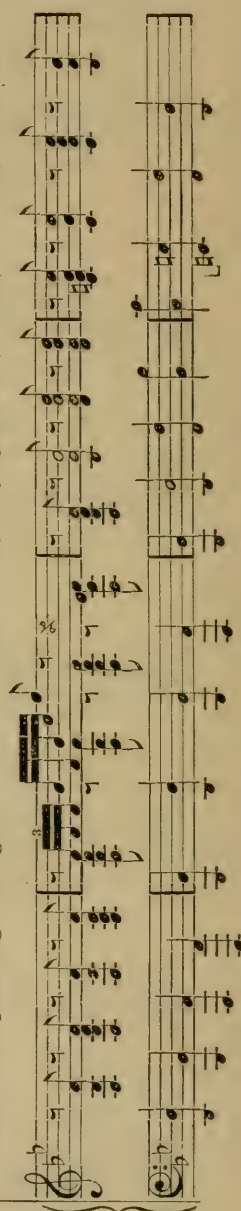


BAND.



hearts are free from care ;
hap - py bye and bye,
land we're pass - ing through ;

All our thoughts in tune to na - - ture, With the
Who will come to take our plac - - es, When our
Rob - in sly - ly greets our com - - ing, Ev - 'ry-



CHORUS.

mu - sic of the school-days have gone by.
thing to na - ture true.

Marching merrily, singing cheerily, And our hearts are free from care;
Marching merrily, singing cheerily, And our hearts are free from care;
Marching merrily, singing cheerily, And our hearts are free from care;

Buds are springing, birds are sing - ing, There is mu - sic ev - 'rywhere, Marching mer - ri - ly sing - ing cheer - i - ly,
Bells are ring - ing, joys are springing, There is glad - ness ev - 'rywhere, Marching mer - ri - ly, sing - ing cheer - i - ly,
Col - ors blending, tints un - end - ing, There is beau - ty ev - 'rywhere, Marching mer - ri - ly, sing - ing cheer - i - ly,

MARCH FOR THE CHILDREN - Continued.

And our hearts are free from care ;
 And our hearts are free from care ;
 And our hearts are free from care ;

Buds are springing, birds are sing - ing, There is mu - sic ev - 'ry-where.
 Bells are ring - ing, joys are springing, There is glad-ness ev - 'ry-where.
 Col - ors blending, tints un - end - ing, There is beau - ty ev - 'ry-where.

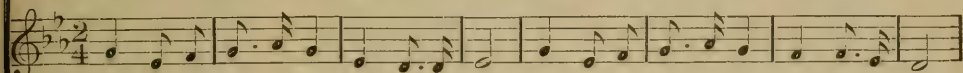
The musical score is written on three staves. The first staff is a treble clef, the second is a treble clef, and the third is a bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time. The first staff contains the melody, and the second and third staves provide harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the first staff, and the instrumental parts continue below the lyrics.

GAY LITTLE DANDELION.

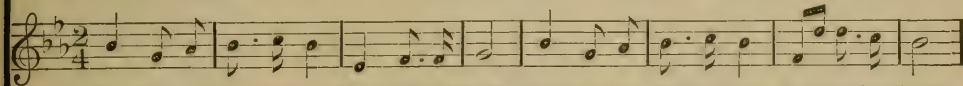
B. C. UNSELD.



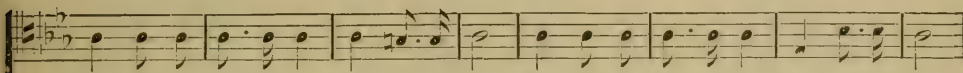
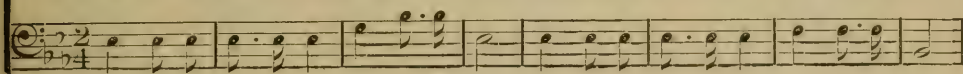
1. Gay lit-tle Dan-delion, lights up the meads, Swings on her slender foot tel-leth her beads;



2. Cold lie the daisy banks clad but in green, Where in the May's ago-ne bright hues were seen;



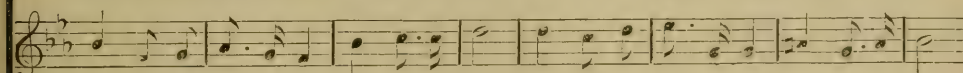
3. Brave lit-tle Dan-de-lion, fast falls the snow, Bending the daf-fo-dills—haughty head low;



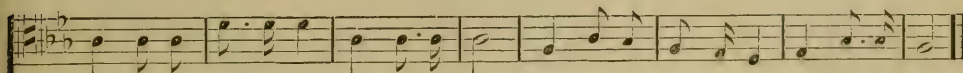
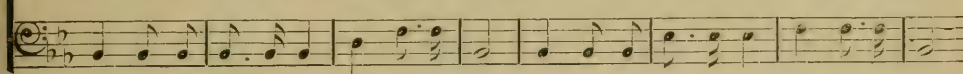
List's to the robin's note pour'd from a-bove, Wise lit-tle Dan-de-lion cares not for love.



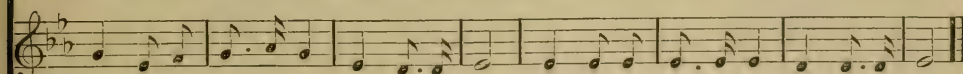
Wild pinks are slumbering, violets de-lay, True lit-tle Dan-de-lion greet-eth the way.



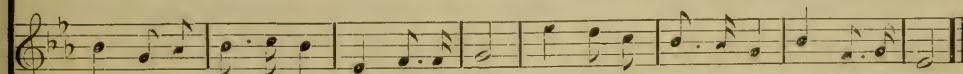
Un-der the flee-cy tent, care-less of cold, Blithe lit-tle Dan-de-lion count-eth her gold.



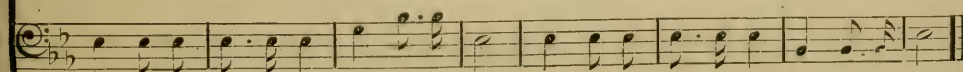
Gay lit-tle Dan-de-lion, lights up the meads, Swings on her slender foot, tell-eth her beads.



Gay lit-tle Dan-de-lion, lights up the meads, Swings on her slender foot, tell-eth her beads.



Gay lit-tle Dan-de-lion, lights up the meads, Swings on her slender foot, tell-eth her beads.



BLEST SPRING TIME.

From HERMANN FRANKEE, by E. R. L.

Allegretto.

FRANZ ABT (1819).

1. When the spring comes on, when the snow is gone, And the vio - lets wake a
 2. When in woods pro-found, cuck - oo songs re - sound, When her up - ward way the
 3. Scarce my will know I, I would weep - ing try, I'd re - joice - ing wan - der

sweet per - fume; When the vales are bright, green the moun - tain height, Heart, O
 sky - lark wings; When in yon - der vale sings the night - in - gale, How re -
 life all through; Long - ing bids me roam, love at - tracts me home, Heart, O

heart, a - wak - en from thy gloom! Heart, a - wak - en from thy gloom, See the
 joice - es then my heart and sings, How re - joice - es then my heart and sings: O thou
 murmur heart, what wilt thou do? Heart, O murmur heart, what wilt thou do? Look, O

cresc. *dim.* *cresc.* *sf*

world so bloom-ing, see the world sub-lime, O how won - der - ful, thou
 world so mer - ry, O thou world sub-lime, O how won - der - ful, thou
 heart so cheer - y, see the world sub-lime, O how won - der - ful, thou

cresc. *dim.* *cresc.* *sf*

dim. *mf* *cresc.* *dim.* *f*

blest spring-time! See the world so bloom-ing, see the world sub-lime! O how
 blest spring-time! O thou world so mer - ry, O thou world sub-lime! etc.
 blest spring-time! Look, O heart, be cheer - y! see the world sub-lime! etc.

dim. *mf* *cresc.* *dim.*

dim. *cresc. e rit.* *dim.*

won - der - ful, thou blest spring-time; O how won - der - ful, thou blest spring-time.
 won - der - ful, thou blest spring-time; O how won - der - ful, thou blest spring-time.

dim. *cresc. e rit.* *dim.*

THE ROBIN.

ELIZA COOK.

S. GLOVER.

Moderato.

1. I... wish I could wel - come the spring, bon - nie bird, With a ca - rol as
 2. I... heard, in my child - hood, the bal - lad that told, Of the "snow com - ing
 3. I... sung to thee then as thou sing'st to me now, And my strain was as

joy - ous as thine: Would my heart were as light as thy wing, bon - nie bird, And thine
 down ver - y fast," And the plaint of the rob - in, all starv - ing and cold, Flung a
 fresh and as wild; Oh!.... what is the lau - rel Fame twines for the brow To the

el - o - quent spir - it - song mine: You perch on the bud - cov - er'd
 spell that will live to the last. How my ti - ny heart strug - gled with
 wood - flow - ers plucked by the child? I.... wish I could wel - come the

From "Progressive Glee and Chorus Book." By courtesy of Ivison, Blakeman & Co., New York.

rit. *p a tempo.*

spray, bon - nie bird, O'er the turf where I chance to re - cline ;.... And you
sor - row - ful heaves That kept fill - ing my eyes and my breath,.... When I
spring, bon - nie bird, With a ca - rol as joy - ous as thine ;.... Would my

rit. *p a tempo.*

chat - ter and war - ble a - way, bon - nie bird, Call - ing up all the
lone heart of thee spread - ing the dew - y green leaves O'er the lit - tle ones
heart were as light as thy wing, bon - nie bird, And thine el - o - quent

dolce.

tales of lang syne. Sweet rob - in !... Sweet, sweet rob - in !...
lone - ly in death. Sweet rob - in !... etc.
spir - it - song mine. Sweet rob - in !... etc.

THE WELCOME SPRING.

E. R. LATTA.

Allegretto.

MENDELSSOHN (1809—1847).

1. The welcome spring, with days of calm, Has come up - on her shin - ing way! The fair - y
 2. All na - ture owns her mag - ic touch! Her lov - ing arms the earth en - fold! The smil - ing
 3. The sil - v'ry streams and murmur'ing rills Have brok - en from their i - cy chains; And shin - ing,

queen, with breath of balm, Re - sumes a - gain her gen - tle sway! The fair - y queen, with
 flow'rs no more shall sleep With - in the dark and si - lent mold! The smil - ing flow'rs no
 sing - ing, on - ward go Thro' val - leys bright, and ver - dant plains! And shin - ing,

breath of balm, Re - sumes a - gain her gen - tle sway!
 more shall sleep With - in the dark and si - lent mold!
 on - ward go Thro' val - leys bright, and ver - dant plains!
 her, etc.
 and, etc.
 and, etc.

From "Progressive Glee and Chorus Book." By courtesy of Ivison, Blakeman & Co., New York.

PROTECT US THROUGH THE COMING NIGHT.

ADVENT OF SPRING.

Arranged for this work. CURSCHMANN (1805-1841).

Larghetto non troppo. Soprano or Tenor SOLO.

Pro - tect us through the com - ing
Sweet spring! I hail... thine ad - vent

night, mild; O Thy Fa - ther, O how dear Fa - ther to might me!

From "Progressive Glee and Chorus Book." By courtesy of Ivison, Blakeman & Co., New York.

PROTECT US THROUGH THE COMING NIGHT - Continued.

y! De - liv - er us from ev - 'ry ill, De - liv - er us from ev - 'ry
 Thou mak'st me feel once more a child, Thou mak'st me feel once more a

The musical score consists of three staves. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The third staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

ill, And guard our slum - ber, And guard our slum -
 child, From care and sor - row, From care and sor -

The musical score continues with three staves. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef. The third staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

SOPRANO. *dolce.*

Pro - tect us through the com - ing night, O Fa - ther, O
 Sweet spring, I hail.. thine ad - vent mild, Thy charms how

ALTO. *p*

ber. O Fa - ther might - y..... Thy charms how
 row. I hail.. thine ad - vent mild; O..... how

p
 Fa - ther might - y! De - liv - er us from ev - 'ry ill, De - liv - er
 dear to me!..... Thou mak'st me feel once more a child, Thou mak'st me

Fa - ther might - y!
 dear to me!.....

O Thy

Fa - ther,
 charms..

PROTECT US THROUGH THE COMING NIGHT—Continued.

us from ev-'ry ill, And guard our slum - ber, And guard our slum - ber.
 feel once more a child, From care and sor - row free.
 O Fa - ther might - y, Fa - ther might - y!
 now dear, how dear to me! Thy charms.... how dear to me!

Pro - tect us through the com - ing night, O Fa - ther, O Fa - ther might - y,
 Sweet spring, I hail thine ad - vent mild, Thy charms, thy charms how dear, how
 dear to me!
 O Fa - ther, O Fa - ther might - y, Thy charms how dear, how
 dear to me!

might - y! O Fa - ther might-y, de - liv - er us from ev - 'ry
 dear.... to me, Thy charms how dear, Thou mak'st me feel once more a
 child, De - liv - er us from ev - 'ry Thou mak'st me feel once more a

might - y! O Fa - ther might-y!
 ill, And guard our slum - ber.
 child, From care and sor - row free, From care and sor - row free.

pp might - y! O Fa - ther might-y!
 ill, And guard our slum - ber.
 child, From care and sor - row free, From care and sor - row free.

dolce.
 Pro-
 tect us, Fa - ther
 Thy balmy breez - es, thy flow'rs so

PROTECT US THROUGH THE COMING NIGHT—Continued.

dolce.

Pro-
tect us,
Thy balmy

Fa - ther, O Fa-ther might - y! Pro-
tect us, Fa - ther, O Fa-ther
breez - es, thy flow'rs so fair and gay, The lark's soft, mellow note, The robin's

dolce.

Pro-
tect us,
Thy balmy

Fa - ther, O Fa-ther might - y! O Fa-ther might -
breez - es, Thy flow'rs so fair and gay, The lark's soft, mel - low

might - y!
fair and gay,

O Fa - ther might - y!
thy flow'rs so gay!.....

might - y! O Fa-ther might - y! O Fa-ther might - y! De-liv - er
glad re-frain, The rob-in's glad refrain! Restore sweet, happy scenes, sweet, happy scenes, And make me

y!
note!

O Fa-ther might - y! O Fa-ther might - y! De-liv - er us, de-liv - er
The rob-in's glad refrain! Restore sweet, happy scenes, sweet, happy scenes, And make me

us, and guard our slum - ber. wish I was a child a - gain, I was a child.... a - gain.

us, and guard our slum - ber. wish I was a child a - gain, I was a child.... a - gain.

BEAUTIFUL SPRING TIME.

VERD

Expression.

1. Beau - ti - ful Spring-time! bright, blooming ro - ses, When hope with pleas - ure
 2. Beau - ti - ful Spring-time! sea - son de - part - ed, When birds were sing - ing

sweet - ly re - po - ses, Dream - ing of glad - ness when day - light clo - ses,
 gay and light - heart - ed, Tell - ing of joys when our ear - ly life start - ed,

Dreams of the heart when no sor - row was near, Oh! hap - py days! we can nev - er for -
 Oh! how those mo - ments have fad - ed a - way! Oh! blissful hours! we shall ev - er re -

get - thee, Life was too sweet, ev - 'ry moment was dear! We wandered at even - ing o'er
 mem - ber: Sweet was our young life—too sweet to de - cay! We hear the bells chim - ing, when

val - ley and foun - tain, Thro' for - est and dell, by the swift - gliding stream: We roamed with light
 peaceful - ly dreaming Of past hap - py hours—of our loved happy band; Tho' Time spreads his

BEAUTIFUL SPRING TIME — Continued.

f

step to the mur-mur-ing foun-tain, 'Twas long, long a-go, but it seems a sweet
pin-ions with ra-di-ant seem-ing, He leads us at last to the beau-ti-ful

p

dream, Sweet dream, sweet dream, beau-ti-ful dream, Sweet dream, sweet dream,
land! Bright land, bright land, beau-ti-ful land, Bright land, bright land,

pp

beau-ti-ful dream, Beau-ti-ful dream, beau-ti-ful dream.
beau-ti-ful land, Beau-ti-ful land, beau-ti-ful land.

From "Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 2." By courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

BLOSSOM TIME.

MARY E. DODGE.

Lively.

1. There's a wedding in the orchard, dear, I know it by the flowers; They're wreathed on ev'ry
2. While whispers rang a-mong the boughs of prom-is-es and praise, And play-ful, lov-ing

BLOSSOM TIME—Continued.

bough and branch, or falling down in showers. The air is in a mist, I think, and scarce knows which to
mes - sages sped through the leaf-lit ways. And just beyond the wreathed aisles that end against the

be— Wheth - er all fragrance, cling-ing close, or bird-song, wild and free. And
blue, The rai-ment of the wedding-choir and priest came shi - ning through. And

count-less wedding jew - els shine, and gold - en gifts of grace; I nev - er saw such
though I saw no wedding-guest, nor groom, nor gen - tle bride, I know that ho - ly

wealth of sun in an - y sha - dy place. It seemed I heard the flutt'ring robes of
things were asked, and holy love re - plied. And something thro' the sunlight said: "Let
Cho.—There's a wed-ding in the orchard, dear, I

maidens clad in white, The clasp-ing of a thousand hands in ten - der - est de - light.
all who love be blest! The earth is wedded to the spring, and God, He knoweth best."

know it by the flowers; They're wreathed on ev'ry bough and branch, or falling down in showers.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

E. J. LODER.
H. F. CHORLEY.

Mazstoso.

1. A song for the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath ruled in the greenwood long, Here's
2. He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes Were a mer - ry sound to hear, And the

health and re-noun to his broad green crown, And his fif - ty arms so strong,
squire's wide hall, and the cot - tage small, Were full of Christmas cheer.

There is fear in his frown when the sun goes down, And the fire in the west fades out; And he
And all the day to the re-beck gay, They carol'd with gladsome swains. They are

show - eth his might on a wild midnight, When the storms through his branches shout. Then
gone; they are dead, in the church-yard laid, But the brave tree, he still re - mains. Then

sing to the oak, the brave old oak, Who hath stood in his pride so long; And

THE BRAVE OLD OAK - Continued.

still flour - ish he, a hale green tree, When a hun - dred years are gone.

From "Franklin Square Song Collection. No. 2."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

MONARCH OF THE WOODS.

J. W. CHERRY.

Bold. *f* *fz*

- Behold the monarch of the woods! The mighty old oak tree; He braves the raging of the
- How oft the monarch of the woods, Upon a summer's day, Has seen the merry children

f *mf* *f*

storm, On land or roll - ing sea; He waves his branches deck'd with green, In summer's golden sport, And 'neath its shadow play; From youth to manhood they spring up, And old age comes at

rall. *slow.*

glow, And i - vy clothes his leaf - less form Thro' win - ter's frost and snow: King last, Then green grass waves up - on their graves, And all life's dreams are past! Yet

MONARCH OF THE WOODS - Continued.

a tempo con spirito.

Time, the conqueror of all, He bold - ly doth de - fy, For green and hearty will he
stronger grows the mighty tree, In hale and heart - y prime, And stands the monarch of the

f ff *Repeat Chorus ad lib.*
stand When a - ges have gone by. Green and heart - y, green and heart - y,
woods, De - fy - ing age and time. Stands the mon - arch of the woods, the

cres. *fz* *rall. ff*
heart - y will he stand, When a - ges have gone by, When a - ges have gone by.
mon - arch of the woods, De - fy - ing age and time, De - fy - ing age and time.

From "Franklin Square Song Collection. No. 5."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers

MONTH OF APPLE BLOSSOM.

DONIZETTI.
HELEN MARTIN.

p
1. Ra - di - ant month of beau - ty, Blossoming to the June, Month when e'en joy is du - ty,
2. Valleys that laugh in brightness, Zephyrs that fan the flowers, Swaying the buds in lightness,

MONTH OF APPLE BLOSSOM—Continued.

Days go by so soon! Hap-py the song-bird's trill-ing, Golden the broom-flower burns;
Thro' all the leafy bowers,— Maples the hill-side flushing, Yellow of chestnut - bloom,

Welcome the new life thrill-ing Hearts when Spring returns! Month of the ap-ple blos-som,
Red-buds em-pur-pled blushing: Gone the Winter's gloom. Month of the ap-ple blos-som,

Month when the Earth's in tune; Wild flowers bloom in meadows, Singing a mer-ry rune.

Vi-ol and harp and flute-note, Swell out the sweet re-frain: "Month of the ap-ple blossom,

May-ing we go a - gain! Month of the ap-ple blossom, May-ing we go a - gain!"

FRAGRANT AIR.

FRANZ ABT.

1. Fragrant air ev-'rywhere, Blue the sky a-bove; Oh, how sweet on light feet
2. Wood so wide, verdant pride, Thou my dearest home; Song and sound, all around,

Round about to rove. Zephyrs play with balmy flow-ers, And how charming - ly
Call me forth to roam. And in joy and ad-mi-ration, Thus a-long I rove,

Mer - ry birds in ver - dant bowers Tune their mel - o - dy. La, la, la, la,
Prais - ing loud the Lord's cre - a - tion, And His boundless love. La, la, la, la,

la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

From "Franklin Square Song Collection. No. 6."

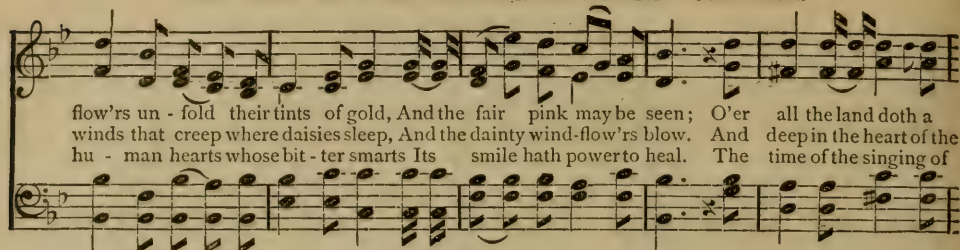
By Courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

THE TIME OF THE SINGING OF BIRDS.

GEORGE BARKER.

1. The time of the sing-ing of birds is come, The trees are robed in green; The
2. A - way in wood - lands wide and deep The shad - ovy grass bends low, Be-fore
3. But not o'er meadow and wood a-lone Doth their spell of beau-ty steal; There are

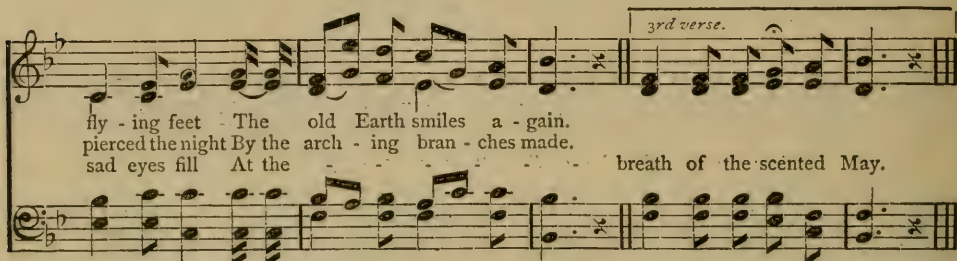
THE TIME OF THE SINGING OF BIRDS—Continued.



flow'rs un - fold their tints of gold, And the fair pink may be seen; O'er all the land doth a
winds that creep where daisies sleep, And the dainty wind-flow'rs blow. And deep in the heart of the
hu - man hearts whose bit - ter smarts Its smile hath power to heal. The time of the singing of



prom - ise lie, The her - ald of Sum - mer's reign; At the gold - en beat of her
dim old woods The sun - beams fair have strayed; Like shafts of light they have
birds is come, And we pause in our wea - ry way, While the sad hearts thrill and the



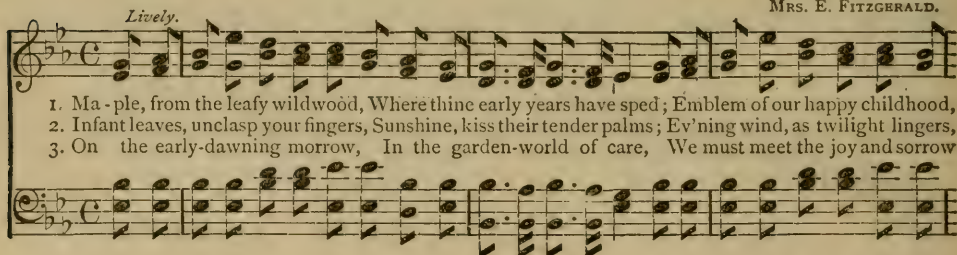
fly - ing feet The old Earth smiles a - gain.
pierced the night By the arch - ing bran - ches made.
sad eyes fill At the breath of the scented May.

3rd verse.

From "Franklin Square Song Collection. No. 5."

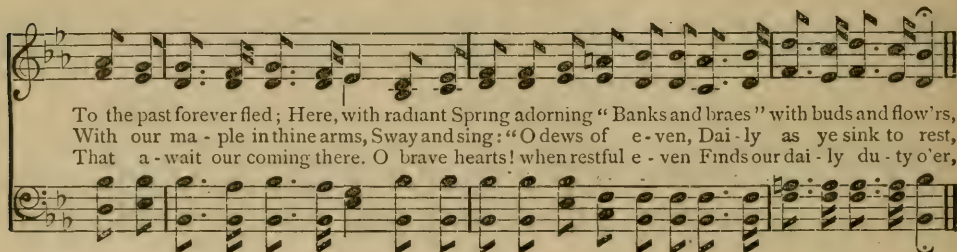
By Courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

SONG OF THE MAPLE.

R. M. STREETER.
MRS. E. FITZGERALD.


Lively.

1. Ma - ple, from the leafy wildwood, Where thine early years have sped; Emblem of our happy childhood,
2. Infant leaves, unclasp your fingers, Sunshine, kiss their tender palms; Ev'ning wind, as twilight lingers,
3. On the early-dawning morrow, In the garden-world of care, We must meet the joy and sorrow



To the past forever fled; Here, with radiant Spring adorning "Banks and braes" with buds and flow'rs,
With our ma - ple in thine arms, Sway and sing: "O dews of e - ven, Dai - ly as ye sink to rest,
That a - wait our coming there. O brave hearts! when restful e - ven Finds our dai - ly du - ty o'er,

SONG OF THE MAPLE—Continued

Chorus.

We, in life's hope-lighted morning, Leave thee to the sun and showers. Maple, from the happy wildwood, May ye see that nearer heaven, Grows the nestling on my breast." Maple, from the happy wildwood, May it find *us* near-er Heaven Than we were the day be - fore. Maple, from the happy wildwood,

Where thine early years have sped; Emblem of our happy childhood, To the past for - ev - er fled.

From "Franklin Square Song Collection. No. 3."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

LOVELY MAY.

SPANISH MELODY.

1. Love - ly May, love - ly May, Decks the world with blos - soms gay; "Come ye all, 2. Light - ly pass, light - ly pass, Thro' the nod - ding mead - ow grass, Woodlands bright,

come ye all," Thus the flow - ers call. Sparkles now the sun - ny dale, Fragrant is the woodlands bright, Wake from winter's night. Where the sil - ver brooklet flows. Rippling soft - ly

flow - ery vale; Song of bird, song of bird, In the grove is heard. as it goes, Will we rest, will we rest, In green moss - y nest.

1.
Lightly row! Lightly row!
O'er the glassy waves we go;
Smoothly glide! Smoothly glide!
On the silent tide.
Let the winds and waters be
Mingled with our melody;
Sing and float! Sing and float!
In our little boat.

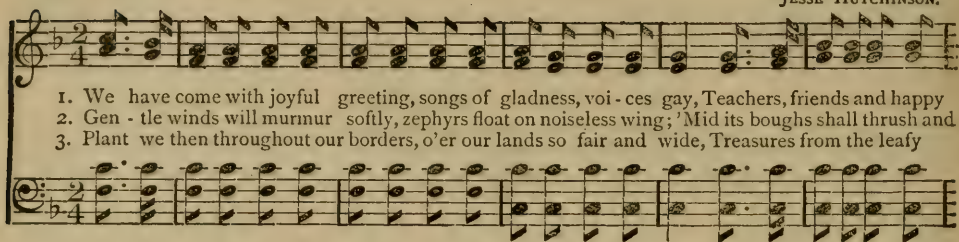
2.
Far away! Far away!
Echo in the rocks at play,
Calleth not, Calleth not,
To this lonely spot.
Only with the sea-bird's note,
Shall our dying music float!
Lightly row! Lightly row!
Echo's voice is low.

3.
Lightly row! Lightly row!
O'er the glassy waves we go;
Smoothly glide! Smoothly glide
On the silent tide.
Let the winds and waters be
Mingled with our melody;
Sing and float! Sing and float;
In our little boat.

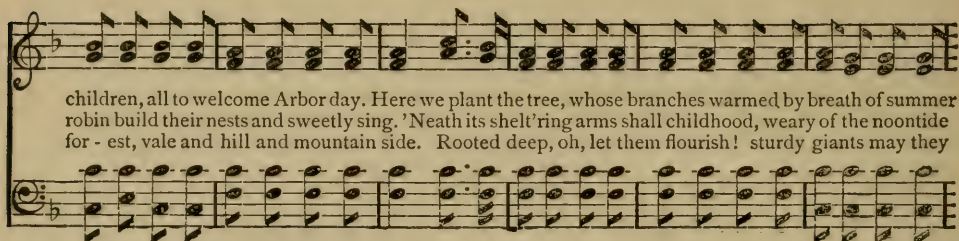
From "Franklin Square Song Collection. No. 4."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

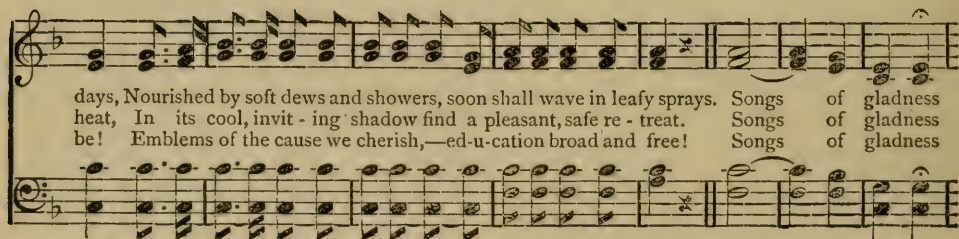
SONG OF ARBOR DAY.

S. J. FETTINGS.
JESSE HUTCHINSON.


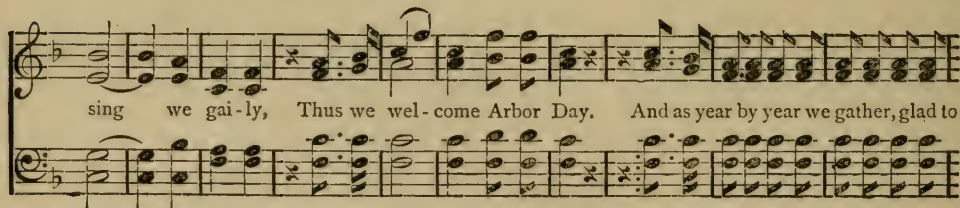
1. We have come with joyful greeting, songs of gladness, voi - ces gay, Teachers, friends and happy
2. Gen - tle winds will murmur softly, zephyrs float on noiseless wing; 'Mid its boughs shall thrush and
3. Plant we then throughout our borders, o'er our lands so fair and wide, Treasures from the leafy



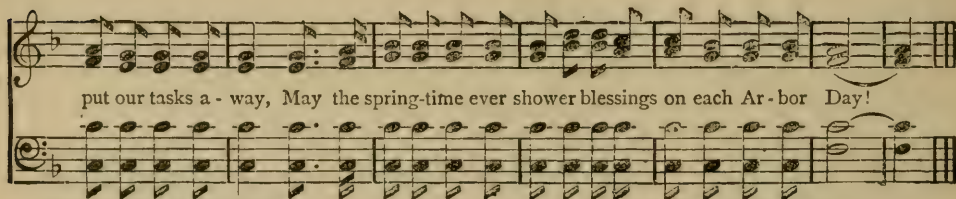
children, all to welcome Arbor day. Here we plant the tree, whose branches warmed by breath of summer
robin build their nests and sweetly sing. 'Neath its shelt'ring arms shall childhood, weary of the noontide
for - est, vale and hill and mountain side. Rooted deep, oh, let them flourish! sturdy giants may they



days, Nourished by soft dews and showers, soon shall wave in leafy sprays. Songs of gladness
heat, In its cool, invit - ing shadow find a pleasant, safe re - treat. Songs of gladness
be! Emblems of the cause we cherish, —ed-u-cation broad and free! Songs of gladness



sing we gai - ly, Thus we wel - come Arbor Day. And as year by year we gather, glad to



put our tasks a - way, May the spring-time ever shower blessings on each Ar - bor Day!

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

HENRY RUSSELL.
GEORGE P. MORRIS.

1. Wood - man, spare that tree! Touch not a sin - gle bough; In youth it shel - tered
 2. That old fa - mil - iar tree, Its glo - ry and re - nown Are spread o'er land and
 3. When but an i - dle boy, I sought its grateful shade; In all their gush - ing
 4. My heart-strings round thee cling, Close as thy bark, old friend! Here shall the wild - bird

me, And I'll pro - tect it now; 'Twas my fore - fa - ther's hand, That
 sea, And would'st thou hew it down? Woodman, for - bear thy stroke! Cut
 joy, Here, too, my sis - ters played; My moth - er kissed me here; My
 sing, And still thy branches bend. Old tree, the storm thou'lt brave, And,

placed it near his cot, There, woodman, let it stand, Thy axe shall harm it not!
 not its earth-bound ties; Oh! spare that a - ged oak, Now tow - ring to the skies.
 fa - ther pressed my hand, For - give this fool - ish tear, But let that old oak stand!
 woodman, leave the spot; While I've a hand to save, Thy axe shall harm it not!

From "Franklin Square Song Collection. No. 3."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

POLISH MAY SONG.

POLISH AIR.

May is here, the world re - joi - ces; Earth puts on her smiles to greet her:
 Birds through ev - 'ry thick - et call - ing, Wake the woods to sounds of glad - ness:
 Earth to heav'n lifts up her voi - ces; Sky, and field, and wood, and riv - er:

POLISH MAY SONG - Continued.

p Grove and field lift up their voi - ces; Leaf and flow'r come forth to meet her!
Hark! the long-drawn notes are fall - ing, Sad, but pleas - ant in their sad - ness.
With their heart our heart re - joi - ces; For His gifts we praise the Giv - er.

f Hap - py May, blithesome May! *p* Win - ter's reign has pass'd a - way!

f Hap - py May, blithe - some May! Win - ter's reign has pass'd a - way!

From "Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 1."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

THE CUCKOO.

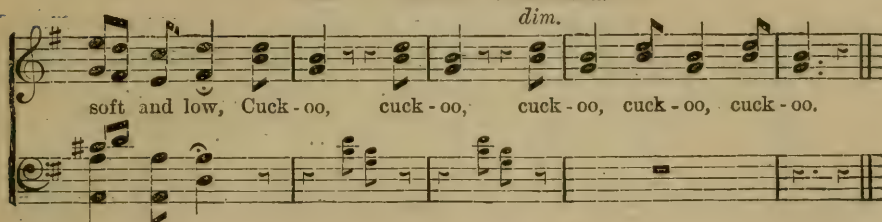
E. R. SILL.
Gently.

ARRANGED.

1. { Deep in the for - est's heart a voice Is call - ing all day long; }
{ No bird you see on an - y tree, But still you hear that song; }

As on - ward through the woods you go, It leads you, sing - ing

THE CUCKOO - Continued.



2 At morn the forest dells are bright,
 With slanted beams of gold,
 At eve the dim and dewy air
 The growing shades enfold.
 But morn and eve, repeated slow,
 The voice is calling, soft and low,
 Cuckoo, etc.

4 Still distant and unseen, the voice,
 Some happy spirit seems,
 That beckons us to fairy-land,
 Whose realms we see in dreams,
 Where never mortal steps may go,
 Unless it leads them, calling so,
 Cuckoo, etc.

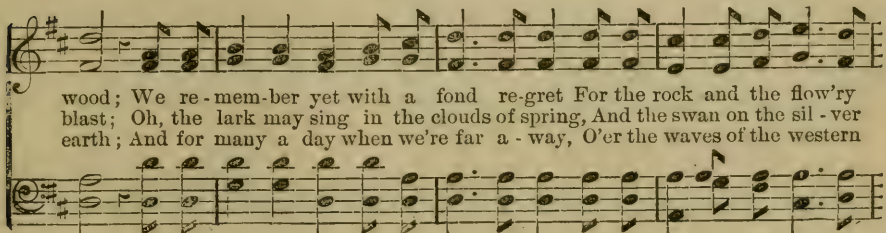
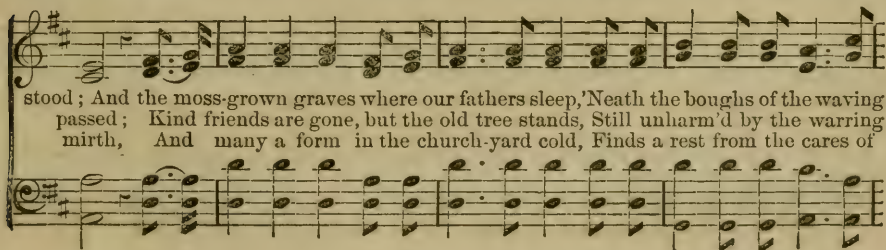
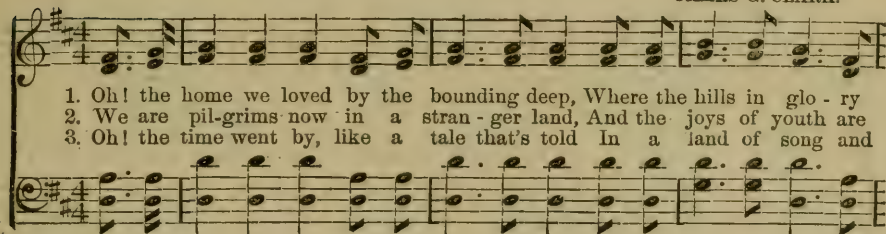
3 The pine is fragrant under foot,
 And sweet the spicy air,
 But still that distant voice allures
 To seek it everywhere;
 Now louder, then far off and low,
 What means it, ever calling so,
 Cuckoo, etc.

5 It is the spirit of the woods,
 That sings, in happy rest,
 Such quiet and contented notes,
 As suit the forest best;
 Its peaceful shades no sound should know,
 But that sweet song so soft and low,
 Cuckoo, etc.

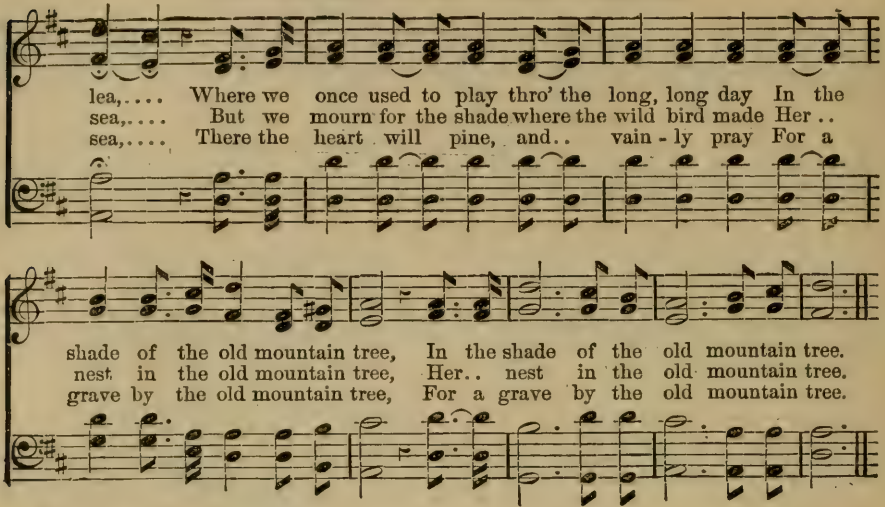
"Happy Voices" by permission of Taintor Bros., & Co.

THE OLD MOUNTAIN TREE.

JAMES G. CLARK.



THE OLD MOUNTAIN TREE—Continued.



lea,... Where we once used to play thro' the long, long day In the
 sea,... But we mourn for the shade where the wild bird made Her..
 sea,... There the heart will pine, and.. vain-ly pray For a

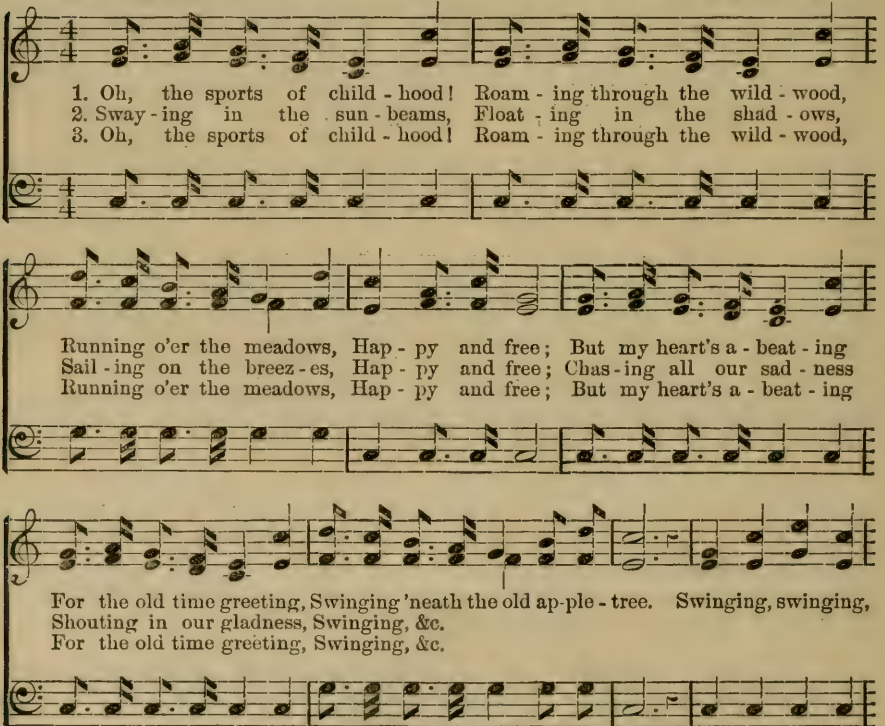
shade of the old mountain tree, In the shade of the old mountain tree.
 nest in the old mountain tree, Her.. nest in the old mountain tree.
 grave by the old mountain tree, For a grave by the old mountain tree.

From "Song Wave," by courtesy of D. Appleton & Co.

OH, THE SPORTS OF CHILDHOOD; OR, SWINGING
'NEATH THE OLD APPLE TREE.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY

O. R. BARROWS.



1. Oh, the sports of child-hood! Roam-ing through the wild-wood,
 2. Sway-ing in the sun-beams, Float-ing in the shad-ows,
 3. Oh, the sports of child-hood! Roam-ing through the wild-wood,

Running o'er the meadows, Hap-py and free; But my heart's a-beat-ing
 Sail-ing on the breez-es, Hap-py and free; Chas-ing all our sad-ness
 Running o'er the meadows, Hap-py and free; But my heart's a-beat-ing

For the old time greeting, Swinging 'neath the old ap-ple-tree. Swinging, swinging,
 Shouting in our gladness, Swinging, &c.
 For the old time greeting, Swinging, &c.

OH, THE SPORTS OF CHILDHOOD; OR, SWINGING 'NEATH THE OLD APPLE TREE - Continued.

swinging, swinging, Lull - ing care to rest 'neath the old ap - ple - tree;

Swinging, swinging, swinging, swinging, Swinging 'neath the old ap - ple - tree.

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BEAUTIFUL ARE THE MOUNTAINS.

W. D. GALLAHER.

H. S. P.

1. Beau - ti - ful are the mount - ains That tell of the bless - ed
2. Beau - ti - ful in the val - leys, In spring-time they si - lent
3. Val - leys sa - lute the moun - tains, And mountains look down and

spring, They bathe in the gush - ing fount - ains That
grow, The love - ly, the mod - est lil - lies, And
smile; The dew - drops now kiss the sun - beams That

dance o - ver rocks and sing;.. Sweet are the vio - lets'
dai - sies as white as snow;.. Up - ward their fra - grant
dance o'er the plain the while;.. Day - time and night grow

BEAUTIFUL ARE THE MOUNTAINS - Continued.

fa - ces, Whose bright eyes to - ward them turn, And dance vis - a -
cen - sors, They turn and smile at the - sky, And fill - ing the
mer - ry, All join the tra - la and say : We'll sing the sweet

vis* to the man - drake, And smile to the bow - ing fern...
air with their sweet - ness, As zeph - yrs go whisp - ring by...
prais - es of Na - ture, For spring-time has come so gay...

* Vee-zah-vee.

From "Song Wave," by courtesy of D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE VIOLET.

JAMIE BEATTY.

E. L. DANFORTH.

1. { Down in a green and sha - dy bed A mod - est vio - let grew,
Its stalk was bent, it hung its head, As if to hide from (omit.) view;
2. { It was a flower so fair, so frail, Yet not a per - son knew
Where in its grass - y rest - ing-place, The hum - ble vio - let (omit.) grew;

And yet it was a love - ly flower, Its col - or rich and rare;
But God a - lone, who gave it life, Looked down with ten - der care,

It might have grown in ro - sy bower, In - stead of hid - ing there.
To see that lit - tle flow - ret pure, So sweet - ly bloom - ing there.

From "Song Wave," by courtesy of D. Appleton & Co., New York.

WE LIFT OUR TUNEFUL VOICES.

*

1. We lift our tune-ful voic-es now, In fresh, me-lo-dious song;
2. And ye who join the swell-ing lay, Sweet mel-o-dy em-ploy;

While youth-ful eyes with pleasure glow, To see our hap-py throng.
D. s. Let waves of cheer-ful prais-es flow, From pure hearts un-de-fied.
To cheer us on our up-ward way, And prais-es blend with joy.
D. s. Let smiles, which all our fac-es wear, Re-ward your work of love.

And, as we send our greet-ing, to The breez-es soft and mild;
Our teach-ers kind, whose constant care We hon-or and ap-prove;

From "Song Wave," by courtesy of D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THROUGH THE LOVELY VALE.*

H. S. PERKINS.

H. S. PERKINS.

1. We wan-der a-long thro' the shade of the vale, . . The
2. Our spir-its are free as the soft, balm-y breeze That
3. No spot is more dear than the vale by the brook, The

* NOTE.—For a concert piece, the effect will be pleasing for a quartette to echo the last two lines of each verse from an adjacent room, softly. (The appoggiaturas, or small notes, may be omitted).

From "Song Wave," by courtesy of D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THROUGH THE LOVELY VALE - Continued.

soft, gen - tle zeph - yrs our spir - its ex - hale; .. All
 dan - ces in glee with the leaves of the trees; .. The
 per - fume of flowers, and the shade of the nook; .. With the

na - ture with smiles, like the bright, dis - tant star, Fills the
 moon's gen - tle rays light our path - way a - long, As we
 loved one be - side us to join in the song, Oh, the

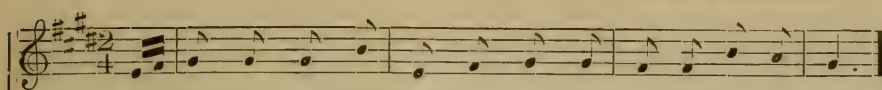
f dim. *p cres.*
 heart full of love as we wan - der a - far, The
 ram - ble to - geth - er with joy and with song, .. We
 heart thrills de - light as we're stroll - ing a - long, .. The

f dim.
 heart full of love as we wan - der a - far,
 ram - ble to - geth - er with joy and with song,
 heart thrills de - light as we're stroll - ing a - long,

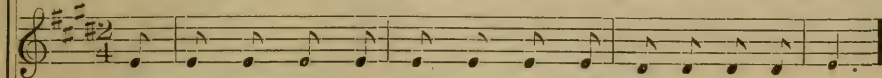
pp *f rit. pp*
 Through the love - ly vale, Thro' the love - ly vale.

SPRING.

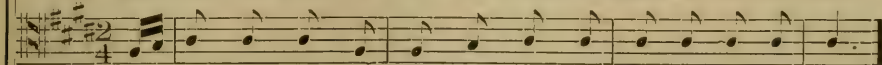
J. H. KISSINGER.



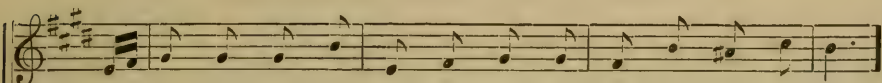
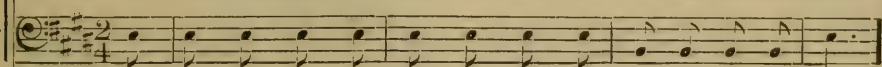
1. The brooks are run - ning swift and clear, The grass is new - ly green;



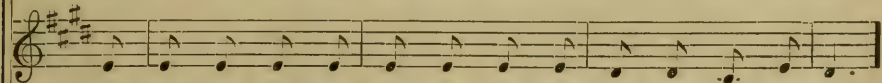
2. And when she skips a - cross the fields, O'er moss and rich brown sod,



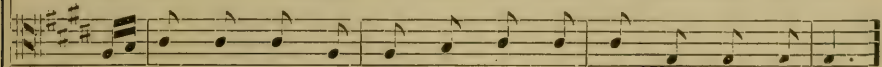
3. And when she sleeps be - neath the stars, Borne on the ev'ning breeze,



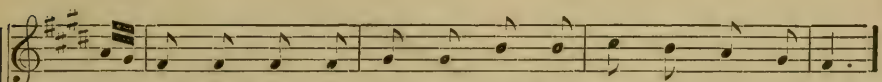
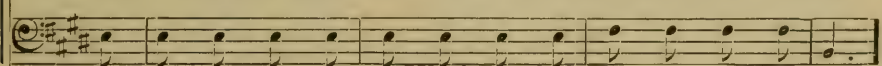
And on the bud - ding trees and shrubs, The sing - ing birds are seen.



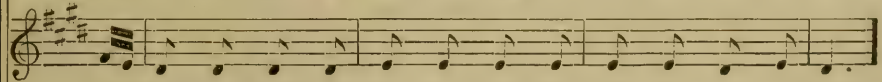
A mist of fra - grance fills the air, Like in - cense burnt to God.



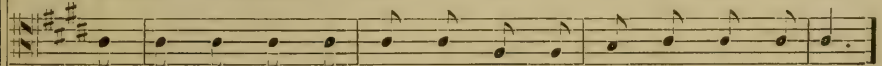
The lan - guid sweet - ness of her breath, Comes sigh - ing thro' the trees.



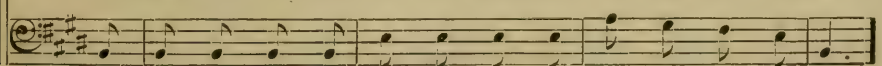
Stern win - ter's reign is at an - end; And in fresh ver - dure clad,



And when she laughs in mer - ry mood, Her sil - ver tones a - wake

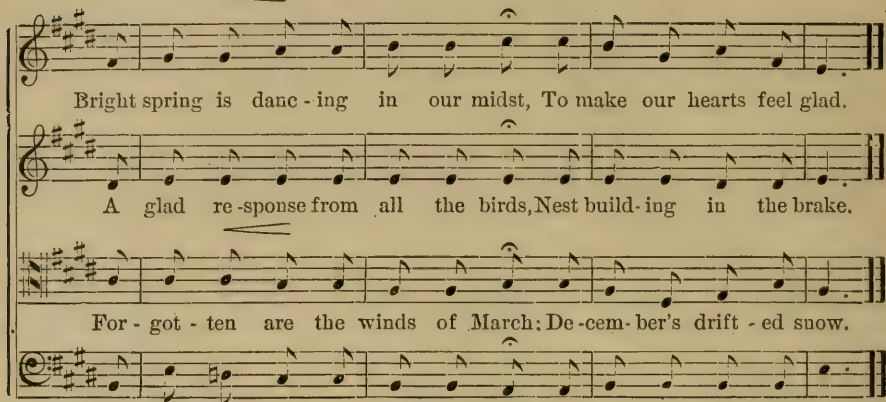


And gleam - ing o'er their peb - bly beds, The riv - ers gen - tly flow,



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SPRING. Concluded



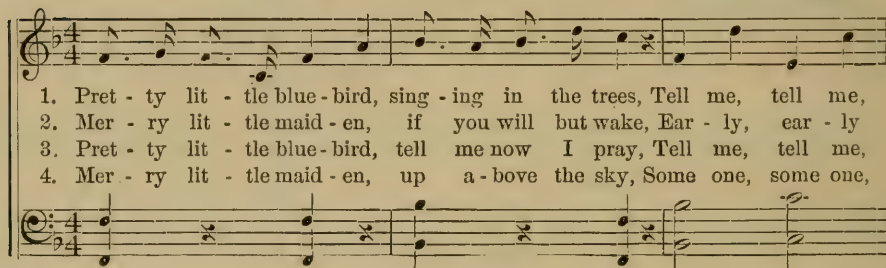
Bright spring is dance-ing in our midst, To make our hearts feel glad.

A glad re-sponse from all the birds, Nest build-ing in the brake.

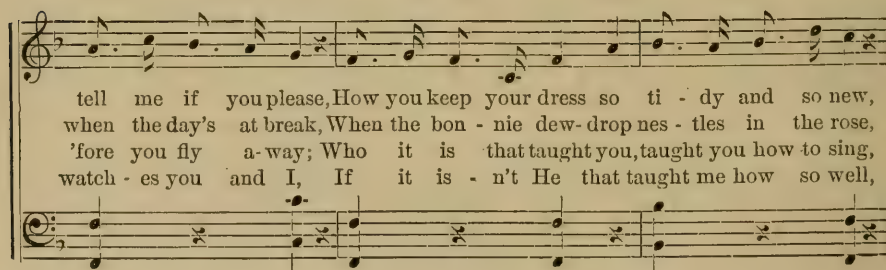
For-got-ten are the winds of March; De-cem-ber's drift-ed snow.

PRETTY LITTLE BLUE BIRD.

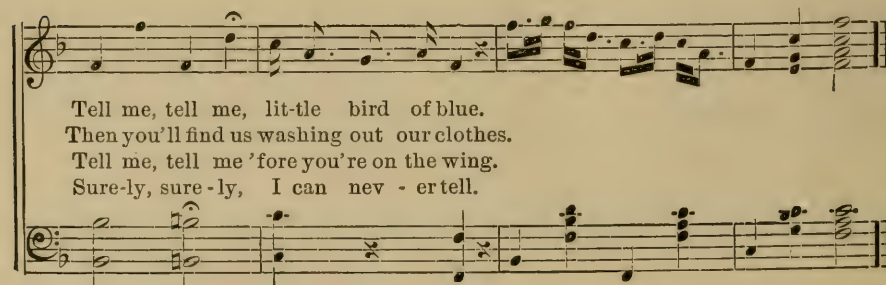
From the GERMAN.



1. Pret - ty lit - tle blue - bird, sing - ing in the trees, Tell me, tell me,
 2. Mer - ry lit - tle maid - en, if you will but wake, Ear - ly, ear - ly
 3. Pret - ty lit - tle blue - bird, tell me now I pray, Tell me, tell me,
 4. Mer - ry lit - tle maid - en, up a - bove the sky, Some one, some one,



tell me if you please, How you keep your dress so ti - dy and so new,
 when the day's at break, When the bon - nie dew - drop - nes - tles in the rose,
 'fore you fly a - way; Who it is that taught you, taught you how to sing,
 watch - es you and I, If it is - n't He that taught me how so well,



Tell me, tell me, lit-tle bird of blue.
 Then you'll find us washing out our clothes.
 Tell me, tell me 'fore you're on the wing.
 Sure-ly, sure-ly, I can nev - er tell.

IN THE EARLY SPRING-TIME.

MYERS.

1. In the ear-ly spring-time When the vio-lets grow, When the birds sing

2. Sun - ny lit - tle blos - soms On their slen - der stalk, How much they would

3. While the birds are mat - ing, On the sun - ny mead, All the earth is

sweet - ly, And the soft winds blow, Comes a lit - tle dai - sy,

teach us, If they could but talk; Ev - er look - ing up - ward,

wait - ing For the sprout - ing seed; Life is like the seed - time,

Blow - ing fresh and fair, Springing bright and joy - ous, From its mountain lair.

All the live - long day, Bright their fac - es turn to Catch each sunbeam's ray.

Ev - 'ry one must sow Seeds of good or e - vil, As we on - ward go.

BEAUTIFUL MAY.

M.

1. Up thro' the woodpath with bird songs, Sweet May has come smiling and gay;

2. Flow'rs on the hill-side are spring-ing, The cow-slip and dai-sies so bright;

The musical score is written for three parts: Treble, Alto, and Bass. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The first system contains the first two lines of the song. The second system contains the third and fourth lines. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and a final cadence in each line.

Skies that were sul-len and joy-less, Have broke in-to sun-shine to-day.

Thro' the still meadows the brook-let Is flash-ing with mer-ry de-light.

The musical score continues with the same three-part arrangement. The third system contains the fifth and sixth lines of the song. The fourth system contains the seventh and eighth lines. The melody continues with similar rhythmic patterns, ending with a final cadence.

'Tis May, beau-ti-ful May,..... And all earth is smiling and gay,....

All earth is smil-ing and gay, and gay,

Beautiful May, beau-ti-ful May, All earth is smil-ing and gay, and gay,

The musical score concludes with the same three-part arrangement. The fifth system contains the ninth and tenth lines of the song. The sixth system contains the final line of the song. The music ends with a final cadence.

BEAUTIFUL MAY. Concluded.

O skies that were sul-len and joy-less, Have broke in - to sun-shine to - day.

O thro' the still meadows the brooklet Is flash-ing with mer-ry de - light.

The musical score for 'Beautiful May' consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeat sign at the end. The piano accompaniment is a simple harmonic accompaniment.

SPRING TIME.

M.

1. Spring is on the moun - tain, And up - on the hill;

2. While the birds are mat - ing On the sun - ny mead,

3. Life is like the seed - time,—Ev - 'ry one must sow

Sing - ing from the foun - tain, Comes the shin - ing rill.

All the earth is wait - ing, For the sprout - ing seed.

Seed of good or e - vil, As we on - ward go.

The musical score for 'Spring Time' consists of six staves. The first three staves are for the vocal melody, and the last three are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F-sharp), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is simple and catchy, with a repeat sign at the end. The piano accompaniment is a simple harmonic accompaniment.

From "Song Prize," by per. of Publisher, The W. W. Whitney Co., Toledo, O.

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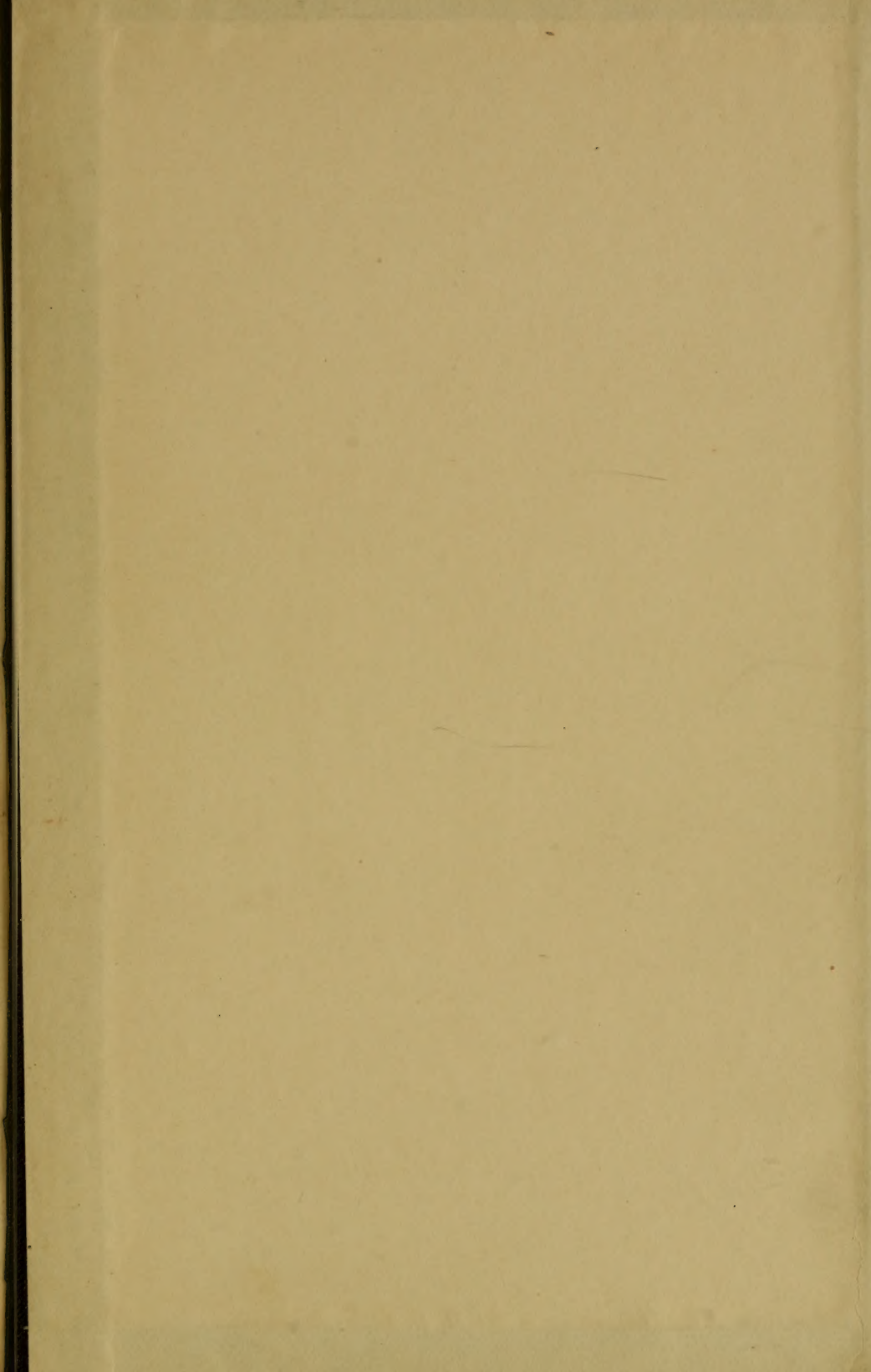
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